WITH THE FLAG AT SEA

WALTER WOOD

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WITH THE FLAG AT SEA

BY WALTER WOOD

AUTHOR OF "FAMOUS BRITISH WARSHIPS"
"BRITISH REGIMENTS IN WAR
AND PEACE" ETC

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT

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CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION 9

DONS AND SEA-DOGS 13

"THE ONE AND THE FIFTY-THREE" . . . 44

FIGHTING ON THE NARROW SEAS . . . 50

FOR NAVAL DOMINION 63

AN INVADER IN THE THAMES 86

THE SOLEBAY AND TEXEL FIGHTS . . . 98

A SIX DAYS' BATTLE 113

ANSON'S STRUGGLE ROUND THE WORLD . 120

HAWKE'S BATTLE IN A BISCAY GALE . . 148

BREAKING THE LINE 163

"THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE" . . . 183

TRAFALGAR: THE STORY OF THE *VICTORY'S* LOG 203

THE LOOT OF TREASURE-SHIPS 245

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CONTENTS

PAGE

A FAMOUS BRIG OF PREY 252

A VALIANT EXPLOIT 259

EXMOUTH'S BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS . . 264

THE LAST GREAT FIGHT WITH WOODEN SHIPS 278

THE ADVENT OF STEAM WARSHIPS . . . 306

A MODERN BOMBARDMENT 313

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. *VICTORIA* 321

CONQUERING A HURRICANE 333

APPENDIX

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF SEAMEN 339

WARSHIPS' BATTLE-HONOURS 345

A SHORT NAVAL CHRONOLOGY 357

INDEX 360

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

"FOUGHT WITH THE 'GALLEON OF PORTUGAL'" 25

THE *ROYAL JAMES* "FIRED BY A PITIFUL FIRESHIP" 100

ROOKE DESTROYING FRENCH WARSHIPS AT LA HOGUE 118

"A STEADY SHIP TO SHIP ACTION" . . . 169

"THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE" . . . 191

THE *VICTORY* AT TRAFALGAR 235

CAPTURE OF TREASURE-SHIPS 248

THE *SPARTAN* MOVED SLOWLY ON . . . 261

"IT WAS LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP AGAINST BATTERY" 273

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO . . 284

THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO 287

"SHELL OH!" ON BOARD H.M.S. *CONDOR*. . 315

"THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE CRUISER AND THE STORM BEGAN" 337

Introduction

FROM the time of Elizabeth to our own the Articles of War have taught the nation that it is on the Navy, under the good Providence of God, that our wealth, prosperity, and peace depend. The chapters which follow, dealing with some of the triumphs of the British Fleet, show that the Navy has learned the lesson well, and has kept the country's wealth intact, its prosperity assured, and re-established or maintained its peace. For many generations now, the Fleet has been the nation's bulwark, and it is characteristic of the Navy that for the most part the work has been done silently; much of it unseen.

It has not been by fighting only that the Fleet has triumphed. Battle has but crowned the work of long periods of preparation and hardships. Trafalgar itself is not more worthy of admiration than the months of search and chase which came before it, filled Nelson with disappointment amounting almost to despair, and orced Collingwood to confess that he was very weary, and to hunger to leave the sea; and Anson's capture of the Spanish treasure-ship is a small achievement when compared with his prolonged, determined and successful struggle with the tempests of the Horn, at

the head of rotten ships, manned by scurvy-smitten crews.

These chapters show how, during almost unbroken generations of fighting, officers and men of the British Navy have acquitted themselves with courage and honour. The history of the British Fleet is a history of almost unchecked triumphs. Reverses and defections there have been—in some of our most glorious victories too; but in the main the spirit of the Navy has been undeviating; the mantle of endurance and courage has descended through a chain of resolute and skilful fighters to the present day, so that the officers and men of our own time and the ships of the Navy are the close and lineal descendants of men like Drake, Grenville, Hawke, Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, Collingwood, and Nelson; and ships like the *Triumph*, *Revenge*, *Swiftsure*, and *Speedy* are the fit successors of their namesakes which did such wondrous things in other years.

The spirit which prompted the old admirals and captains to single out and lay alongside the biggest and strongest of the enemy, to enter into many actions when the odds were overwhelming, is the spirit that has filled the sailors of our own day and generation—which moved the captain and the company of the *Calliope* to thrash her out of Apia harbour in the teeth of a most fatal hurricane, caused the *Condor* to contest with guns that should have sunk her as she steamed towards them; made the crew of the *Victoria* stand firm in their ranks even to the moment when the battleship heeled over and sank in calm blue water; and enabled officers and men of the Navy to help so largely in the salvation of Ladysmith.

The chapters are designed to show the work of the British Navy at some of the most striking periods of its history, beginning with the Armada, and ending with the present generation. Something more than mere fighting accounts has been attempted; details are given of the lives of British officers and seamen in the various periods dealt with, and enough of the causes which led to the engagements to make them understandable in their political aspect. It is obviously impossible to do more than deal with representative actions and events, and for this reason many famous battles have had to be ignored, or passed over with only a reference. No single volume can hope to do more than help towards a general understanding of the doings of a vast organization like the British Navy.

A great mass of original and other material has been used. I have thought it well, for example, to let the log of the *Victory* tell the story of Trafalgar, and Prince Rupert narrate the story of his battle off the Texel, which should have been a great victory instead of a bitter disappointment. The State Papers and the King's Collection of Pamphlets in the British Museum have been largely used for the story of the Armada and the Dutch Wars. For other chapters the recognized biographies of the admirals and officers dealt with have been consulted, and reference has been made to the admirable articles by Professor J. K. Laughton, R.N., in the *National Dictionary of Biography*. The publications of the Navy Records Society have saved much labour in consulting original manuscripts.

My thanks are specially due to Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, C.B., for personal reminiscences of the battle of Navarino, in 1827, the last of our great fights

at sea with wooden ships, and for allowing me to use an original plan of the engagement, belonging to him, drawn by one of the officers present; and to Messrs. Witherby & Co., proprietors of *Lean's Royal Navy List*, for permission to make use of some of the battle-honours of famous ships given in that periodical, and compiled by Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Lean, late Royal Marine Light Infantry. This list is given in the Appendix, where also will be found a brief naval chronology and notes on the lives of some of the officers referred to in the volume.

Acknowledgment and identification of sources of information are made in their proper places; but I should state my special indebtedness on many points to the valuable manuscript notes by Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, who was one of the "Glorious First of June" and Trafalgar officers, and afterwards Commander-in-Chief at the battle of Navarino, and to *Recollections of My Sea Life*, by Captain John Harvey Boteler, R.N., from 1808 to 1830, printed for private circulation, and very rare.

Dons and Sea Dogs

WHEN storm and rockbound coast and murdering peasantry had crowned the work which English seamen had begun, and the woful remnant of the Invincible Armada had reached its ports again, Philip II, crushed and humiliated, sought to give its admiral some comfort when he said, "I sent you to fight against men, and not with the winds." Elizabeth, too, exulting in her victory, believed that it was due to Providence, and she struck a medal with the words, "God blew with His wind, and they were scattered." The contemporary historian held the same conviction, and on the title page of his tract, which did duty both as newspaper and volume, he quoted from the Psalmist: "This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

The defeat of the Armada did indeed savour of the miraculous, for at a cost of some sixty men, and no "vessel or person of any reputation," the English in the battle inflicted on the Spanish fleet a loss of fifteen ships and nearly 5,000 men, irrespective of the fearful havoc done by storm and wreck. But the Armada had been defeated in fair and open fight by the quickness of English ships, the skill and bravery of English seamen and the quality of English guns, before the gales came on and brought about destruction—and above all by that remorseless energy and hatred which Sir Francis Drake expressed when, following the flying enemy, he said he doubted not that with the grace of God he would ere long so handle matters with the Spanish admiral that

he would wish himself at home among his orange trees; and which one of the captains showed when he wrote, "Our desire of victory is so great that we staid not to take the spoil of any of those ships we lamed."

Never did a fleet set forth with more assurance of success than the Armada. The resources of a rich and mighty nation had been drawn on for the ships and troops and mariners which were to form the force to conquer England, and annex the kingdom for the Spanish crown. Many months were spent in gathering and strengthening the ships and men, in drawing up and making perfect that great navy which was needed for the Spanish scheme of operations. Philip had been long in making war; but now that he had entered into it he was determined that there should be more than mere defeat. His purpose was to destroy his enemy at sea, to invade their land and crush them there, and hold them in a state of bondage. This the English people knew, and it fired the passion which was slumbering in them all. Not a Protestant or Catholic throughout the kingdom stayed his hand before the common danger. Philip's design was aimed at the very heart of the nation, and that heart beat firm with one resolve to make resistance to the end. Papacy and Spanish cruelties apart, the King of Spain was not the man the English people fancied as a ruler. Writing to Lord Burghley, the Queen's chief Minister, William Herlle spoke of the position and contemptible character of Philip, saying that he "was hateful to God, with an overweening opinion of his own greatness, a colossus outward, but inwardly stuffed with clouts." As for the French king, His Majesty of Spain's ally, he was both a "coward and a beggar."

Religious hatred was a great factor in the war between England and Spain; but it was not the wish to supersede by Catholicism the Protestantism of which England was then the bulwark, that prompted Philip to equip and send forth the Armada. That was one of the king's motives, but the two chief reasons were the

commercial policy which Spain pursued regarding her settlements in America and the West Indies, and the help which England had given to Philip's disaffected subjects in the Netherlands. For years in the Old World fighting—fierce, and plenty of it—had been going on between the English and Spaniards. Columbus in 1492 had discovered the West Indies; five years later the mainland of America was reached by John Cabot, an Italian, in a Bristol ship, manned by Bristol seamen. English, Spanish, Dutch and Portuguese sailors, ready for adventure, and hearing of the wondrous treasures of the New World, lumbered over the Western Ocean, and maritime rivalry made their nations the chief trading people of the earth. The competition between Spain and England grew from year to year, and in the time of Elizabeth had become very acute. In 1578 Sir Humphrey Gilbert and his half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, tried to found a colony on the shores of North America. That effort failed, but undeterred they went afresh in 1583, and took possession of Newfoundland. Again there was disappointment, for Gilbert was shipwrecked and drowned; but Raleigh bravely persevering, and believing in a colonial empire in the west, went forth once more; and other expeditions made a settlement in what was named by them Virginia.

These things brought to a climax the rivalry of Spain and England; and Philip's bitterness was made the greater by the deeds of Drake and Hawkyns—Drake, the first English circumnavigator, and Hawkyns, the first slave dealer. Spain, jealous of her discoveries, sought to exclude all other nations from the wealth arising out of them—an exclusion which England refused to tolerate. Expeditions went from England under Drake and Hawkyns, and Spanish towns and treasure ships were plundered. Drake, the chief of all these conscienceless adventurers, returned home laden with riches and covered with glory. More daring even than his fellow sea dogs, he let nothing stand between him and his

purpose. Believing that God made Englishmen and Spaniards natural enemies—as devoutly as Shaftesbury, the Chancellor, believed that the Dutch were the eternal enemies of the English, and as thoroughly as Nelson believed that the French were the mortal foes of his country—and yearning for the wondrous treasure of the Spanish Main, Drake set out to seek and capture. No adventurer ever sailed who wrought more havoc, nor one who made it more needful for his country to go to war. He crossed the Western Ocean in the *Pelican* of 100 tons—a vessel not much larger than a North Sea smack—and did those things which made his name a terror to the Spaniards and a wonder to the world. Never expecting to see an English vessel in their waters, the Spaniards everywhere were unprepared to meet him. Going hither and thither, now on shore and now at sea, he gathered spoil at every turn, and his matchless bravery and daring brought him safely through it all. Raiding Nombre de Dios, he found an immense mass of bars of silver, worth a million sterling. To carry off a bulky weight of riches such as that was not within his power, and he led the way to the treasure house, and there discovered jewels, gold and silver in such great abundance that the boats could not carry them to the ship. Drake told his people that he had brought them to the mouth of the treasure of the world, and that if they should henceforth want it they had no one but themselves to blame. He, and they with him, fought hard for the treasure ; but they had to leave it to the Spaniards, who were roused and fiercely guarding it. Drake, badly wounded, got away with his people ; but only to raid in other quarters. Soon they intercepted three caravans, numbering 190 mules, each of which carried 300lb. of silver, nearly thirty tons in all. What they could carry off they took, and the rest they buried, meaning to return. But before they could fetch it the Spaniards had found the hiding place and regained the treasure.

Glutted with success and riches, Drake returned to

England. He reached Plymouth on a Sunday, and when the people heard that he had come they left the church where they were worshipping, let the preacher talk to empty pews if he wished, and hurried "to see the evidence of God's love and blessing towards our gracious queen and country." When Drake sailed forth afresh—as he did in the *Golden Hind*—all the eating and drinking vessels, even many in the "cook room," were of silver. Phenomenal as his first success had been it was not so brilliant as his second. Falling in with the great galleon that sailed once a year from Lima to Cadiz, he took jewels in enormous numbers, eighty pounds weight of gold, twenty-six tons of silver, and thirteen chests of silver coin. To a Spaniard he had said, "I am resolved, by the help of God, to reap some of the golden harvest which you have got out of the earth and sent to Spain to trouble the earth." He had kept his word, and returned to England a loot-laden buccaneer. England rang with the fame of his achievement. Elizabeth hesitated between sending him to gaol as a pirate and acknowledging that he had done a service to his country. She did the latter, and took the choicest of the jewels for her crown. Drake she knighted on the deck of the *Golden Hind*, and thenceforward the ship—the first English vessel to go round the world—was almost worshipped. A crazy enthusiast proposed that the vessel should be put bodily on the stump of the steeple of St. Paul's, instead of a spire, but the craft degenerated into a holiday and drinking resort, and is to-day represented by a chair in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Philip was furious at the injury and insults heaped upon his subjects. His ambassador, demanding reparation and the delivery up of the freebooter himself, threatened the Queen that matters should come to the cannon. He had gone to the wrong quarter with threats. His Excellency himself told how, by way of answer, Her Majesty said "quietly, in her most natural voice, as if she were telling a common story, that if I used threats

of that kind she would fling me into a dungeon." War was now a certainty, and Philip began to assemble his Armada.

With the honour given to him by his sovereign fresh upon him, Drake went forth again to harry and distress the foe. The freebooter set sail with thirty little ships, made his way to Cadiz, where the Armada was assembling under the able Duke of Santa Cruz, and after burning the galleys and the storeships, and storming the ports of Faro, would have attacked the Armada itself if he had not been prevented by orders from home. To Elizabeth as well as to the Council he urgently recommended that a descent should be made on the Spaniards, to surprise them off their own coasts, and again cripple them so badly in their own harbours that the Armada would not be able to sail. But his advice was not taken, and the equipment of the Armada went on. Drake's descent, however, very much delayed the sailing of the fleet. He destroyed thirty-seven of the enemy's vessels, insulted Santa Cruz while the duke was under the protection of his own guns, and invited him to come out and fight. The duke, mortified and fuming, was not able, his ships being unready to accept the challenge ; and Drake sailed off in triumph. But before returning he made an attack on Corunna and completed what he called the "singeing of the Spanish king's beard." That was the answer to Philip's claim to the English crown—a claim which Mary, at her execution, had left to Philip's daughter, the Infanta of Spain, or to the King himself, who was a remote descendant of John of Gaunt.

Drake's descent was made in 1587, and was so destructive to the stores and transport of the Armada that the scheme of invading England was abandoned for the year. Another reason why the King had to delay the sailing of the fleet was the death of the Duke of Santa Cruz, in succession to whom he appointed the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, a man of only thirty-eight years, ignorant of his task in every way,

and knowing his incompetence, for he told his sovereign frankly that he knew nothing of either war or the sea, and was not fitted to command the fleet. But the King paid no heed to the protest, and on May 20, 1588, the fleet, semi-officially described as the Most Happy Armada, sailed in the expectation of a great and crushing victory.

The plan was simple. The destination of the fleet was the coast of Flanders, where the Duke of Parma was lying with 35,000 troops and a flotilla of boats. This force was to be landed in the Isle of Thanet, at the mouth of the Thames, protected by the Armada, which was to keep the Channel clear of English ships. Another body of troops was to be landed farther north, and it was hoped that the Duke of Guise would land on the west coast. These preparations and intentions were known in England, and apart from the sea forces 16,000 soldiers, under Leicester, were assembled at Tilbury to oppose the landing of Parma's troops; and 45,000 gathered to protect their Queen.

A Spanish account, published in 1588, written by Pedro de Paz Salas, gives the full details of the "Most Happy Armada" that "our Lord and Master Philip" ordered to assemble. Of this work a copy is in the British Museum, with brief manuscript notes by Lord Burghley. According to this statement the galleons, ships, patasses and zabras, galleasses, galleys and other ships that composed the "Most Happy Armada" which Philip ordered to assemble at Lisbon may be summarized as follows—

Armada of Portugal, under the Duke of Medina-Sidonia.

Ships.	Tons.	Guns.	Soldiers.	Mariners.	Total.
12	7,737	347	3,330	1,290	4,623

Armada of Biscay, under Juan Martinez de Recalde.

14	6,567	238	1,937	863	2,800

Armada of the galleons of Castille, under Diego Flores de Valdes.

16	8,714	384	2,458	1,719	4,177

Armada of ships of Andalusia, under Don Pedro de Valdes.

Ships.	Tons.	Guns.	Soldiers.	Mariners.	Total.
11	8,762	240	2,325	780	3,105

Armada of the Province of Guipúzcoa, under Miguel de Oquendo.

12	6,991	247	1,992	616	2,608

Armada of Levant ships, under Martin de Bertendona.

10	7,705	280	2,780	767	3,527

Armada of hulks, under Juan Gomes de Medina.

23	10,271	384	3,121	608	3,729

Patasses and zabras, under Don Antonio Hurdato de Mendoza

22	1,131	91	479	574	1,093

Galleasses of Naples, under Don Hugo de Moncada.

4, with 1,000 rowers.	200	873	468	1,341	

Galleys of Portugal, under Don Diego Medrano.

4, with 888 rowers.	20	—	362	362	

Among the "people that were going in the Armada" were—

Spanish soldiers	16,973
Portuguese soldiers.	2,000
Adventurers	124
Mariners	8,052
Adventurers' servants	465
Entretenidos	238
Their servants	163
Artillerymen	167
Hospital	85
Religious people of all orders.	180
Ministers, officials and auditors of the Treasury	17
Their servants	50
Ministers of Justice	19

There were also other servants and attendants, making altogether an immense floating population.

The victualling of the Armada was for four months, so that vast quantities of food and drink were put on board the ships. According to Paz Salas' statement the provisions were as follows. In the British Museum copy Burghley wrote opposite to some of the words translations, as "biskitt," "chees," "ryse," but for the most part the print remains unexplained.

Biscuit	110,000 quintales.	Rice	3,000 quintales.
Wine	14,170 pipas.	Beans and pease	6,320 fanegas.
Bacon	6,000 quintales.	Oil	11,398 arrobas.
Cheese	3,433 „	Vinegar	23,870 „
All kinds of fish	8,000 „	Water butts	11,870.

A quintale was equal to 100lb.; a pipa was a large butt of the sort that is still in use in country districts in England to catch the rain which runs from the roof; a fanega was a measure of grain, and an arrobas was 25lb., the oil and vinegar being apparently represented by weight, although carried in butts. There were other provisions which are not given in the list above. The largest galleons at any rate carried live stock, such as calves and sheep. Horses and mules accompanied the expedition in hulks. They were thrown overboard so that the water carried for them could be used by the troops and seamen.

Admiral Sir William Monson, writing in his *Naval Tracts*, gave the following as the daily allowances of victuals in the English and Spanish navies:—

ENGLISH.

Every man and boy, 1lb. of bread; a gallon of beer—a quart in the morning, a quart at dinner, a quart in the afternoon, and a quart at supper; on "flesh days"—Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays—1lb. of beef, or 1lb. of pork with pease; on fish days, every mess—four men—were allowed a side of salt fish, either haberdine, ling or cod; 7oz. of butter, 14oz. of cheese, Friday excepted, on which day they had but half allowance.

The purser was allowed by every man 6*d.* a month to provide necessaries, as wooden dishes, cans, candles, lanthorns, and candlesticks, for the hold.

SPANISH.

Soldier—1½lb. of bread; fresh beef, ¾lb.; salt beef, "½lb. and an ounce"; a quart of wine and a pottle of water.

Slave—½oz. of oil, 2oz. of rice, beans or garnanses. They had six meals of flesh in a year—two at Christmas, two at Shrovetide, and two at Easter.

The captains, masters, gunners, pilots, boatswains, corporals, gaolers, pursers, oar makers, caulkers and barbers had extra allowances according to their rank.

The Spaniards according to Paz Salas' statement had nearly 130 ships, with an aggregate of, in round figures, 58,000 tons, more than 2,400 guns, nearly 20,000 soldiers, just over 8,000 mariners, and 2,088 rowers—a total of nearly 30,000 men. But the force was not so mighty as it seemed. Some of the ships were leaky and badly found, and heavy weather compelled them to put into Corunna. Vast quantities of provisions had to be thrown overboard because they had gone bad; there was shortness of water, and sickness ravaged the crews and soldiers. So severely crippled was the Armada after sailing that a council of war urged a postponement of the enterprise; but the King was stubborn, and on July 12 the fleet finally left Corunna for the shores of England. By that time death and sickness had reduced the total strength to about 24,000, and when the battles with the English actually began probably not more than from 10,000 to 12,000 combatants were engaged for the Armada, half of the vessels being transports and victuallers that had no share in the contest.

The English fleet was composed as follows :—

34 of Her Majesty's ships, great and small . . .	6,705
34 merchants' ships with Sir Francis Drake, westward	2,294
30 ships and barks paid by the City of London . .	2,130
33 ships and barks with 15 victuallers, under the Lord Admiral	1,651
20 coasters, great and small, under the Lord Admiral, paid by the Queen	993
23 voluntary ships, great and small	1,059
23 coasters, under the Lord Henry Seymour, paid by the Queen	1,093
	15,925

Total: 197 ships, 15,925 men.

The thirty-four Queen's ships, with their approximate tonnage, guns and complements, were—

Ship.	Tons.	Men.	Guns	Captain.
Ark	800	430	55	Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral
Elizabeth Bonaventure	600	250	47	Earl of Cumberland
Rainbow	500	250	54	Lord Henry Seymour
Golden Lion	500	250	38	Lord Thomas Howard
White Bear	1,000	490	40	Lord Sheffield
Vanguard	500	250	54	Sir William Wynter
Revenge	500	250	43	Sir Francis Drake, Vice-Admiral
Elizabeth Jonas	900	490	56	Sir Robert Southwell
Victory.	800	430	42	Sir John Hawkyns, Rear-Admiral
Antelope	400	170	30	Sir Henry Palmer
Triumph	1,100	500	42	Sir Martin Frobisher
Dreadnought	400	190	32	Sir George Beeston
Mary Rose	600	250	36	Edward Fenton
Nonpareil	500	250	38	Thomas Fenner
Hope	600	270	48	Robert Crosse
Bonavolia (galley)	—	250	—	William Borough
Swiftsure	400	180	42	Edward Fenner
Swallow	360	160	8	Richard Hawkyns
Foresight	300	150	37	Christopher Baker
Aid	250	120	18	William Fenner
Bull	200	100	—	Jeremy Turner
Tiger	200	100	30	John Bostocke
Tremontana.	150	70	21	Luke Ward
Scout	120	70	10	Henry Ashley
Achates	100	60	13	Gregory Riggs
Charles	70	45	16	John Roberts
Moon	60	40	9	Alexander Clifford
Advice.	50	40	9	John Harris
Merlin.	50	35	7	Walter Gower
Spy	50	40	9	Ambrose Ward
Sun	40	30	5	Richard Buckley
Cygnet.	30	20	3	John Sheriff
Brygandine.	90	35	—	Thomas Scott
George.	100	24	—	Richard Hodges

"In the year 1588," wrote Monson, "there was not

above 120 sail of men of war to encounter that *Invincible* armada of *Spain*, and not above five of them all, except the Queen's great ships, were 200 tons burthen, and did not exceed those rates in all Queen Elizabeth's time; so that our seamen were, by their experience and courage, rather the cause of our victories than the ships."

From this force, as in the case of the Armada, a large deduction must be made, for of the English ships and men a great number were serving the fighters, and could not themselves actually take part in the battles—many, indeed, were not even present. In all, the English fighting men numbered, probably, not more than 8,000 or 9,000. But if inferior in numbers of ships and guns and men, the real advantage throughout was with the English. They were born sailors, hardened to the sea; they understood their ships and how to handle them, were proud of this ability, and gloried in their skill as gunners. On the other hand, the Spaniards looked upon their ordnance with contempt, regarding the cannon as an ignoble arm, and relying for success on the boarding and hand-to-hand fighting which close contact gave—relying, in short, on those advantages which from beginning to end of the battle the English prevented them from having.

When, on July 19, 1588, the Armada was seen near the Lizard, the Lord High Admiral, with Drake, Hawkyns, Frobisher, and other captains, were playing a match at bowls on the Hoe. The little ship with the news was seen hurrying to port. Her captain told the tidings, and the players would have rushed at once to their boats if Drake had not coolly checked them and asked them to end their sport, saying there was time enough both to win the match and beat the Spaniards. So the bowls were thrown afresh, and it was not until the game was ended that the captains went on board their ships and put to sea. It was in this calm assured spirit that Drake and his companions later played the deadlier game of battle.

The wind was at south or south-west, and it was hard

"Fought with the 'galleon of Portugal.'"

work to get some of the vessels out of harbour; but so eager were the English for the fight that many of the ships "got abroad as though it had been with a fair wind." Howard, the Lord High Admiral, on the 20th, had reached the Eddystone with fifty-four sail of his fleet, and there saw the Armada, which was "apparently seen of the whole fleet to the westwards as far as Fowey." It was a stately spectacle. The vast fleet came slowly up with all the pomp and grandeur of the nation that had sent it forth. Not all the ships of Spain were with the admiral as yet; but Medina-Sidonia had two-thirds of the Armada with him, and while waiting for the rest he hoisted the Royal Standard at the fore, and a sacred banner at the main—a banner which displayed a crucifix between the figures of Our Lady and St. Mary Magdalene. Flags of the provinces which sent the ships that made up the Armada's total flew, as well as flags of noblemen and knights.

By Sunday morning the English ships had recovered the wind of the Spaniards to the westward of Eddystone, and the time for battle had now come. It was in keeping with the spirit of the age and the Lord High Admiral that a challenge should be given to the invader. At nine o'clock Howard sent his pinnace, the *Disdain*, "to give the Duke of Medina defiance," then in the *Ark* he bore up with the Spanish flagship and fought with her until she was rescued by other ships of the Armada. Meanwhile Drake, Hawkyns, and Frobisher fought with the "galleon of Portugal," of which Juan Martinez de Recalde was captain-general. This was the *Santa Ana*, 768 tons, 30 guns, 256 soldiers and 73 mariners. The assault was so resolute and well maintained that the *Santa Ana* was forced to give way and try to escape to the eastward. In making off she caused a great galleon, of which Don Pedro de Valdes was captain-general—the *Nuestra Senora del Rosario*, 1,150 tons, 46 guns, and 422 soldiers and sailors—to get foul of another ship. Losing by this collision his foremast and bowsprit, de Valdes could not keep company with his

fleet, and "being with great dishonour left behind by the Duke," the clumsy structure fell into the hands of the English. There was much trouble about this craft —out of her arose charges of cowardice, plundering, and a dispute as to who had really taken her. She had on board 25,300 pistolets. From this stock the Lord Admiral borrowed 3,000 pistolets, "as I told you I would," he wrote in a letter to Sir Francis Walsyngham, one of the Queen's ministers, "for, by Jesus, I had not three pounds besides in the world." Drake also, true to his proclivities, helped himself to the same amount. That Don Pedro de Valdes considered himself shamefully abandoned he showed in a letter to King Philip, in which he said that he appealed to the Duke in vain for help against his pursuers, that he defended himself as long as he could in the hope of relief, and begged that the Duke would not use "such great inhumanity and unthankfulness" towards him, and at last surrendered to Drake on finding that further resistance was hopeless and receiving a promise of "safety and courteous entertainment."

This was a stirring period of the opening fight, for no sooner had the great galleon become a prize than another of the enemy's ships was put out of action. She was a Biscayan, "that, by firing of a barrel of gunpowder, had her decks blown up, her stern blown out, and her steerage spoiled. This ship was for this night carried amongst the fleet by the galleasses." This was the *San Salvador*, of 958 tons. She also was left to her fate by the Duke, and being captured by the English was sent into Weymouth She was not taken until the Monday, when Lord Thomas Howard and Hawkyns went on board in a small skiff of the *Victory*. They then saw "a very pitiful sight—the deck of the ship fallen down, the steerage broken, the stern blown out, and about fifty poor creatures burnt with powder in most miserable sort. The stink in the ship was so unsavoury, and the sight within board so ugly," that Howard and Hawkyns left and reported to the Lord

Admiral her condition, and he ordered Captain Thomas Flemyng in the *Golden Hind* to conduct her to the nearest port, which was Weymouth. That place was reached on the following day, but the ship being too large for the harbour remained in the roads. She was plundered handsomely, and great search made for treasure which she was supposed to contain. But nothing of much value was discovered. Among her people was "one Almain woman," which points to the conclusion that some women at any rate were amongst the ships of the Armada. Many of the wretched prisoners died, and those who lived were "diseased and naked." This unlucky *San Salvador* was lost at Studland, while going from Weymouth to Portsmouth, twenty-three men, of whom six had come from Spain in the galleon, perishing with her.

This opening fight lasted only two or three hours. In it the English followed the plan which gave them ultimate success, and made it impossible for the ships of Spain to hope for victory. Howard and his people hung on to the great unwieldy hulks, refusing to close with them and so be destroyed by concentration of fire and sheer weight of metal; and above all declining the risk of an entanglement which would have allowed the swarms of Spanish soldiery to board and overpower the crews. They played their great guns on the inviting targets, and at their leisure damaged or destroyed them outright. The history of the opening assault on the ships of the Spanish rearguard is the history of the fighting up to the day of the great conflict on July 29, which crushed the strength of Spain at sea and established England's naval power.

Until that memorable 29th the English ships hung on to and hounded the ships of Spain. On the Tuesday, off Portland, the Armada, remorselessly pursued, stood at bay, and made a desperate attempt to board the English ships. But these "stood fast and abode their coming," and their bold front caused the Spaniards to think better of their intentions and be

content with a less offensive fight. Wandering merchant ships had now come up, anxious to share in a battle which had opened so well for their countrymen, and which gave promise of such welcome spoil; and the Spaniards were again so fiercely harried that "they were forced to give way and to flock together like sheep." From morning until evening this hard fight continued, a fight in which the Lord Admiral was always in the hottest of the encounter, setting the example to his countrymen of falling upon and destroying the most mighty and dangerous antagonist they had. "It may well be said," continues the narrator, "that for the time there was never seen a more terrible value of great shot, nor more hot fight than this was; for although the musketeers and harquebusiers of crock[1] were then infinite, yet could they not be discerned nor heard for that the great ordnance came so thick that a man would have judged it to have been a hot skirmish of small shot, being all the fight long within half musket shot of the enemy."

On the Wednesday, for want of powder, shot and provisions little was done in the way of fighting; but the Lord Admiral sent barks and pinnaces ashore for new supplies, and divided his fleet into four squadrons, commanding the first himself, and giving the second to Drake, the third to Hawkyns, and the fourth to Frobisher. That night six merchant ships out of every squadron were to have "set upon the Spanish fleet in sundry places, at one instant, to keep the enemy waking"; but the night proved so calm that nothing could be done.

With the morning however there was a renewal of the actual combat. The *Santa Ana*, Recalde's flagship, which had been greatly damaged on the 21st, was seen in a helpless state. Like the falcon darting on its prey the English were upon the crippled vessel. Hawkyns' squadron, which was the nearest, "towed and

[1] A rest or stool from which the harquebus was fired.

recovered so near that the boats were beaten off with musket shot," showing that the galleon, wounded though she was and unfit to keep the sea, had yet some fight left in her. Seeing her pitiful plight three galleasses and a large ship issued from the Spanish fleet to her assistance, for she had not been able to keep company, and was practically helpless. Upon these newcomers the Lord Admiral in the *Ark*, and Lord Thomas Howard in the *Golden Lion*, fell furiously, fought long and hard, and so much damaged them that "one of them was fain to be carried away upon the careen; and another, by a shot from the *Ark*, lost her lantern, which came swimming by, and the third his nose." This was in reality a duel fought in the sight of both fleets; for the calm prevented the other ships from doing more than look on. So that they could get at the galleasses, the *Ark* and the *Golden Lion* were towed by their longboats. "At length it began to blow a little gale, and the Spanish fleet could get up to succour their galleasses, and so rescued them and the galleon, after which time the galleasses were never seen in fight any more, so bad was their entertainment in this encounter." But although the fleets drew near to one another again the fighting did not last long, and for the day an end was put to this sharp contest.

By this time the English ships were so much in want of shot and powder that the Lord High Admiral did not think it prudent to assail the Spaniards again until his stock had been renewed, and he determined to effect a junction with an army which had been assembled near Dover, under Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Wynter, so that his fleet could be strengthened in men and fresh ammunition furnished from the shore. The English had been hanging on to the Spaniards for five days and nights, and now, on the Friday, the Lord High Admiral, as a reward to those who had fought so well with him, and by way of encouragement to the rest, called on board the *Ark* Lord Thomas Howard, the Lord Sheffield,

Roger Townsend, Frobisher, Hawkyns, and George Beeston, and gave them all the order of knighthood. Throughout this day and on the Saturday the Spaniards "went always before the English army like sheep"; and while this merciless chase continued men, powder, shot, and victuals were sent to the English ships from the shore by men of all conditions—earls, knights, justices, and captains of the forts and castles along the coast.

Still flying from their pursuers, the Spaniards made for what they hoped would be the safety of the coast of France, hoping, too, that they would be able to join forces with the Duke of Parma, and if they could not beat back and destroy the English, save at any rate their ships from annihilation. The Armada had been terribly mauled, but it was still a powerful and dangerous fleet. On the Saturday evening the harried ships found temporary refuge near Calais, and there they anchored, two miles from the shore. They anchored suddenly, in the hope that the pursuing English, the tide being flood, would be driven to leeward of them, and thus fall an easy prey. But the hope was not fulfilled; the scheme was not successful. "In happy time it was soon espied, and prevented by bringing our fleet to an anchor also in the wind of them." The English brought up so close to the enemy that they were within culverin shot. They still maintained the windward position, an advantage which throughout the meeting with the Armada they did not lose.

The Armada was now completely trapped—the coast of France behind it, and the watchful Englishmen in front; the land preventing further flight, and Howard's fleet barring a return to and escape across the open sea. The Lord High Admiral had his prey cornered; the time had come for the last great blow to be delivered, and he proceeded with his work of crushing and destroying. This he was the better able to do because he now had with him the force under Seymour and Wynter, and a fleet numbering in all 140 ships, barks and pinnaces.

Medina-Sidonia sent urgent messengers on shore to let the Duke of Parma know that they were anchored off the coast, badly in need of help; and suggesting that he should now land his forces on the shores of England; but Parma answered that while the English ships were on the sea it was impossible to cross the Channel.

The Lord High Admiral, too, was determined that no time should be given for a junction between the Spanish leaders. About midnight on Sunday he sent eight fireships amongst the Armada. Borne on the flood tide these vessels drifted towards the Spanish ships. To escape this new and terrible danger the Spaniards were forced either to cut or let slip their anchors and cables, and set sail and put to sea.

Consternation and confusion followed. In her eagerness to evade the fireships the chief galleass—the *San Lorenzo*—came foul of another ship's cable, and broke her rudder, and the crippled craft had to row ashore near Calais. Instantly the *Ark's* longboat and the pinnace of the *Margaret and John*, of London, went after the galleass, into which more than a hundred Englishmen fought their way. She was not taken easily, for in boarding her the lieutenant of the *Ark* was sorely wounded, and some of the men killed outright or badly hurt. This was a very desperate encounter. All the advantage lay with the galleass, for the 300 soldiers and 450 slaves within her were sheltered, and high above the assailants, who, in their open boats, were unprotected from the shot and other missiles from the Spaniards. But the unequal fight began and continued. In half an hour the captain was killed by a musket shot, and beyond all their hope or expectation the Englishmen saw a chance of victory. They took fresh heart of grace, and renewed their assault so furiously that "the soldiers leaped overboard by heaps on the other side and fled with the shore, swimming and wading. Some escaped with being wet; some, and that very many, were drowned." In

this manner most of the soldiers got to land; those who were left, seeing the English boats under the sides, and more approaching, fastened two handkerchiefs to rapiers and showed them as a signal of surrender. Hereupon the English took possession, but not easily, owing to the great height of the vessel. Having got on board each man pillaged on his own account, the intention being to get the prize afloat when the flood came, and haul her off.

This fierce struggle for one of the finest vessels in the Armada had been watched by crowds of people on the shore. When she had been captured there was a singular and unlooked for development. The Governor of Calais, Monsieur Gourdan, sent a boat on board, and after feigning joy at the victory of the English, and flattering their valour, said that while the pillage was theirs the ship was his, as she was aground under his castle. The master of the *Margaret and John*, Richard Thomson, who spoke French, acknowledged to the representatives for the Governor that without his goodwill and leave they could not carry away anything they had got, considering that the galleass lay "on ground hard under his bulwarks," but referring the Governor to the Lord High Admiral. This, though well enough for the master, did not please the men; they were not so complaisant, and some of them, declining to distinguish between friend and foe, fell to spoiling the Frenchmen, and took away their rings and jewels as readily as they had plundered the Spaniards. This matter being reported ashore by the complaining victims, "all the bulwarks and ports" were bent against the captors, and "shot so vehemently that we received sundry shot very dangerously through us." Further mischief arising from the capture was prevented by the total loss of the galleass, which sank in the sands beyond possibility of recovery.

While the Lord High Admiral was busy with the *San Lorenzo*, Drake in the *Revenge*, with Thomas Fenner in the *Nonpareil*, and the rest of his squadron set afresh

upon the Armada generally, and another fierce fight ensued. Hawkyns, too, in the *Victory*, came up, with Edward Fenton in the *Mary Rose*, Beeston in the *Dreadnought*, Richard Hawkyns—Sir John's son—in the *Swallow*, and the rest of his squadron, and striking into the midst of the Spanish ships fought hotly with them all the forenoon. This was the most desperate encounter of the week, and on this day were done some of the most valiant of the deeds that distinguished these nine days of fighting and pursuing by the English. The noblemen and knights, spurred by the success which so far had attended them, led the way most splendidly. Those who had been knighted by the Lord Admiral showed that the honours had not been unworthily bestowed, and those who had not yet acquired this great distinction proved their worth. The Lord High Admiral himself, Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, young Hawkyns, the Earl of Cumberland, Beeston, Raymond—all these and the rest of the leaders led the fight in such a fashion that there could be no hanging back—nor was there any—by their men. Seymour in the *Rainbow* and Wynter in the *Vanguard*, the newly joined fighters, entered into the struggle with all their heart and energy. The *Bonaventure*, the *Rainbow* and the *Vanguard* assailed with furious determination a great galleon ; but she made a noble fight for it, and struggled back into the safety of her fleet. She could not be followed ; but she had been so badly wounded in the battle that in the night "she departed from the army and was sunk." Edward Fenton, in the *Mary Rose*, had a stiff brush with a Spanish galleon, and did very well. Seymour and Wynter, with appetite sharpened for battle, so battered two of the greatest of the Spanish ships—the *San Felipe* and the *San Mateo*—that they were forced to run for shelter to the coast of Flanders. Here they met the fate from which they had escaped in the engagement, for they were captured by the Zealanders, and after being plundered were carried into Flushing.

In this fight—the beginning of the end—many of the Spanish ships were sunk or driven ashore, and there was no longer any doubt as to which of the combatants was the victor. The ships of Spain, huddled together, lying helpless and inert, had been charged upon and pounded from nine o'clock in the morning until six at night, and at the end of that terrific beating, when every man in the English fleet was weary with labour, the cartridges spent, and the munitions wasted—then, and not till then, did the firing cease, and the ships began the chase which, with the heavy weather, drove the crushed Armada up the North Sea, round Scotland and the west of Ireland, to its final destruction. Battle had accounted for individual losses; now the deadly coasts of Ireland and the pitiless open sea claimed the ships in clusters. Shattered with shot, undermanned, wanting food and water, filled with sick and wounded men, the helpless hulks lumbered on to their fate. It was a work of annihilation, for when a ship went ashore off Ireland relentless slaughter of the survivors followed. Of the vast fleet of 130 which had sailed with all the pomp and blessing of their country, which had been called the Most Happy Armada, and the Invincible Armada, only about half ever returned to Spain.

The Spanish account of the defeat, as contained in Medina-Sidonia's relation to the King, shows how hopeless was the case of the Armada from the first. Of the English ships the Duke said that they were so nimble and of such good steerage that they did whatsoever they desired with the ships of Spain. As to Don Pedro de Valdes, he says he turned to succour him by giving him a hawser; but though great diligence was used and he did his best to take the galleon in tow and remove her people, the heavy weather and the dark night prevented him from doing either. On the Sunday, on board Vice-Admiral Oquenda's ship, in which was the Paymaster-General of the Armada and part of the King's treasure, some of the powder barrels caught fire, and her two decks and poop were blown up. Boats were sent to

help her, the fire was put out, and the English were prevented from taking the vessel. During the night the burnt and wounded were removed from her; and at 11 o'clock on the Monday morning, the ship being reported as sinking, the rest of the people and the money were removed, and she foundered. On the Monday, when the Duke saw how desperate the position of the Armada was sure to be, he took stern measures to get his ships into the best and safest order, and to see that every captain did his duty. The Duke got 43 of the best ships to confront the enemy, so that there should be no hindrance to his junction with the Duke of Parma. The whole fleet was divided into two squadrons, the rear and the van, and to avoid possibility of misunderstanding the Duke gave his orders to each captain in writing, and he said also that any ship "which did not keep that order, or left her appointed place, that without further stay they should hang the captain of the said ship." This was not an idle threat, for provost-marshals and their men were put on board the ships to carry out the sentence of death if necessary. But all the Duke's preparations and precautions were in vain. Day after day the chances of escape grew smaller and the hope of victory less. When the great battle of the Monday had been fought off Calais, Medina-Sidonia recognized that all was lost, and that nothing was left to him to do as a commander but save as many of the ships as he could. "This evening," says the relation for July 30, "the Duke summoned the generals and D. Alonso de Leyva, to consider what was best to be done; and when the Duke had explained the state of the Armada and the lack of shot—for that all the greatest ships sent to ask for them—he wished them to say whether it were best to turn back to the English Channel or to return to Spain by the North Sea, seeing that the Duke of Parma had not sent word that he would be presently able to come out. The council was wholly of opinion that they should go back to the Channel if the weather would permit it; but if

not, that then, constrained by the weather, they should return by the North Sea to Spain, seeing that there was such great lack of provisions in the fleet, and that the ships were spoiled and unable that hitherto had resisted the enemy. The wind continued to increase in the SSW., and the Duke stood to seaward, the enemy's fleet following him."

When the English ships and English mariners had worked their will on the Armada, and Medina-Sidonia's torn fleet was flying before the August gales, and when the pursuers, exhausted, and wanting powder, shot, food and drink, gave up the chase and put into various harbours on the East Coast, there came the inevitable period of complaining, criticizing and quarrelling. In letters to the Queen and her ministers victors of every rank, from the Lord High Admiral to the master of a fireship, had their say.

Saddest of all complaints was that of the Lord High Admiral, who on August 10 wrote to Burghley: "My good lord, sickness and mortality begins wonderfully to grow amongst us; and it is a most pitiful sight to see, here at Margate, how the men, having no place to receive them into here, die in the streets. I am driven myself, of force, to come a-land, to see them bestowed in some lodging; and the best I can get is barns and such outhouses; and the relief is small that I can provide for them here. It would grieve any man's heart to see them that have served so valiantly to die so miserably. The *Elizabeth Jonas*, which hath done as well as any ship did in any service, hath had a great infection in her from the beginning, so as of the 500 men which she carried out, by the time we had been in Plymouth three weeks or a month, there were dead of them 200 and above." Ballast was taken out and fires of wet broom made, three or four days together, but the infection broke out worse than ever, and everybody believed that it remained in the pitch. The disease appears to have been some form of typhus; but whatever it was it wrought more havoc in the *Elizabeth Jonas* in a day

than the Armada had done to the English fleet in more than a week. This terrible sickness was common in the victorious ships, some of which were so weakened that not men enough were left to weigh the anchors or work the vessels round from Margate to Dover. Writing from the *Ark*, in the Downs, to Burghley, Hawkyns said that the sickness increased daily, and that no new enterprise could be undertaken with the ships in their present state. The men who went freshest to the ships were soonest affected, and there seemed no chance of combating the evil. Various theories were raised, and the mariners thought they could trace the evil to villainous contractors. From the *Ark* it was written saying that the "beer brewed at Sandwich was sour; belike there was some great fault in the brewer. The mariners think it was one great cause of the infection. Nothing displeaseth them more than to have sour beer." Almost as deplorable as the sickness was the keeping back of money. "It is difficult to discharge the ships," wrote the Lord High Admiral soon after the fights, "the men being unpaid, and not one penny to relieve them. It is pitiful to have men starve after such a service."

There was bitter quarrelling and reviling too—none more vigorous than that between Frobisher and Drake. On August 11 Mathew Starke—or Sharke—gave evidence of certain unbecoming observations which Sir Martin Frobisher made publicly at Harwich concerning Drake. He called Sir Francis a cowardly knave or traitor, and said he only remained by Don Pedro's great Spanish carrack so that he could get the spoil out of her. "He thinketh to cozen us of our shares of fifteen thousand ducats," said Frobisher; "but we will have our shares, or I will make him spend the best blood in his belly. . . . He reporteth that no man hath done so good service as he. But he lieth in his teeth; for there are others that hath done as good as he, and better too." Nearly at the same time (August 8) Captain Henry Whyte, of the bark *Talbot*, pleaded for support

and succour, on the ground that his patriotism had made him a ruined man. His own vessel, he said, was one of the fireships which were sent amongst the Spaniards off Calais, so that he was now like one who had had his house burnt, and one of these days must go to Walsyngham for "a commission to go a-begging" —that is, permission to become a public mendicant. "Her Majesty's service hath utterly beggared me," he concluded, by way of clinching his appeal to Walsyngham. A similar appeal was made by Thomas Meldrum, merchant, for the *Elizabeth* of Lowestoft, another of the fireships burnt in Calais Roads. In his particulars he claimed for the ship apparently as she stood, with all stores on board—even guns, arms, pikes, 6 tons of beer, 15 cwt. of biscuit, 3 barrels of beef, 4 firkins of butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of North Sea cod, one wey of cheese, and four dozen candles. It has been suggested that in the threatening scarcity of food and drink the victuals were not burnt, and that he was trying to fleece the country; also that it nowhere appears that he got the money for the beer, biscuit, etc. But it is shown by the State Papers that while he claimed £416 10*s.* he actually received an allowance of £411 10*s.*, so that the food and drink must have been paid for, as £12 12*s.* was claimed for the beer alone. It is probable that the Lord High Admiral, in his eagerness to get the fireships amongst the Spanish vessels, had no time to clear them of their contents. All the eight ships burned were allowed for—£5,111 10*s.* being the total. The allowance varied from £1,000 for the *Thomas*, of Plymouth, 200 tons; to the *Elizabeth*, which was of 90 tons.

The critics bluntly made known their views of the Queen's parsimony and unwillingness properly to equip the Navy—though as a fact Elizabeth was not so much to blame in this respect as historians have made out. "Our parsimony at home," wrote Whyte, "hath bereaved us of the famousest victory that ever our navy might have had at sea." Mariners were for long left without pay—Lord Henry Seymour, writing to Walsyngham

from the *Rainbow*, in the Downs, August 14, said they were then four months in arrear.

Besides the personal element there was introduced a more serious feature, for Sir William Wynter not long after the battle made comparisons between the expenses of the Navy for five years before Hawkyns bargained to overhaul and examine the ships of the Navy and the five years after—a comparison which amounted to a serious charge against Hawkyns of bettering himself at the cost and to the danger of his country—in other words, a charge that he was a dishonest contractor.

Even out of the loss of the *San Salvador*, on her voyage from Weymouth to Portsmouth, grave allegations arose. John Thomas, clerk of the Prick and Check at Portsmouth, in giving details of the wreck to Howard, said that her loss was due to Nicholas Jones, of Portland Castle, and that he was answerable for the death of the 23 men who perished with the galleon, because of his neglect to provide a new foresail which he had promised. "So said Mr. Jones: 'I pray send for it; you shall have it, and a dozen of oars.' But it was least part of his meaning, for the next day the said Jones rode away to London, and left no order to deliver the same sail . . . . There be of his neighbours that are saved, and others of the company, that will venture their lives whenever they meet with him; for all those that are saved will depose that he was the casting away the ship and the death of the men."

From Spanish captives the English learned much of what Spain meant to do concerning England. The Lords of the Council drew up a series of questions which were put to Spanish prisoners on their examination. These were brief and to the point. The Council wanted to know when the Armada sailed from Lisbon; whether there was any public proclamation or publication of hostilities towards England; whether the intention of the fleet was to invade England; where they meant to land; whether they meant to take London, and, if taken, what they meant to do; what they meant to do with prisoners;

what the English should have done that came with the Armada—there were renegade Englishmen, but few in number, serving with the Spaniards; whether any succour was expected on reaching England; what help was expected from France; "whether the King of Spain would have retained this realm for himself, or given it to any other; and who that is?" what treasure was carried, and other details concerning the ships.

To these interrogations Vincente Alvarez, captain of the *Nuestra Senora del Rosario*, of 1,150 tons, "of Ribadeo, in the parts of Galicia," replied that the landing was to be in London river; "and it was resolved by the whole company, as well captains as soldiers, that in what place soever they should enter within the land, to sack the same, either city, town, village, or whatsoever. . . . They were determined to put all to the sword that should resist them, but they had no particular charge to use greater extremity to one than to another." He brought seven or eight Englishmen in his ship, but he never understood of any particular order that was given to them, either for the sparing or killing of one more than another. It was commonly hinted amongst them that a third part or one half of the realm of England would join to their aid as soon as they should enter on the land. If England were conquered it was a question who should enjoy it—Parma or the king; "and it was suspected that it would breed a new war between them." He also heard that the King of Spain would establish the Inquisition in this realm.

One of the Spanish prisoners from Recalde's ship, which was the "greatest ship of the whole navy," said that four or five men died every day of thirst and hunger, although this was one of the best furnished ships for victuals. They had only twenty-five pipes of wine left, little bread, and "no water, but what they brought out of Spain, which stinketh marvellously; and their flesh meat they cannot eat, their drouth (thirst) is so great. He saith also that it is a common bruit among the soldiers that if they may once get home again, they will not meddle again with the English."

The officers, soldiers, and seamen of the hulk *St. Peter the Great*, which was driven into a bay called Hope, within two miles of Salcombe, made such offers of ransom as they could afford. The captain of the troops, with a pay of 40 ducats (silver ducats, worth about 3*s.*), apparently could make no offer; his ensign (15 ducats a month) offered 20; the captain of the ship (12 ducats a month), none; the controller of the hospital (25 ducats monthly) could offer 80; a gentleman sergeant of the company (with 8 ducats monthly) offered 20; the overseer of the hospital (18 ducats monthly), 60; the "chief pothecary of the army" (with a monthly pay of 30 ducats) could offer nothing, while a couple of gentlemen adventurers, brothers, evidently in receipt of no pay at all, could afford 150. A gentleman page thought his master would redeem him, and personally offered nothing; and sixty-seven poor wretches of Spanish soldiers (their pay 4 ducats a month) and eleven mariners could offer nothing; nor could thirteen Portuguese soldiers, ten French, two Italian, and ten Dutch mariners. On the other hand twenty-eight private soldiers offered ransoms varying from 12 to 30 ducats. The *St. Peter the Great* was one of the two ships which were appointed "for the hospital to the whole navy." She was of 550 tons, and went ashore in such a manner that there was no hope of saving her. In a letter to the Council Cary said: "They confess that they put into her, at her coming out of Spain, 30 mariners, 100 soldiers, 50 appertaining to the hospital. There was put into her as much drugs and pothecary stuff as came to 6,000 ducats." Piteous appeals for mercy were made by some of the dons who had sailed from Spain to share in an invasion out of which no pity for a conquered people would have arisen. On November 5 Don Rodrigo De Mendoza wrote to Walsyngham praying him to have regard to his poor and miserable state, and saying that his ill health made him more fit to look forward to the grave than to anything else.

The loss of life by shipwreck was enormous, and

thousands who had a chance of their lives by swimming were mercilessly slain on reaching the shore. A large ship was cast away in Tyrawly; so miserably distressed were they on coming to land that one man named Melaghin McCabb boasted that he had killed 80 of them with his galloglas axe. Secretary Fenton related that in a walk of less than five miles on the coast of Sligo he himself had counted "above 1,100 dead corpses of men which the sea had driven upon the shore," and the like were to be seen in other places. Off the coast of County Mayo alone 15 or 16 ships of the Armada were cast away. Sir Richard Bingham, a soldier who had served with the Spaniards, and at this time was Governor of Connaught, wrote from Shrule, County Mayo: "I had intelligence sent me from my brother that the 700 Spaniards in Ulster were despatched . . . in a 15 or 16 ships cast away on the coast of this province there hath perished at least a 6,000 or 7,000 men, of which there have been put to the sword, first and last, by my brother George, and executed one way and another, about 7 or 800, or upwards, besides those that be yet alive."

The exact loss of the Spaniards in ships has never been known, but the following is given for "as fair an approximation as can be arrived at"—

Abandoned to the enemy	2
Lost in France (stores saved)	3
Lost in Holland	2
Sunk in the battle	2
Wrecked in Scotland and Ireland	19
Fate unknown	35
Total	63

These are classed as follows—

Galleons and ships	26
Hulks	13
Patasses	20
Galleasses	3
Galleys	1
	63

Little by little, and very slowly, the English people learned how great their victory had been, and how completely they had crushed the power of Spain at sea. By reports from the Continent and statements from the prisoners they had taken in the battle they understood the greatness of the danger that had passed, and exulted in their triumph. Elizabeth headed a national thanksgiving in which were shown a number of banners taken from the ships of Spain, amongst them "one streamer wherein was an image of our Lady, with her son in her arms, which was held in a man's hand over the pulpit." The Armada had been shattered and Philip humbled, and the power of overwhelming England taken from him; the liberty of a people who had shown the world what freedom was remained unchecked; the dominion of a mighty tyranny was almost ended, and England kept that mastery at sea which from that time she has looked upon as vital to her being.

"The One and the Fifty-three"

THE fight with the Armada had shown how stern was the stuff of which the English seaman was made. The little fleet of Queen Elizabeth had gone forth and battled with the giant organization of the greatest empire in the world, and had beaten and dispersed the finest ships that had ever sailed the seas. Spain had been crushed and humbled, but she had not yet received that mortal blow which was to bring her downfall. Her enormous wealth and vast resources, her uncurbed ambition, her hatred of the nation which had put upon her such a great humiliation as the loss of the "Invincible" Armada—all these things determined her to make a further effort to get even with or overcome the English people. Wounded she was, undoubtedly, but far from being made unfit for battle. She recovered from the blow which had been struck at her, recovered not slowly or spasmodically, but quickly and with strength, for within a few years she had another fleet almost fitted for a second effort at invading England. That was thwarted by the descent of Drake in 1596, two years before Philip died and left a ruined navy and an exhausted kingdom, and for long England had peace from her most powerful enemy. But before the nations held their hands for war there was to be fought that battle which remains one of the most famous in naval history—the last fight of the *Revenge*, commanded by Sir Richard Grenville: the fight of the "one and the fifty-three."

The *Revenge* had had a noble share in the defeat of

the Armada. Three years later she was to meet again ships with which she had fought in English seas, and, after an immortal struggle, to fall into the hands of Spain as a trophy—the first prize they had ever won at sea from Elizabeth's fleet. Even then their evidence of victory was not to remain with them, for the *Revenge* was to sink into the seas on which she had been long one of the hardest fighters, carrying her prize crew with her.

At the end of the summer of 1591 the *Revenge*, flagship of Grenville, was one of a squadron which had been sent from England, under Lord Thomas Howard, to intercept and take some Spanish treasure-ships from the East Indies. The squadron consisted of six of the Queen's ships, six victuallers, the bark *Raleigh*, and two or three pinnaces. At best it was a force of little strength, since the ships of the navy were of small or middling size, and the other vessels were almost useless for fighting purposes. The squadron, too, was short of water and provisions, many of the crews were sick, and the ships were foul because they had been long at sea. Howard had remained from home longer than was customary, because the sailing of the treasure-ships had been purposely delayed. The Spaniards had suffered heavily from English looting of their galleons, and the ships from Goa had not started until it was believed the enemy would be forced by the lateness of the season to return to port.

Lying in wait for the Spaniards, with his sick on shore refreshing, believing that he had only to reckon with the treasure-ships, and ignorant of the fact that in addition to the delaying their sailing the King of Spain had sent a strong fleet as convoy, Howard heard of the enemy's approach. He saw at once the hopelessness of fighting. His own ships were not in trim for battle. They were foul, having been at sea six months; they were light for want of ballast, and the crews were sick and weak. Of the entire force with him half were useless as fighting men. If he fought at all it would be against enormous odds, since he found that there were

53 Spanish sail, crowded with troops and seamen, and well furnished with all the requisites for battle which the English lacked. For a while the admiral was moved to fight, but so hopeless was the prospect of success that his master offered to jump overboard rather than take the ship to be a certain prize to the enemy. Unwillingly Howard gave the order to fly, and all the ships except Grenville's cut their cables or slipped their anchors, and made for the open sea. But one or two lingered. These were the *Foresight*, of which Thomas Vavasour was the master; another the *George Noble*, a small victualler of almost worthless fighting force; and the *Pilgrim*, a little ship which hovered round to see how matters should develop when the fight began.

Grenville, scorning to obey the admiral's command, and saying that he would rather die than endure the shame of flying from the Spaniards, but assuring his crew that he would pass with honour through the two squadrons into which the enemy were divided, got his sick from the shore and put them below on the ballast; then, and not until then, he began to follow his departing consorts. In all he had only a hundred men to fight his ship, which meant that he was opposed to 53 ships—one to fifty-three; and that against each of his people the enemy could bring 150 men. Some of the Spanish ships had 800 soldiers on board, besides the mariners; others 500; none less than 200. In the *Revenge* there were no troops at all, only the seamen, Grenville's servants, and a few gentlemen who had gone to sea as volunteers.

This puny English force began a fifteen hours' fight at three o'clock on September 10, 1591. For a little while the *Foresight*, the *George Noble*, and the *Pilgrim* stood by their rash, courageous chief, and only got away, much battered, in time to save themselves from destruction. Other ships fired, too, but the battle was between the *Revenge* and the Spaniards only, and as the fight of the one and the fifty-three it has been put on record by Raleigh, Grenville's cousin, and done into majestic verse by Tennyson. Raleigh saw as

clearly as Tennyson how heroic Grenville's action was, and there is little doubt that his generous and romantic imagination was fired to an exaggerated recital of the doings of his kinsman. The Laureate of three centuries later, in his poem, did not take from the grandeur of that splendid act of the *Revenge*. If anything he added to what was already a marvellous enough achievement. Even then the last fight of this long-vanished warship stands alone. We have many noble deeds by single ships and little squadrons, but only one *Revenge*.

First the *Revenge* was fallen upon by the *Saint Philip*, a great ship of 1,500 tons. She took the wind out of Grenville's sails, and the *Revenge* lay helpless. Now there came a repetition of some of the incidents of the Armada, for the unwieldy Spaniard had to lie and be pounded by the English guns, while many of her own shot, from her towering sides, screamed harmlessly over the *Revenge*. Grenville's fire was true and deadly, the guns, loaded with cross-bar shot, breaking through the body of the Spaniard and forcing her to take herself away. But her place was filled by other ships. They lumbered down towards her with the purpose of boarding—two on the starboard and two on the port bow. While she was still grappling with the *Saint Philip* the four came up with her, and from the great sides the Spaniards jumped and dropped on to the deck of the *Revenge*. Some as they entered were seized and hurled overboard, and those who were not in that way cast into the sea were forced back, at the point of sword and pike, to their own ships.

Once the battle had begun there was no rest for the English fighters, no cessation in the storm of great and small shot from the guns and lesser arms. The afternoon wore on, and the fight continued furiously; darkness came, and the battle raged as fiercely. No man ever led a band of fighters whose condition was more hopeless than did Grenville on the deck of the *Revenge*. It was from the first a forlorn hope, but he never faltered. A man of the most desperate courage, a

fighter of wide renown, a fervent hater of the enemy who encompassed him, and scorner of death now, as he had always been, no thought of surrender was allowed by him. Struggling and ordering, hour after hour, he fought at the head of his crew. From three till eleven the amazing fight went on. For the one it was incessant toil and action; for the others time to rest and gather strength afresh was given. No sooner were a swarm of boarders driven back than they were followed by another, always vigorous, always hurling themselves upon the men whose strength was failing, who were growing weak and weary, whose ship lay helpless on the swell, whose hold was filled with dying men, and whose decks were littered with the dead.

Eight hours of bloody, hopeless contest passed. The *Revenge* lay torn and shattered; but the banner of England still hung at her masthead, and her captain kept his ship from capture. From midnight onward, through the darkness, the battle raged. But there was no longer Grenville on the deck to cheer and lead his men. Wounded in the head, not long before midnight, he was forced to go below, but not before strictly charging his people to continue fighting till the end. Even while the surgeon was dressing his hurt he was shot by a musket bullet, and the doctor was killed at his side. Still no surrender, and the fight went on.

Fifteen hours had passed—fifteen hours in which the *Revenge* had shot away all her powder, and had had such furious contests with the swarms of boarders that all her pikes were broken. Forty of her men were killed, and of the sixty who lived nearly all were wounded, among them Grenville—mortally. Her masts were shot away, such of her as showed above the water was pitifully torn and smashed by shot; in her hold six feet of water, and neither shot nor powder in her magazine. Eight hundred cannon balls were sticking in her hull, and she lay, a helpless cripple, on the sea. Around her shattered Spaniards hovered, waiting for the end, less two of their finest ships, which had been

sunk by the *Revenge*, and 2,000 of their people who were slain or drowned.

The night passed, and when the dawn came the riddled hulk lay helpless. She must either sink or surrender. Grenville swore that she should go down with flying colours. He knew that amongst his people there was a man—the master gunner—who was as resolute to die with unsullied honour as he was himself. He commanded him to split and sink the ship, so that the Spaniards should not have the bitter glory of possessing even the shattered carcase of an English ship of war. For his own part the master gunner would have done as Grenville commanded. Others, like him, would have done the same—destroyed the *Revenge*. But there were some who, now that they had done all it was within the power of brave men to do, were wishful that their lives should be saved.

The master gunner would have sunk the ship, but he was put under a guard, and surrender to the Spaniards was agreed upon; the Spaniards themselves being as anxious to make terms as any of the living men on board the *Revenge* were. The flag was struck at last, and Grenville was removed on board the *Saint Paul*, the Spanish general's ship. Here he made honourable terms for the safety of his surviving people. But even to the end Grenville and the master gunner were inflexible. The admiral, weary, knowing that death was near, said they might now do with him as they wished; the master gunner, hearing of the surrender, tried to kill himself with a sword.

The terms were settled, and the victors and their prize began to sail for the Azores, a Spanish crew being on board the *Revenge* to work her into port. Three days later Grenville died, declaring that he did so with a joyful and a quiet mind, since he had ended his life as a true soldier ought to do who had fought for his queen, his country, and his religion. Within a week, in a great storm, the *Revenge* followed her dauntless captain, leaving, like him, an everlasting fame.

Fighting on the Narrow Seas

BRITAIN'S naval history contains nothing more stirring, more desperate, more relentless than the fights between the English and the Dutch at sea, and in particular the combats of the seventeenth century. Grim and pious as the spirit was in which Blake and his fellows went forth to seek and crush the enemy, it was not less stern than the Dutchman's own resolve to be triumphant. Tromp, de Ruyter, de With and the rest of Holland's leading admirals were foes well matched with even Blake, Monk, Deane, Penn, Ayscue, Lawson and Prince Rupert. Jealous hatred of each other urged the combatants to fight, time after time, until their ships were sunk and the sea was strewn with wreck and dyed with blood. The enemies were so well matched in every way—in ships and men, in skill and in resources—that for long the issue of the wars was doubtful. When a great battle had been fought, and the Dutch or English driven, torn and shattered, to seek refuge in their ports at home, and when it seemed as if the vanquished were so greatly damaged in their ships and crews that they could never take the seas again, the fleets arose as if from their own wrecks, refitted swiftly, and sailed once more to sink or conquer.

The tide of battle ebbed and flowed. Tromp, victorious for a season, hoisted at his mainmast head that broom which symbolized his threat to sweep us from the seas, and Blake displayed a whiplash as an earnest of his own resolve to meet the Dutch again and beat them. Blake challenged, Tromp defied, and the two Republican

admirals played a game of give and take the like of which had not been known in Britain's Navy, and has never been repeated.

Trade rivalry, the determination of the English to be acknowledged as masters of the Narrow Seas, and the exaction from the Dutch of a tribute of the tenth herring, brought on this costly, bitter and protracted struggle—one of which the total loss in men, ships and money has not been accurately recorded, and probably will be never known. For years the Dutch had competed against us in the Colonies, and had profited largely by carrying the produce of other lands to England and disposing of it there. This profit to the Dutch was ground for discontent and jealousy with Englishmen, and Parliament passed the Navigation Act, which forbade the importation of goods except in English ships or the vessels of the country which produced the goods. That in itself was cause enough for war between the two Republics; but there was also the lasting irritation arising from the demands of England that the ships of Holland should lower flag and topsail when an English ship was met, and in such form recognize that England was sovereign of the seas.

War broke out even while the Dutch Ambassadors were in London trying to preserve the peace—broke out because of Dutch defiance of an order to give this honour to the English flag. Negotiations still went on; but the passions of the peoples were too much inflamed to permit a friendly settlement of trouble. The Navigation Act was the apparent pretext of the war; but numberless affronts on either side had made hostilities inevitable. For more than twenty years there was constant fighting—constant because when peace was brought about it was only temporary and imperfect, and often disregarded by the combatants. There prevailed in England and in Holland a very itch for fighting; a hunger for battle which was plenteously fed by pamphleteers and speakers on both sides of the North Sea.

Dutch and English vied with one another in the venom of their charges, and the writers waged a war as bitter with their pens as Blake and Tromp conducted with their guns. They were days of ungentle meetings. If a Dutchman told a sorry tale of English barbarities, and in that way urged his countrymen to battle, the Englishman was not behind. He kept the iniquities of Holland, real or fancied, before the imaginations of his people—witness a pamphlet of the day in which, dealing with the quarrel between the two nations in 1652, a writer declared that the Dutch were growing very desperate, declaring that if the Estates did not immediately and vigorously proceed with the war against England, they would pull them out of their houses headlong, and make them greater precedents to the world than they had done in the Indies. These "great efforts and injuries, or rather contumelies, are not to be paralleled in any age, for the Dutch most insolently bound the English to stakes, with ropes about their necks, throttling some of them therewith, and flourishing their naked swords about them, as if they would have presently despatched them; then taking them, so amazed and bound, and tumbling them down the rocks, and after carrying their crushed and bruised carcases away in irons. They have exceedingly insulted by usurping sovereignty to enslave the English; and have executed many cruel sentences, seizing of the English Company's goods, fining, imprisoning, stocking, yea, whipping the English at a post in the open market place, and after washing them with vinegar and salt. O monstrous and unheard of cruelties!"

Stories like these were circulated and believed on both sides of the North Sea, and proved the flash that was scarcely needed to make the smouldering fires of hatred burst into flame. English and Dutch alike sailed forth with revengeful hate consuming them, and to this spirit was due, as much as to the crowded warships, the appalling havoc and slaughter that marked the meetings on the Narrow Seas.

In 1652 Blake and Tromp, the great sea champions of the age, met and fought their first battle. Blake was then fifty years old and had never been at sea until 1649. He had been victorious on the land, and proved not less successful as a fighter on the water. He became the greatest seaman England had ever known ; and to-day remains second only to Nelson.

In that first fight Blake scored success. Soon the advantage lay with Tromp ; but the triumph was not great, nor for long. The admirals met again in 1653, and Blake forced the Dutch to retreat. In the following year hostilities broke out between the two countries without a declaration of war. The English seized Dutch ships on the coast of Africa, and laid violent hands upon West Indian Islands and New York, then a Dutch possession called New Amsterdam. De Ruyter, for the Dutch, retaliated by seizing most of the English forts on the Guinea coast. In 1665 war was openly declared, and Parliament granted the enormous sum, as it then was, of £2,500,000 for naval charges. In a battle off Lowestoft the English were completely victorious.

The plague kept the English ships prisoners in the Thames in the autumn, and the Dutch held the seas ; but in the following year the English met the Dutch again, and crippled them both on the water and along their native shores. But in 1667 the Dutch forced an entrance to the Medway, destroyed some English shipping, and humiliated English pride. In 1672 there came the second Dutch War of the Restoration, and in a fierce fight in Solebay the Dutch scored a slight advantage. In 1673 a combined English and French fleet, under Prince Rupert, fought the Dutch without success. Later they met again, off the Texel, but Rupert was defeated because the French fleet took no useful part in the action. Peace with the Dutch was concluded in the following year, and for the time an end was put to a savage and protracted war between two nations of which one was then the leading power at sea, and the other the greatest of the future.

When hostilities began in 1652 the Navy was in good condition. Charles I had not neglected it, and now the Council of State, which, after the execution of the King, had been appointed to carry on the government, set resolutely to work to make the English ships and seamen fit to meet the Dutch. Ships were strengthened and made serviceable, and pressing went on vigorously to man the fleet. So anxious was the Commonwealth to get the sailors that captains and justices were empowered to press seamen not only from ships inward bound, but also those which were outward bound ; not more than one-fourth out of each ship to be taken, and no officers. Constables were ordered to assist, and if they failed in their duty were themselves to be impressed and sent on board the fleet. Each constable or other officer was to deliver on board the ships the men he impressed, receiving a certificate for the safe delivery, and a shilling a man for press money, and three halfpence a mile for conducting the men to the ship. This strictness with the constables was made necessary because they were at times encouraged by superiors to neglect their duty.

Mayors of seaport boroughs, fearful of ships in which they were interested lying idle because the crews had been depleted by the State, were brought to help the Council in the pressing only by the threat that if the men were not forthcoming they would have to go to fight the Dutch themselves. Indirect pressure compelled people to contribute to the Navy's needs, for on Sunday, March 6, 1652, a paper was read in London and Westminster churches for a contribution for seamen who by that time had been wounded, and significant notice was taken "of those that gave freely, and those that gave not." On the other hand many people contributed readily enough, and from various parts of the country gifts in goods and money were made for the seamen.

While pressing went on zealously, there were many volunteers to man the fleet, and the officers were both

willing and unanimous to sail against and encounter the Dutch. But all did not run smoothly in the Navy. Then, as in later years, want of money led to mutiny and serious discontent. Captain Thomas Thorowgood, writing to Thomas Smith, Navy Commissioner, said: "I tendered my crew six months' pay, but they said that they would have all or none; that you and the rest of the owners had received their pay and were cheating them out of it, and that the ship might lie and rot. One night they were singing and roaring, and as they would not desist upon the order of the boatswain, I went down myself, and having struck one of them they put out the candle and seemed as though they would have torn me to pieces. I am almost beside myself, not knowing what to do. I wish the ship was at London and then you would know how to deal with them." At Newcastle Captain Barth. Yate pressed fifty keelmen, but "was forced to discharge them on account of the mighty clamour of their wives." But the loss of the keelmen was not serious, for they had neither clothes nor money to buy them, and it was said that "such nasty creatures on board would do more harm than good."

Some men went to the Navy readily enough, but only for what they could get out of it—not from patriotism. Some took the press money and never appeared, others made a business of going to towns which were likely to be visited by the press masters, take the money and then decamp. To escape the press spare seamen from incoming ships were often put ashore many miles from their own ports, and journeyed home by land. Others hid themselves and had to be dragged from their beds and hunted out of the cliffs and rocks. To avoid the impress many of the sailors who inhabited the ports took to the plough and spade, while of the men who actually went on board many were useless, "being housekeepers and landsmen, never at sea before, and merely a burden to the service."

The authorities themselves, imperfect, and not too honest, set a lead to their subordinates. Commissioner Peter Pett wrote bitterly complaining of the master caulker at Chatham and the boatswain of the yard there, saying he had not found any men in the whole Navy more negligent of their duty and breaking rules as to their perquisites. The caulker was a dishonest and ungrateful hypocrite. Like the boatswain he had been employed because he "pretended to religion." He consistently neglected his duty, set the Council of State at defiance, and employed twenty or thirty men and boys in the State's pay to break up and carry in "the State's provisions for his firing." As for the boatswain, he was "very ignorant and wilful, and he neither knows nor will know his duty"; in addition to which shortcomings he went so often to London, leaving his men to do as they liked, that Pett had imposed upon him "the extraordinary duty of searching the tap house in the yard and other places to get his men together to do the work." Like the caulker he also found most of his firing at the charge of the State, and employed labourers to bring it in.

While the ships themselves suffered from neglect and dishonesty the seamen did not fare too well, either in time of health or sickness. The art of preserving food and drink by subtler means than barrelling was unknown, and nothing more was attempted than provisioning a vessel for three or four months' fair weather service. Bread and meat went bad, and beer and water foul before they could be used; ships generated disease which the primitive resources of the age could not overcome, and after a battle wounded combatants perished wholesale for want of skill and necessaries. Blake and Monk on June 10, 1653, asked the Admiralty Committee for "some hammocks, and four surgeons, several of the ships' surgeons being sick, and one or two dead." They said further that the want of candles, wood and provisions for sick men was great, and there were daily complaints of the badness of the

beer, bread, butter and cheese. Powder and shot were sorely wanted, victualling and water ships would be very welcome, when they came, as well as boatswains' and carpenters' stores, many anchors and cables having been lost in the wild roads between the Texel and the Flie.

At sea things were bad enough—there were sick and wounded on board, and many prisoners, so that ships were crowded and unhealthy—and they were not much better ashore. So full were the prisons and temporary hospitals that the Council of State were glad to get rid of Dutch prisoners by exchange or otherwise. Many of the wounded died both at sea and on shore for want of the commonest necessaries and attention, and Blake, after his first victory over Tromp, had to keep 900 prisoners in his fleet because he had no means of getting rid of them by putting them ashore in England. That the captives were not inhumanly treated is shown by such entries in the proceedings of the Council of State as "*6d.* a day to be paid out of the Dutch prizes to each of the Dutch prisoners at Canterbury"; and the gift of *5s.* each to discharged or exchanged captives to help them to get back to Holland.

Throughout the Dutch wars, and long afterwards, the question of pay was a bitter one for British seamen. In an undated manuscript in the British Museum a writer says, "Some years since there was a discovery made to His Majesty of many great and abominable frauds and abuses in His Majesty's naval disbursements practised by the officers and others belonging to the Navy, whereby His Majesty hath been cheated of many hundred thousand pounds in seamen's wages, victuals, and clothes, and yet many of the seamen that served never paid, but some of them starving for want of their pay"; and not long after the Commonwealth a writer dedicated to the Privy Council his work, *On the method of poisoning of seamen by bad provisions.* The Rev. Dr. Gumble, in his life of Monk, under whom he served, gives a vivid picture of the state of things existing at the end of the first Dutch war, when 1,500 ships

of all sorts, great and small, had been captured from the enemy. Monk, he says, took great care that all those that had ventured their lives freely should be rewarded justly, so that the wounded men, the widows and orphans, had liberal pensions out of the Chamber of Chatham. Being at the Navy Office one morning, some thousands of seamen came to demand their tun and gun money, but the money could not be advanced immediately upon the concluding of peace, some time being needed for selling the prizes. This Monk told the sailors, who seemed to be satisfied. But while the General was at Whitehall giving Cromwell an account of the seamen's demands, news was brought that 3,000 or 4,000 seamen had reached Charing Cross with swords, pistols and clubs. Monk, who had that morning assured them of payment, and with whose word they professed to be contented, drew his sword, and fell upon them, Cromwell following with one or two attendants. The General "cut and hewed" the seamen, and drove them before him, brave though they were. "The General's good conduct and virtue were so well known that they presently dispersed, many of them having first received due chastisement from his sword." Amongst this crowd and rabble there was one who was about his "lawful occasions, and the General's sword lighting upon his nose, he gave him in satisfaction £10 afterwards, with this expostulation—'What did a jackdaw do amongst rooks?'"

That question of pay deferred was to rankle in the minds of seamen for many generations, and to be one of the great causes of discontent and insubordination. Time after time temporary efforts of a special sort were made to check or overcome the mischief. The Prince of Orange in a declaration given at St. James' on January 16, $168\frac{8}{9}$, stated that he had been given to understand that several untrue and groundless reports had been of late industriously spread among the seamen of the fleet, touching the uncertainty of their receiving the wages due to them for their service

therein, "to the occasioning great discontents and disorders within the said fleet." The Prince promised that all arrears and "growing wages" should be fully made good to every officer and seaman "according to the known methods of the Navy," that was to say, so soon as the ships on which the pay had been earned had been brought in and laid up. All who had absented themselves without leave were granted a pardon if they returned to duty within fifteen days, and were to be entitled to the full benefit of the declaration with respect to wages; but all who either refused or neglected to lay hold "of this our gracious offer by a timely return to their duties as before" were to be diligently sought after, and, being apprehended, strictly proceeded against as deserters.

On January 8, 170½, William issued a proclamation from his court at Kensington for encouraging "mariners, seamen, and landmen," to enter themselves on board His Majesty's ships of war. All seamen and able-bodied landmen who had from the beginning of the year entered the Navy voluntarily, or who did so before February 15, and remained on board ships of war of the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, or sixth rates, or fireships, or on board tenders belonging to the fleet, were to receive—each seaman two months' pay, and each able-bodied landman one month's pay, to be paid to them before their ships went to sea. It was recognized that this system would lead to desertion and deception, in order that men by leaving one ship and joining another might obtain the additional bounty; indeed at this period there existed the professional volunteer mariner, just as to-day there is with us the professional militiaman—the soldier who goes from militia regiment to militia regiment as often as he can for the sake of the bounty. To check the evil in the Navy the proclamation made known that any man found guilty of the fraud would not only lose the wages due to him, but would also be punished according to his demerits.

The fighting on the Narrow Seas was of the most sanguinary nature. English as well as Dutch went out with an unfaltering resolve to seek and destroy the enemy, and contemporary letters and publications show how destructive the engagements were. In a letter signed John Browne, and dated from Amsterdam, March 1, 1653, addressed to a London merchant, the writer said—"The Admiral Vantrump is come in here with about six or seven ships, but so pitifully shattered that we can hardly distinguish them from bottoms, in so distracted and wretched a condition as would move a heart of adamant to pity, being on the decks as sad an object as ever eye beheld, all the cabins being besmeared with blood, and strewed with broken limbs of men, the very brains of them sticking against the sides of the ships in a very horrid, dreadful and ghastly manner. Many burghers and merchants that were owners of those prizes you have taken are as it were men distracted, walking about the streets with their hands in their pockets in a very sad and dejected manner. Many of them are already broken, and some run quite away. The weeping, howling, and lamenting for the loss of their friends and kindred was very sad and terrible to behold. All the guest houses are now full of maimed mariners, and the Hogen-Mogens like men whose souls had dropped out at the bottom of their breeches."

Gumble, dealing with the same period, said that "the air was quickly filled with scattered limbs of men blown up; the sea was dyed with the blood that flowed from the veins of the slain and wounded." In sentences as terse he tells how the English and the Dutchmen fought in their crowded ships: "One cannot but take notice of the prodigious actions of this war, wherein all the engines and instruments of death were set at work for the destruction of one party by the other. And what continued fights there were, sometimes for several days together, the seamen standing in the face of death, dressed up with the greatest terribleness. And the

great ships, like so many citadels, gunned and manned to that vast degree that former ages had never seen from Noah's days. . . ."

When the war broke out it spread quickly and waged furiously upon the Narrow Seas. Both sides were brave to desperation; neither thought of quarter or surrender. Whenever there was a meeting at sea there was no parting until one of the combatants had triumphed or had been vanquished past the hope of keeping up the conflict. The fierce game of give and take was played along the North Sea borders of Great Britain and the shores of Holland. Tromp swept the ocean with 120 sail of ships, haunting the coast of Scotland, and "trussing up" the fisher boats and colliers "as a falcon does wild ducks." "Not one can peep out at Newcastle or Tinmouth Harbour," said a contemporary author, "but he goes immediately to the pot. They have chased three merchants, and forced them to run on ground; but that which seems most direful is their taking of the *Sampson* of London, a ship valued four hundred thousand pounds, whose lading was silks of rich value. In lieu thereof General Blake hath taken three Dutch merchant ships, coming from the East Indies, valued worth nine hundred thousand pounds."

No trip across or up or down the North Sea could be made without the protection of a convoy. The Dutch held nothing immune from their attacks. Everything savouring of England or the English that came within their reach was rightful prey, and they swooped upon and seized it if they could. Not even the conveyance home for burial of a minister of state was allowed in peace, for on February 16, 1652, the Council of State wrote to Blake to tell him that the family of Lord Spiering, late public minister from the Queen of Sweden, had hired an English ship for transporting his body, and were ready to go, but feared to do so without convoy, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. They desired a convoy, and the Council ordered Blake to furnish one.

But if the Dutch came off victorious in these raids their triumphs could not be compared with those which were scored by English seamen, ever vigilant, at all times ready for a swoop and a capture, and little trammelled by their country's politics or treaties. In twenty-three months after war broke out in 1652 the English had captured 1,500 prizes, valued by the Dutch at nearly six millions sterling.

Blake and Tromp were sent to war knowing that their countries' hopes and wishes centred in them. Blake was helped both materially and spiritually by the Council of State. On March 11, 1652, they ordered him to repair to Deptford, Woolwich and Chatham to examine the cause of the backwardness of the summer fleet; certify them in whom the fault lay, and they would endeavour to remedy it by removing those officers he should find negligent, and placing honest men in their room, and using such other remedy as should be most expedient. On June 11, in the same year, they much rejoiced to find the constant resolution of the fleet "not only to prosecute with all faithfulness and activity what is before you, but to do it with a humble reliance upon the Lord, and the guidance of His Spirit, which much adds to our hope of seeing a blessed issue of this great work."

On June 25, being informed of the readiness of the fleet to put to sea, they prayed the Lord to go along with him, and be his wisdom and strength. Tromp also was supported by his people. His ships were double-manned with crews who took "an oath and protestation to live and die together, and to fight it out to the last man."

For Naval Dominion

THE more than twenty years' struggle between the English and the Dutch for sea supremacy began with an affair of frigates. It arose out of the English claim for recognition of the flag's dominion of the sea, a claim which was supported with brilliant audacity. Going west on May 12, 1652, Captain Anthony Young, in the *President*, and another captain whose name does not appear, saw ten ships. These Young took to be Sir George Ayscue's fleet, for which he was bound, but he discovered that they were Dutchmen from Genoa and Leghorn—three States warships convoying nine merchantmen. Young has put on record an uncompromisingly plain and quaint account of what befell on seeing the Hollanders.

Wishful to avoid bloodshed, but resolved that his country's flag should be saluted with the honour due to it, Young sent his master to request that the Dutch admiral should strike his flag. The admiral complied, taking in his flag and hoisting a pennant; but the vice-admiral, on coming up, and being ordered to do likewise, defiantly told Young to come on board and strike the flag himself. The captain, still desirous of avoiding battle, sent to the vice-admiral to reason with and persuade him; but the stubborn Dutchman still declined. Young then bore down to see what force would do; but even yet he gave a chance for submission, for he personally called to the captain to take in his flag. Again there was a refusal, followed by a broadside from Young and a volley of small shot. The vice-admiral answered

with a broadside, and four or five were exchanged with great good will and energy. Young, with help from one or more merchantmen with him, had his way, for the flag came down, and the vice-admiral and the rear-admiral were forced to follow their chief's example. Young had one man killed and four wounded, and his ship was damaged in the hull, sails and spars. He now demanded the vice-admiral "either in his person or his ship, to carry into port, to make good what damage was done." But the admiral conceived that things had gone far enough, and having lowered the flag refused to do more. Young called Captain Reynolds and Captain Chapman on board to consult as to what should be done, and in view of the fact that a treaty was pending between England and Holland, and wishful that the cause of a breach of the peace might not be in any way imputed to him, they all judged that it was best not to proceed any further. But Young was satisfied. "I do believe I gave him his bellyful of it," he wrote, "for he sent me word he had order from the State that if he struck he should lose his head, but at length he did strike, which makes me conceive he had enough of it."

The other letter gives details which Young omitted. The admiral lowered his flag grudgingly, but the vice-admiral gave a "cross answer," and said he would not. The rear-admiral, too, refused to lower his, saying that he dared not so long as the vice-admiral kept up his. When the admiral was asked why his subordinates did not follow his example he replied that he thought they must be drunk; adding that as they brewed so they should bake. If the Dutch had not submitted, this correspondent says, he would have been forced at all costs, for "our men were resolved to have sunk by his side. The rest of their fleet kept off about half a league distant as neuters. After a very sharp conflict we forced them to submission, and, having banged them handsomely, they began to fawn like spaniels, and so in the conclusion we parted friends."

This skirmish was the signal for the opening of general

hostilities. English and Dutch ships were swarming about the Channel, ready to pounce upon each other. Tromp, with 150 ships, was ready for Blake, and the Englishman, with a much inferior force, was longing for a meeting with the admiral of Holland. Lying in the Downs at this time was a small squadron of English ships under Captain Bourne. Tromp, with forty-two vessels, put in from stress of weather, he said. Bourne told him that the truth of his reason would best appear by the shortness of his stay, and called upon Tromp to leave the anchorage. At the same time he warned Blake, who was riding in Dover Roads with fifteen ships. On the following day Blake and Tromp met, and the inevitable collision came—the "bloody beginning of an unhappy breach between the English and the Dutch fleet," to quote a scribe of the day.

Blake, having heard from Bourne that Tromp was off the South Sandhead, made all speed to ply up to them, and on the morning of the 19th saw Tromp's ships at anchor in and near Dover Road. Tromp by this time knew of the mauling of his country's frigates, and was fiercely resolved that for his own part there should be no acknowledgment of the supremacy of the English flag at sea. Blake was equally determined that the honour should be given. He, flying his flag in the *James*, of sixty guns, ordered three single guns to be fired in succession, so that the honour should be paid without the cost of blood.

Tromp kept his standard flying, and opened the war with a crashing broadside. There was now no going back on either side. Blake, so far ahead of his own ships that for long he had to bear the fight alone, suffered severe loss in life, and had his flagship greatly damaged. "We have," he wrote to the Speaker, "received above seventy great shot in our hull and masts, in our sails and rigging without number, being engaged with the whole body of the fleet for the space of four hours, and the mark at which they aimed." The battle might have ended disastrously for him had not Bourne

hurried up before nightfall with eight ships and attacked the Dutch rear. The Dutch withdrew in the darkness, and the unequal combat was not renewed.

Tromp blamed his enemy for bringing on the fight; Blake charged the Dutchman with the fault. In his account to the States of Holland Tromp said that, meeting fifteen of the Parliament's men-of-war, he presently lowered his sails and struck his flag "in order to pay the honours due to the banners of England." "As soon as we were within cannon shot he shot a ball over our ship. We answered not. He shot another, to which we answered with one. At once he gives me a broadside, being within musket shot, and shot all his broadside through our ship and sails. Some of our men were wounded, some with the loss of their arms, some otherwise; whereupon we presently gave him our broadside, not knowing what they intended, as I do not yet know, because they did not speak a word to us, nor we to them: and upon this we fell to a general fight."

Blake was not less positive as to the offender. "Being come within three miles of him," he reported to the Council of State, "Tromp unmoored with an easterly wind, which made us think that he endeavoured to avoid us, because of the dispute about the flag. About two hours after the Dutch fleet, changing its courses, tacked about, and stood right towards us, Tromp being at the head of this motion. We put ourselves in a line of battle, not doubting but Tromp's intention was to engage. When the two fleets were come within musket shot I made a shot at his flag, which I repeated three times. After the third time Tromp let fly at us a whole broadside."

In this meeting the Dutch had the greater force—forty-two ships—while the total English strength was twenty-two; but the inequality of numbers was somewhat counterbalanced by the superiority of the English ships in guns and weight of metal. Blake had the better of the contest, having captured from the Dutch two of their ships. Of the 150 who formed the crew of

one of them fifty were killed, and the rest wounded and captured. The other was so severely injured that she sank. The Dutch casualties were stated to be, in the two ships alone, four times as many as the total English loss. It is singular that soon after the fight Tromp should have written to Blake begging him, "for friendship's sake, to be pleased to restore this ship, and to place it in the hands of the bearer of this letter in the same state as it was taken."

The course was now clear for open war; but it was not until July 8 that hostilities formally began. Meanwhile, on July 4, Vice-Admiral Sir George Ayscue, just returned from the West Indies, having on his voyage seized four men-of-war and ten merchant ships, attacked the St. Ubes fleet of forty sail on the French coast, and took or destroyed thirty of them. On July 12 two English frigates engaged two Dutch warships on the coast of Flanders, destroyed one, and forced the other ashore. Blake on the 13th took a large homeward bound Dutch convoy, and on August 16 Ayscue met and fought de Ruyter off Plymouth, and after a hard contest sank two of the opposing ships and drove the Dutch away.

By this time the war had spread to the Mediterranean. In the summer of 1652, twenty-five leagues from Leghorn, and near Monte Cristi, Captain Richard Badiley, of the *Paragon*, with a fleet of eight ships, met with, fought and overcame eleven Dutch men-of-war. Badiley, who had been at Smyrna, was convoying the Smyrna fleet of twenty-four merchantmen, with three men-of-war, and had reached Zante on his homeward voyage when he met the *Constant Warwick*—the famous frigate of which Evelyn wrote that before the war was ended she had taken as much money from privateers as would have laden her—which had been sent from Leghorn to warn him that there was a breach with Holland, and that fourteen Dutch vessels were in and about Leghorn. He was attacked on the 27th by the Dutch, who had left three or four ships to blockade Leghorn.

The fight was long and fierce, against great odds by

Badiley, of whose fleet four were merchantmen under convoy. On August 27, according to Badiley's report to the Navy Committee, eleven of the best Flemish men-of war came up with the *Paragon*, the *Elizabeth*, the *Phœnix* and the *Constant Warwick*, Badiley having under convoy the *Mary Rose*, the *Thomas Bonadventure*, the *Richard and William* and the *William and Thomas*. The fight began at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th, but at the close of the day neither side had suffered seriously. Next morning however the work began in earnest, and guns roared and small arms crackled until nightfall, when Badiley got away with seven of his eight ships. The *Phœnix*, a frigate, had been taken by the Dutch. She was "lost in a most sudden and strange manner. . . . They suffered themselves to be run aboard by a heavy ship of the enemy's that overcame the men and possessed the frigate, for want of a forecastle." The *Paragon* alone fired 800 pieces of great ordnance during the day, and when she had spared some barrels of powder for her consorts she had only as much remaining as would load the guns ten times round. The *Elizabeth* had only two barrels left, and the *Constant Warwick* four. The burden of the battle fell on Badiley in the *Paragon*, and Captain Cox in the *Constant Warwick*. Sometimes two of the enemy's best ships were pounding at the *Paragon* together, within pistol and musket shot. "One of them that boarded us found it so hot that many of that ship's company leaped out of their ports and called to us for quarter, but so many of them hanging at our boat astern, they sank her, and were forced to address to their ship and bear her off, with our help because she was on fire (although afterwards quenched), but we were not then in a condition to possess her, other ships being so ready to enter this."

The merchantmen could give but little help. Some of them did not receive a shot; but the *Paragon* had fifty in the hull; her masts, yards, sails and rigging were torn and shattered by numberless balls, and she was fired in many places. Yet the flames were put out, the

battered ship was kept afloat, and despite the loss of twenty-six in killed and fifty-seven in wounded Badiley struggled triumphantly into Porto Longone, taking his richly laden merchant vessels with him. The Governor, a loyal man, gave his wounded shelter, and shot at the Dutch who proffered to go in after them. The wounded soon recovered, and the ships were quickly put into fighting trim again. Badiley asked for a good sum of money to be available at Leghorn for naval purposes, saying that such a supply was needful when he was engaged with so potent an adversary as the Dutch, and it would not do to starve a good cause. "The *Phœnix* was lost for want of powder and shot," he added, "and the other ships had not sufficient to relieve her."

The Dutch, proud of their prize, and boasting of their victory—although they admitted that they were as "much torn" as Badiley—insultingly kept the *Phœnix* riding a mile away from the port in which Badiley had taken refuge. They returned the wounded men to him, but refused to part with those who were sound. On their lost vessel the English kept longing and incessant watch, determined at the first chance to recapture her. Just before the end of the year they did so, attacking unexpectedly in boats and boarding and seizing her before the Dutchmen could rise to her defence. In a letter to the Navy Committee Captain Henry Appleton described how, "at the appearing of the morning stars"—the onslaught being delayed by the darkness—the party entered and possessed the frigate, cut the cables, set sail, and made off, pursued by two men-of-war. But the party were too nimble and got away. "One of their commanders was aboard the *Phœnix*, ending their Andrew's feast with van Tromp,[1] who escaped out of the cabin port, but received a great wound by one of our men, who told him, with the blow, it was for wearing our colours under his stern. I hear he swam on board the *Butter Pot*, and is now there in the road."

Captain Cox was put on board the *Phœnix*, and

[1] This was the younger Tromp, son of the great admiral.

instantly retaliated on the Dutchmen. He took into Naples Road a Dartmouth ship, laden with Newfoundland fish. "The men plundering and drinking," he wrote to the Navy Commissioners, "at a feast held ashore, gave me an opportunity to man three boats, get aboard her, take possession of the steerage, cut the cables, and put to sea. Two or three ships followed and fired, but we had only three men slain, one of whom was lieutenant of the *Leopard*, and five wounded, while the Dutch had eight slain and thirteen wounded, and some of the latter have since died of their wounds. Their men maintained their gun deck, plying small shot, two hours after we were under sail."

The loss of the *Phœnix* was a heavy blow to the Dutch, who, it was said, would rather have lost six of their own ships than let her go. Badiley was jubilant. Van Galen, the Dutch admiral, he wrote, "stormed like a madman to hear the frigate was lost," and vowed that young Tromp would lose his head for his neglect when he went home, unless his father did some notable exploit.

These opening fights showed one thing which was amply proved by the stubborn actions of the years that followed—that combatants met who were in every way worthy of each other, and that fleets were pitted one against the other which were well enough matched to make the victor justly proud of conquest. The men at war were members of the only two Republics then existing; the fleets opposed were the finest that the world contained. Both nations largely drew their reinforcements from the North Sea fishers and the boatmen of the North Sea shores. Amongst these there were many to whom fighting came as naturally as sleeping, and to whom danger and adventure were as familiar as the sea they sailed upon from year to year. On the Northern coast were colonies of seamen bred and born from generations of other seamen, who throughout their lives had been prepared to fight, and had fought, with enemies from home or from abroad. At home there was

the constant war with law and order, the ceaseless efforts to grow prosperous out of smuggling, or worse, and frequent stubborn meetings with the representatives of Government afloat and ashore. At sea there were the prowling privateers and warships, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Algerines; and from time to time descents upon the bays and ports of England and Scotland.

Contemporary publications show how desperate some of these engagements were—that, for instance, in the summer of 1652, when some ships of the Dutch fleet of 107 sail, being off the coast of Yorkshire, tried to surprise and seize three merchantmen in Robin Hood's Bay. A Captain Hall, determined to sink rather than yield, was destroyed by the enemy's guns. His vessel went down, and the other two were run ashore, so that the Dutch, afraid of Blake, who was then off Aberdeen, coming down, got to sea, without being any the richer for their attempt.

The Parliament's fleet, which was at this time engaged on the coast of Holland with Tromp, was according to a pamphlet in the King's Collection, published by authority on July 1, 1652, as follows: *Resolution*, J. Blake, General of the Navy, 68 pieces of ordnance, and manned with 800 seamen and soldiers; *James*, Captain William Penn, Vice-Admiral, 60 guns and 700 men; *Andrew*, Major Bourne, Rear-Admiral, 700 men and 60 guns; *Triumph*, 68 guns; *Fairfax*, 62 guns; *Speaker*, 62 guns; *Victory*, 60 guns; *Rainbow*, 60 guns; *Garland*, 48 guns; *Convertine*, *Vanguard*, *Portsmouth*, frigate, 46 guns; *Diamond*, *Ruby*, *Worcester*, *Dragon*, *Pelican*, *Foresight*, *Lion*, 42 guns; *Tiger*, *Adventure*, *Assurance*, *Centurion*, *Nonsuch*, 40 guns; *Revenge*, 36 guns; *Sapphire*, 30 guns; the ten *Whelps*, 30 guns in each; *Old Warwick*, 28 guns; *Nightingale*, 26 guns; *Convert*, *Star*, *Signet*, 24 guns; *Thunder*, frigate, 22 guns; *Primrose*, *Weymouth*, 14 guns; *Lily*, 12 guns; *Mermaid*, number not given.

Merchant ships: *Prosperous*, *Society*, *Elizabeth*, *London Mary*, 40 guns; *Hercules*, 34 guns; *Hannibal*, *Charles*, *Giles*, 32 guns. The ten *Whelps* were ten sister

ships of the name, called the *First Whelp*, and so on. To join this fleet the famous *Royal Sovereign*, alias the *Commonwealth*, was putting forth to sea; being "new corked, tallowed and rigged: she is taken one deck lower, and hath one hundred brass guns in her; she is an excellent swift sailer, notwithstanding the greatness of her burthen, and carrieth fourteen hundred men."

Four representative English warships of the period 1652–1672 were the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Naseby*, the *Resolution*, and the *Fairfax*, which were all considered to be line-of-battle ships. Their dimensions, etc., were—

Ship.	Length of keel. Feet.	Breadth of beam. Ft. In.	Depth of hold. Ft. In.	Draught. Ft. In.	Tonnage.
Royal Sovereign	127	48 0	19 4	22 0	1,556
Naseby (*Royal Charles*)	131	42 0	20 8	20 8	1,229
Resolution (*Royal Prince*)	125				
Fairfax	116	35 8	14 6	17 6	789

Tromp's want of success in the meeting with Blake put him in temporary disgrace with his country, and for the time he was superseded by de Ruyter and de With, who, in September, 1652, appeared in large force off the Goodwin. Bad weather prevented the English from getting to sea until the 28th. At noon on that day the two fleets, of nearly equal force, met, the English being commanded by Blake, under whom was Vice-Admiral Penn; Blake in the *Resolution*, and Penn in the *James*. The combatants set upon each other with amazing fury, and in the end, after several of the English ships had grounded on the shoal, while the Dutch, drawing less water, had gone over, the Hollanders were beaten with heavy loss. The English casualties, too, were severe, being 300 killed and as many wounded. The Dutch were chased to the Texel, after which the victors returned to England with their prizes.

As the summer season was now far advanced, and

considering it unlikely that the Dutch would attempt another descent on the English shores that year, the Parliament allowed Blake's force to drop to about forty ships. The unwisdom of the act was soon apparent, for on November 29 the watchful Tromp, reinstated in his country's favour, suddenly appeared with nearly 100 ships. Unequal though the forces were, Blake, who was lying in Dover Roads, stood out to sea and met his enemy off the Ness. From noon until darkness they battled fiercely.

Blake, in the *Triumph*, was with the *Vanguard* and the *Victory* fighting for some time with about a score of the enemy's ships, and did not get free until other vessels of the fleet came up to their relief. The captains of the *Garland* and the *Bonaventure*, Akson and Batten, resolved to haul the flag of Tromp down and got alongside of his ship, the *Brederode*. They closed with her and tried to board, but were beaten back. The ships were locked together with the grappling irons, and even if they had wished to do so the captains could not have withdrawn. Tromp fought with all the courage of his valiant nature, and so great was the carnage about him that his secretary was shot dead at his side. Other vessels from his fleet came up to help, and from all sides Dutchmen fell upon the English ships. Blake, seeing their distress, made haste to help them, but the *Garland* and the *Bonaventure* were hemmed in too closely by the Dutch to give a chance of breaking through. The crews of the English ships fought until they were almost destroyed. The captain of the *Garland* blew up her deck, and many of the assailants were killed. But in spite of all Tromp took the ships, and having lost three more besides—five in all—Blake withdrew at night and took his fleet into the safety of the Thames.

It was now, according to tradition, that the Dutch admiral hoisted a broom and swore that he would sweep the English from the seas. Whether he made that boast or not is not certain. The Dutch repudiate the

statement, saying that it is not consistent with the character of Tromp; but the English people of the day believed it, and Gumble, in his life of Monk, gave credence to the story. Referring to "Van Trump," Gumble says that as he convoyed the Bordeaux Fleet through the Channel, he "set up a broom at the poop of his ship, and threatened to sweep the Narrow Seas; yet upon his return Blake, speeding out a competent fleet, made him leave much of his broom behind, and gathered up many men-of-war and merchants." Other writers believed as the reverend historian did. A pamphlet in the King's Collection is entitled *New Broom Sweeps Clean: or, The Declaration and Speech of the Lord Admiral Vantrump, and his setting up the Great Standard of Broom for the States of Holland for the clearing of the Narrow Seas of all Englishmen.* True or untrue, the story lives and is credited. It was no more inconsistent with the warfare of the time than was Blake's reputed answer to the gibe by showing a whiplash on his ship.

But Tromp had not scored a triumph; at best he had, with a force of twice his rival's strength, checked him for a time. Blake, enduring the bitterness of a repulse to which his service as a soldier had not accustomed him, waited for his chance to come again, meanwhile bracing himself up for a renewal of the struggle in which he was determined that he would be the victor

This check by Tromp made clear the need of urging on the fleet, and the winter months were spent in making ready for renewal of the fights. On February 18, 1653, Blake, Monk and Deane sailed from the Downs to intercept Tromp, who was returning from the Isle of Rhé. The Dutch fleet was met off Portland. It consisted of 73 ships of war, convoying 300 merchantmen, and was divided into three squadrons, under Tromp, de Ruyter and Evertzen. Desperate as the fights at sea had been since Blake's first meeting with the Dutch in the summer, they were far less stern and sanguinary than this. Seeing his enemy, and knowing

his purpose, Tromp ordered his vast convoy to haul to the wind, and he himself bore down upon the English. First to engage were the *Triumph*, flying Blake's flag; the *Speaker* (Vice-Admiral Penn), the *Fairfax* (Rear-Admiral Lawson), and about twenty ships of their divisions, these being many miles ahead, and to windward of the body of the English fleet. A terrible and almost overwhelming fight ensued. The *Prosperous*, *Assistance* and *Oak* were boarded by the Dutch and carried; but the English forced their way back into the captured ships and retook them. This uneven battle was maintained until night fell, the isolated English ships being almost overpowered and destroyed. But fresh vessels came up, and the Dutch unwillingly drew off. For the rest of the day and throughout the night the English tried to make good their damage, repairing rigging, sails and masts, and from the ships which had suffered least taking men to make good the casualties in the vessels that had borne the brunt of the fight. On this first day they took and destroyed seven or eight men-of-war. The Dutch took Captain Barker in the *Prosperous*, Captain Bourne in the *Assistance*, the *Oak* and some other ships; but the English recaptured them, with the loss of some men in the *Assistance*. The *Sampson* was entirely lost. She was, wrote the generals, "so much torn and unserviceable, the captain and many men wounded and slain, that we took out the men that were left, and let her sink into the sea."

Throughout that night the two fleets kept as near each other as they could. Their lights were "abroad all night." Before such wind as there was—it was a light breeze from the west—the Dutch steered straight up the Channel, the merchantmen ahead and the men-of-war in the rear. By morning the combatants were three or four leagues to the south of the Isle of Wight.

As soon as day broke on the 19th the English made what sail they could after the Dutch, but owing to the calm it was noon before the most advanced of the ships could get up. The main body did not reach the fight-

ing area until two o'clock; then, being very near to each other, the fleets renewed the fight and "had warm work till night parted us." Warm work indeed it was, for the English during the afternoon took and destroyed some five sail of men-of-war. Again the Dutch steered up the Channel, with their lights abroad, and the English followed, the wind now at west-north-west, and "a fine little gale all night."

During those two days of fighting and the two nights of refitting the fleets had kept well together, the English hanging on remorselessly to the Dutch, and Tromp, like the brave enduring admiral he was, doing his best to keep his convoy safe from harm. But the end was very near, and he was seaman and fighter enough to know that he had met his master. On both sides ships were torn and crippled, many so badly that they could fight no longer; and the crews were weakened and weary. Records of treatment of the sick and wounded are few and scant in volume, but the rude surgery of the age, the want of room in ships, and the lack of what in these days are the merest needful medical comforts, make it certain that the sufferings of the wounded were terribly severe.

On the third and last day of the battle the fleets drew together for their final round. About nine in the morning, on the 20th, the English fell close in with the Dutch, with some five great ships and all the frigates of strength. But very many could not come up to the encounter—they had suffered too much already. Disorder and discouragement were now apparent in the Dutchmen. Quick to see their weakness, relentless in their will to crush their enemy and destroy him altogether if they could, the English admirals singled out the most helpless of the foe, sending small frigates and the stoutest of the lesser ships amongst the scattering merchantmen, and renewing with the greater ships the attack on the enfeebled men-of-war. This onslaught crowned the triumph. The men-of-war began to break off from their main body, and the rest became easy.

Towards evening the Dutchmen saw that all was lost. But even yet Tromp did not abandon hope. He still believed that part, at any rate, of his fleet might get away in safety. Not till the evening came, and after he had stood so valiantly by them for three whole days, did he allow the ships that formed his charge to suffer. Then he turned his merchantmen out of the fleet, letting them loose, as the English leaders thought, for a bait. It was the last resource of a desperate man. But the bait was ineffectual. Blake knew that the merchantmen were sure prey—already they were throwing their cargo overboard, so that they might more easily escape—and he did not deviate from his resolve to struggle with the warships to the last. He had eyes only for them. "We gave strict order that none of our ships that could get up to their men-of-war, and had force, should meddle with any merchantmen, but leave them to the rear."

Still the fight went on—it continued until "the dusk of the evening," by which time the English were three or four leagues west of Calais, the wind at north-west. They were steering straight for the land, having the wind of the Dutch fleet. Blake was trying hard to cut the Dutch off from the ports of refuge for which they were now making, and he longed for a little more of light to let him make his victory complete. If he could have made "an interruption between them and home," they might have been obliged to force their way through his ships with their men-of-war, "which at that time were not above thirty-five, as we could count, the rest being destroyed or dispersed. The merchantmen also must have been necessitated to run ashore or fallen into our hands, which, as we can conceive, the Dutch admiral being sensible of, just as it was dark, bore directly in upon the shore, where it is supposed he anchored, the tide of ebb being then come, which was a leeward tide."

The weather was now bad, the night being dark, and the wind blowing hard, and after consulting his pilots

Blake found that he would be forced, for safety's sake, to anchor. He did so, and rode out the night. When the morning of the 21st broke the English could not discover a ship that was not their own. Of these forty or fifty were visible, the rest being scattered, while of the prizes sixty were seen. All that boisterous night and the next day until noon were spent in repairing, as far as could be, the damage caused to hulls and rigging, sails and spars. Until this was done the victorious ships were incapable of moving, especially with "a windward tide." Fearing to stay longer on a lee shore, and the Dutch fleet being gone, Blake weighed and stood over to the English shore. But hard winds and rough seas prevented the English from landing for several days, and it was not until the 27th that Blake reached Stokes Bay and then despatched his account of the battle, the statement being signed by himself, Deane and Monk.

The result of the struggle was the taking or destroying of seventeen or eighteen of the Dutch ships of war, a great number of merchantmen, and inflicting upon the enemy a heavy loss of life. In addition to the vessels seized or sunk, several were lost on the coast of France, one of these having no men at all in her. On the English side the *Sampson* only was lost; but the slain and wounded were many. The *Triumph* alone had eighty killed and wounded. She had 700 shot in her hull, and was so badly crippled in the first day's fight that she could take no further part in the struggle, although she kept with the fleet. Blake was wounded in the thigh by a bar of iron which also carried away part of the breeches and coat of Deane. Ball, the captain of the *Triumph*, and Sparrow, the admiral's secretary, were amongst those who were killed on her deck. At one time Tromp and six ships were fighting the *Triumph*, but she neither surrendered nor got away until she was towed out of action by the gallant John Lawson, a Yorkshireman, who had won his way by sheer grit and worth from before the mast of a collier to the

command of the *Fairfax*. It was to him that one of the largest of the Dutch ships—a vessel of more than 1,300 tons—surrendered.

This victory caused universal exultation in England, and the rejoicing extended to the remotest northern parts of Scotland, the eastern coast of which had been patrolled by Tromp with a vigilance that disturbed and harassed all the dwellers on the shore. The English scribes let themselves go without restraint. Verses were printed about—

> "A bloody seafight that befell
> On this side Dover pier,"

and the rhymes were embellished with phrases redounding to the credit of the English and the dishonour of the Dutch—"brave English," "valiant English," "base Dutch," and "coward Dutch." "Come away, customers," continued the scribe tauntingly, "who buys any silver bars, cochineal, wine, strong waters, salt and vinegar, tobacco, sugar, oranges and lemons, and other rich commodities lately taken prize?" Another writer upbraided the vanquished in Rabelaisian language. "How now, my Dutch *mullipuffs*," he said, "my fat boars in doublets; what price bear herrings in Holland now? Have ye not fished fair, and caught a frog? Ye high and mighty *Dotterels*, ye most illustrious pilcher-catchers; ye ingrateful *Schellums*; ye larded cowards, that quarrel with those that have formerly been your strength, your defence, your bulwark, your hands, your aiders and protectors, your harbingers, your friends, in all your distresses to furnish you with men, ships, gold, silver, ordnance, etc.!"

Blake had had the great meeting for which he had longed. He was now compelled to leave the sea for a time, and let his comrades carry on the fighting. His wound forced him to take a two months' rest on shore. In June, 1653, he was afloat again, and had another meeting with the Dutch off the North Foreland. This battle was not his; he had a share only in it. The fight was Monk's and Deane's who, on June 2, met and

defeated Tromp. Blake, hearing that an action was likely, hurried to sea with eighteen ships, but he arrived only in time to join in the pursuit of the Dutch to the coast of Flanders.

The English fleet was divided into three squadrons—red, white and blue; the red, consisting of thirty-eight ships, carrying 1,440 guns and 6,169 men, being commanded by the generals; the white, thirty-three ships, 1,189 guns, 5,085 men, under William Penn, vice-admiral; the blue, thirty-four ships, 1,189 guns, 5,015 men, under John Lawson, now rear-admiral. In all Monk and Deane had 105 ships, 3,818 guns, and 16,269 men. Five fireships, each carrying ten guns and thirty men, were attached to the fleet—three to the generals' squadron, and one each to the other two. Tromp, in his official account of the fighting to the States General, said that his force consisted of ninety-eight men-of-war and six fireships; and that of the English between ninety-five and 100 sail, among which "we reckoned seventy-seven or eighty large men-of-war or frigates, well manned and provided."

Of this great battle—the report of the guns, it was asserted, was heard in London—Blake and Monk wrote a brief account on board the *Resolution* to Cromwell. A statement was also written by Monk of the first day's fight, dated on board the *Resolution*, 6 a.m., June 3, 1653, being then fourteen leagues from the North Foreland, bearing west of them. Monk said: "Yesterday morning, being at anchor some two miles without the south head of the Gable, early in the morning we discovered the Dutch fleet about two leagues to leeward. We made sail towards them, and between eleven and twelve at noon we were engaged, and for three hours the dispute was very sharp on both sides, which continued from three till six in the evening, at which time the enemy bore away right before the wind, and little more was done, only the frigates gave chase so long as there was any light to distinguish the one from the other. One of the Dutch admirals was blown up, and three or four

more sunk, as we are informed, but cannot hear that any of our own ships were lost in the engagement. Blessed be the Lord! . . . In this engagement we have spent the greatest part of our powder and shot, and therefore I earnestly desire you that you will take care that a considerable portion may be sodainely provided us, and sent, with such victualling and water ships as are yet behind, to be ready in Yarmouth Road upon all occasions. . . . "

Blake and Monk wrote jointly as follows: " For his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell,—May it please your Excellency, your Lordship's of the second instant, with the enclosed intelligence, we this day received, and, according to your Excellency's apprehensions thereon, we have engaged with the Dutch fleet. A brief account of the first day's action we have already sent unto your Lordship. The next day, being the third instant, we did what we could to re-engage them, and having the wind (which was but little), about noon we came within shot. After four hours' dispute with them, or thereabouts, they endeavoured what they could to get away from us; but having then a pretty fresh gale of wind, we pressed so hard upon them, that we sunk and took many of them, as appears by the enclosed list, and do suppose we should have destroyed most of them, but that it grew dark, and being off of Ostend among the sands, we durst not be too bold, especially with the great ships; so that it was thought fit we should anchor all night, which we accordingly did about ten of the clock.

" This morning some of our ships descried the enemy again afar off, steering toward the Willings; whereupon a Council of War being called, it was resolved we should forthwith set sail with the whole fleet towards the Willings, so far as with safety we might, and so to range along the coast till we came to the Texel (the better to improve the present victory the Lord hath given unto us) unless we shall see cause to divert our course. We shall not further trouble your Lordship,

but subscribe ourselves your Excellency's most humble servants, Robert Blake, George Monk. From on board the *Resolution* at sea, off of Ostend, north-east, June 4, 1653.

"A list of the Dutch ships taken and sunk, with the number of prisoners; likewise the number of men slain, and wounded in our own fleet, viz.: On Thursday, 4 or 5 Dutch ships sunk; on Friday, Dutch prisoners, 1,350, whereof 6 captains; Dutch ships taken, 11; sunk, 6; waterhoys taken, 2; Dutch ships blown up amongst their own fleet, 2; sunk by that disaster, 1. Men slain in our own fleet, 126, whereof 1 captain; wounded, 236. Not one ship lost on our part."

It was in this fight that General Deane was killed. "At the first shot made by the Dutch," wrote Gumble, "General Deane was slain, who was no sooner dead but General Monk took his coat and covered him, commanding the seamen to mind their business." Despite Monk's calmness the loss of the general was not kept from the fleet. His death made all the sterner the resolve to destroy the Dutchmen. Bourne, captain of the *Resolution*, wrote that "he hoped for one hour more to end the war," and others that "ere they have done Tromp shall pay dear for Deane's blood."

Tromp indeed was very near to paying with his own life, or at least his liberty. During the fiercest of the fighting on the 3rd he grappled with the *James* and tried to board her. He was driven off with heavy loss, and his own ship was entered in return, the English forcing all the crew below. Everything seemed lost when Tromp, undaunted, ordered the deck to be blown up, and the order was obeyed. Dutch as well as English were destroyed, but the purpose of the admiral was realized: his liberty and honour were preserved, and the assailants were driven back. But the English were as desperate as the Dutch. For a second time they fought their way on board of the now shattered flagship, being helped by the crew of another vessel, and Tromp was saved from certain death or capture

only by the bearing down of de Ruyter and de With. He got away for the time, taking the survivors of his fleet with him, and leaving a hard won triumph with the English.

In the fleet of the Commonwealth with which Monk and Deane, with the help of Blake, won the great victory of June 2 and 3, 1653, there were several ships bearing names which are amongst the most famous of the British Navy to-day. Amongst these were the following—

Ships.	Commanders.	Guns.	Men.
Resolution	The Generals	88	550
Worcester, frigate	George Dakins, captain	50	220
Renown, fireship	James Salmon	10	30
Triumph	James Peacock, vice-admiral	62	350
London	Arthur Browne	40	200
Hannibal	William Haddock	44	180
Victory	Lionell Lane, vice-admiral	60	300
Centurion, frigate	Walter Wood, captain	42	200
Vanguard	Joseph Jordan, vice-admiral	56	390
Crescent, frigate	Thomas Thorowgood	30	115

It would have seemed as if the Dutch had no alternative to making peace. But they were only crushed, not beaten. Recovering from the heavy blow which had been struck at them, they were at sea again by August, Tromp having with him a fleet of more than 100 sail. Illness kept Blake from sharing in a battle which was to remove his great opponent. The command of the Parliament's fleet was given to Monk, with whom were trusty fighters like Penn, Lawson and Jordan. The English fleet was nearly equal in number.

On August 8 the fleets met, and on that and the following day there was some skirmishing. But the battle did not begin in earnest until the 10th, when the English tried to gain the wind. Tromp however had this advantage, and he kept it. Having drawn up his own fleet in a line parallel with that of the English, he bore down and began the engagement so furiously that many ships were soon disabled, sunk, or set on

fire. The two fleets became enveloped in a cloud of smoke so dense that it was impossible to know how the fight went on, except by the noise of the guns, great bursts of flame, and appalling crashes which told of some ship that had been blown up. Many vessels were utterly destroyed by explosion, and Tromp, it is said, seeing that three of the English vessels had run foul of each other, instantly set a fireship amongst them. This "arrived so precisely in time, that they all took fire at the same instant, and blew up with a report capable of striking terror into the breast of the most intrepid."

This was the description given by a Frenchman, who embarked on board a small vessel to witness the battle—a description which has been accepted as tolerably faithful. "Nevertheless," he continues, "the English sustained with incredible valour all the efforts of the Dutch, and were seen to perish rather than give way, which grieved Admiral Tromp, and made him resolve to board the English Admiral; and the two ships were on the point of grappling when Admiral Tromp was killed by a musket shot. This disaster damped the courage of the Dutch, who began to bear to windward, and to engage only in retreating. The action was no longer so violent; and the smoke dispersing, the two fleets were seen in a condition which showed the horrible fury of the conflict. The whole sea was covered with dead bodies, with fragments, and with hulls of ships, still smoking or burning. Throughout the remainder of the two fleets were seen only dismasted vessels and sails perforated throughout by cannon balls. Nearly thirty ships perished between the two parties; and the English, having pursued the enemy as far as the Texel, had the honour of the victory, which cost them as dear as it did the vanquished."

It was a terrible battle, and the cost was in proportion to the fury of the fight. The Dutch estimated their own total loss at 6,200—1,200 slain, 1,500 drowned,

2,500 wounded, and 1,000 prisoners. In ships they lost twenty-six, sunk or burned. Amongst their killed were Tromp and Evertzen, with many other persons of distinction. The English had more than 500 killed, including seven captains; and five captains and 800 men were wounded. Their loss in ships was three.

From such a crushing reverse even the Dutch, brave and resourceful as they were, could not recover speedily enough to continue to defy the English. Since the opening of the war, twenty-three months earlier, they had lost 1,500 vessels,[1] which they valued at nearly £6,000,000. They sued for peace, and Cromwell negotiated it on his own terms, one of which was that the English flag at sea should have due honour from the Dutch. The Dutch had fought long and hard, and not without some success; but their captures from the English were probably not more than equal to a fourth part, either in number or value, of the prizes which had been seized from them.

In one year and eleven months the English had been victorious in no fewer that five general fights, some of which had lasted several days; whereas not one undoubted victory rested with the Dutch, for the action between Ayscue and de Ruyter, in which the Dutchmen claimed the advantage, was not a general fight; and the success which Tromp took credit for when he met Blake in the Downs, and displayed the broom, was admittedly scored over part only of the English fleet.

[1] Some accounts put the number as high as 1,700.

An Invader in the Thames

THE First Dutch War had been decided; peace had been patched up, but the combatants had not laid down their arms. They scarcely even slumbered. Fighting still went on, so that the nations did not rust for want of practice; but it was not until 1665 that hostilities broke out afresh. The peaceable arrangement between England and Holland had grown weaker and weaker. The Dutch infringed upon the Charter of the Royal African Company, and Sir Robert Holmes was sent with a squadron to the West Coast of Africa to make reprisals. The Dutch were not less eager to reopen war. They also sent a squadron, under de Ruyter, to retaliate upon the English on the West Coast, and they took several forts and compelled the Company to demolish others.

These mutual aggressions went on for four years, then war was declared—by the Dutch in January, 1665, and the English in the following month. There were now new fighters in the field—the Commonwealth had given place to the Restored Monarchy—but many of the veterans on both sides made ready for the struggle. On the English side Penn, Lawson—now Sir John—Sir Christopher Myngs, and Sir George Ayscue were amongst the admirals; and of the captains many had proved their courage in the fights a dozen years before.

The Duke of York, Lord High Admiral, afterwards James II, was given the command of a large fleet that was fitted out, a fleet of 110 ships, excluding fireships, etc., carrying 4,537 guns and 22,206 men. In April the

fleet put to sea and sailed for Holland, which had raised a fleet as powerful. But bad weather prevented operations, and the fleet returned to Solebay. On June 1, at noon, the Dutch fleet, which had left the Texel on May 13, hove in sight off the English coast. The English put to sea, the Duke of York, commanding, being at the head of the Red Squadron, Prince Rupert at the head of the White, and the Earl of Sandwich at the head of the Blue. The 1st and 2nd were spent by the fleets in trying to secure the advantage of position, and it was not until the early morning of the 3rd that the engagement began. For twelve hours—from 3 a.m. to 3 p.m.—the fight between the swarms of ships went on. It ended in the defeat of the Dutch, who suffered a total loss of twenty-four ships taken, sunk, or burnt, and 2,500 prisoners, besides the killed and wounded, who have been estimated at from 6,000 to 8,000.

On both sides many gallant seamen were numbered amongst the dead. Opdam, fit successor of the gallant Tromp, was positively ordered when he sailed from Holland that at any cost he was to fight the English. He did not forget. Before the action a council of war recommended that the combat should be declined. "I am entirely in your sentiments," said Opdam, "but here are my orders. To-morrow my head shall be bound with laurel or with cypress." Opdam was amongst the killed, and with him fell other famous admirals.

Amongst the English Rear-Admiral Robert Sansum, of the *Resolution*, and the Earl of Marlborough, captain of the *Old James*, were amongst the killed; while of the volunteers the Earl of Portland, the Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and the Hon. Mr. Boyle, second son of the Earl of Cork, were slain by one shot as they stood together on board the *Royal Charles*. Lawson's career as a fighter ended too. He was wounded in the knee, but though the hurt was not considered dangerous, yet he died at Greenwich three weeks after the battle.

Another little interval of rest for refitting, and then renewal of the struggle. Recovering from their heavy

losses, the Dutch sent forth another fleet, under de Ruyter, young Tromp, and Evertzen. An English fleet of equal force was fitted out and given to Monk, now Duke of Albemarle, and Prince Rupert to command—a joint control which proved disastrous, for the two had never been on friendly terms. A false report of the sailing of a French fleet had detached Rupert, and the result was that Albemarle was left to meet the Dutch himself for two days. The proceedings of the fight are given in a journal by one of the principal English officers engaged.

"*June* 1, 1666.—The fleet weighed anchor from the back of Goodwin Sand about three in the morning (according to order to sail to the buoy of the Gunfleet, to join with the *Sovereign* and some other ships there not halt manned), and about seven this morning some of our scouts espied the Dutch fleet to leeward of us. The admiral called his flag-officers to council; the result thereof to put the fleet in readiness to fall into a line, and to fight the enemy, about eighty sail. For that the general (and the rest) thought it not convenient, safe nor honourable to decline the battle (though much inferior in number and strength), lest it might take off the resolutions and courage the seamen then were in, which to have fled before the enemy might have abated their vigour; and besides, considering how weakly the *Sovereign* and the rest of the Gunfleet were manned, our fleet flying or worsted, they (and others) would have been a prey to the enemy. These and other reasons caused the general prompt to the battle. About two in the afternoon the engagement began. Being much wind we could not carry out our lower tiers, our starboard tacks on board, having the wind of the enemy, till the admiral was forced to tack, being disabled, shattered in rigging and masts, which caused him to go off and anchor, and repair the same. The *Royal Oak* and her division (who intended to assist the *Swiftsure*, whose mainyard, etc., were shot away), seeing the general in that condition, with all speed got new top sails to the

yards, and tacked to relieve the general, and passing close by he cut his cable, and came to sail again. The enemy by this occasion got the wind, still fighting till nine or ten at night, the *Swiftsure* and some others forced away to leeward.

"*June* 2.—Wind variable westerly. After our rigging, masts, etc., much shattered, was repaired in the night, the battle began about six this morning, and fought the enemy till evening, masts, sails, etc., much torn in pieces, with the loss of many men. The enemy this day (it was supposed) received a supply of sixteen great ships about two in the afternoon, till which time it was conceived our fleet had much the better of it, and afterwards it came to be disputed upon equal terms.

"*June* 3.—Wind easterly. It was resolved by the general, etc., to retreat with sixteen ships in a breadth, they to lie in the rear, and to put all the small and most disabled before them, and to make what sail they could. The enemy pursued, but did not come to reach us with their guns till about four in the evening. Some shot they spent (to little purpose) which we slighted. Our stern pieces, outreaching their broadsides, made divers of them go off again. Before that time we espied about twenty sail of ships standing toward us, which was judged (as proved) Prince Rupert's fleet. Being earnest to join with them, edging up toward them, unhappily most of the flagships were aground off the Galloper Sand. All came off save the *Royal Prince*, who unfortunately was lost, to our unspeakable grief, and fired by the enemy. This night Prince Rupert and we joined together, bearing away to the northward, to get clear of the aforesaid Sand, by which means the enemy got the wind.

"*June* 4.—Wind at south-west and west-south-west. The enemy to windward about three leagues. The generals with the fleet made all sail toward them, and they lay with their sails to the mast to stay for us, which is presumed they would not have done but for the intelligence they gained from the *Royal Prince's* company of

the loss of many seamen and the shattered condition the fleet was in.

"The battle began about eight this morning, and continued very fiercely. Vice-Admiral Myngs and some other ships that engaged first, it was judged that they were so disabled that made them bear away from the battle, which gave the enemy no small encouragement; yet the fight was continued by the generals, etc., with much courage, in several forms and ways. Sometimes we had the wind part of them, some gained the wind part of our fleet, fighting in a ring or half moon, and supposed we lamed them most when [with] the wind. The wind gave us the advantage to burn five or six of their ships. Some of ours were sunk, and most of our great ships so disabled in hulls, masts, yards, rigging, want of men to ply our guns, powder and shot near all spent (also Prince Rupert in the *Royal James*, main topmast shot clear away, with other damages, prevented his keeping the wind), all which it may be presumed caused a retreat, about six or seven at evening, by both parties. The *Rupert*, rear-admiral of the White, her mainmast shot clear away, who was directed to put right afore it with his studdingsails, towards the coast of Holland, three of the enemies after her, she plying her stern chase vigorously at them, brought one of them by the lee, the other pursued till night, but praised be God she escaped and got safe to Harwich."

"This the Dutch may call a victory," said Gumble, "but such another would have undone them, for they lost multitudes of men and many ships, with other great damages. And all this by some twenty-five sail of English ships, for no more stood close to the fight, but shifted out of danger."

The story of the flag officer is confirmed by reports sent home at the time. Sir Thomas Clifford, who travelled specially from the Court to get the fullest information of the fight, wrote an account for the perusal of the King. He described how, after the first two days' fighting, when five of the English ships had been

shattered and many others forced to leave the action, only thirty-four fighting ships were left. There was nothing to be heard but complaints about dividing the fleet and sending Prince Rupert away. When, on the 3rd, which was Sunday, Rupert's fleet came up, it was received with great shouts, but on trying to join several struck on the Galloper Sands. One, the *Royal Prince*, was attacked by the Dutch, and though some frigates were sent to defend her, she yielded without firing ten shots in defence. Unable to get her off, the Dutch fired her, an act which touched every heart in the fleet, for "she was the best ship ever built, and like a castle on the sea." The Prince's ship, the *Royal James*, being disabled, de Ruyter attacked the general's ship, the *Royal Charles*, and so damaged her that she was obliged to tack, and was powerless to defend the frigates. By unskilfulness of the captains of the *Essex* and *Concertine*, which both yielded, several frigates were taken. The rest joined the Prince's fleet. Clifford said bitterly that "some of the English captains deserve hanging"; but of the gallantry of others he spoke most generously. For the disadvantages of the action however he sought solace in the fact that the English loss was mostly in prisoners, who were redeemable, whereas the enemies were blown up or drowned.

In this long and indecisive fight both sides suffered heavily. Clifford estimated that on the side of the English there could not be less than 800 slain and 1,500 wounded. Of the English ships, numbering 90, 6 or 7 were burned, 1 was sunk, and 20 were disabled. The damage indeed was so severe that it was all the uninjured vessels could do to tow the crippled craft out of the fleet. Some of the ships were almost beaten and torn to pieces. Captain John Fortescue's ship had 600 shot in her masts, sails and rigging; 34 of her men were killed and wounded, and Fortescue himself was wounded in the face and leg. Sir William Clarke was slain, the shot that killed him bruising the thigh of the Lord General, Monk. Eight other captains were killed.

The brave Sir Christopher Myngs was shot through the cheek, but he continued to give orders until wounded for the second time. The grand fighter Sir George Ayscue and his men were taken prisoners—a circumstance which greatly grieved the King.

The Dutch, besides ships taken, had seven burnt and all their men lost. They claimed to have 2,800 English prisoners, but confessed that they had nearly 3,000 of their people killed and wounded. De Ruyter and young Tromp claimed the battle as a victory. Their countrymen also believed that success rested with them, and that it was the greatest triumph which had been gained at any time over the English at sea. Holland was jubilant, and a day was appointed for thanksgiving and bonfires. But the English people were not less satisfied that their fleet had triumphed, and they also set aside a day of thanksgiving for what they looked upon as victory.

Within a few weeks the fleets were at sea again, the Dutch first. They came boldly across the North Sea, and defiantly hovered off the mouth of the Thames. But they were not suffered to remain long. Albemarle and Rupert, now in one ship, went forth at the head of a fleet of 89 men-of-war and 18 fireships. Amongst the ships was the *Loyal London*, carrying 800 men, and reckoned the finest vessel in the world. The fleets were very evenly matched, the Dutch being only one in number inferior to the English. On July 25 the enemies met off the North Foreland, and after a fierce fight the Dutch were utterly routed and driven to the refuge of their own shores. With twenty of his ships burnt or sunk, and 4,000 of his people killed or drowned, de Ruyter bitterly exclaimed as he fled from his pursuing enemy, "What a wretch am I! Amongst so many bullets is there not one to put me out of my pain?"

The warships staggered into safety, but the triumphant English fleet kept off the coast of Holland. They destroyed 160 merchant ships and two ships of war, and landed and burnt the town of Bandaris. This enter-

prise was projected by a Dutch deserter from Opdam's fleet. Boasting, on the return to England, in the presence of the King, of the bloody revenge he had taken on his country, Charles sternly commanded him to withdraw and never again to appear in his presence. A large sum of money was however sent to the renegade, and with this he retired to Venice.

It was now believed that the Dutch would be compelled to sue for peace, and that the Navy of England could safely be neglected. A treaty was actually in progress at Breda, but meanwhile there was treacherous scheming against England. Our magazines, storehouses and dockyards had been neglected, for Charles, wanting money for his pleasures, was easily persuaded that the Dutch were well disposed to peace, and that nothing was to be feared from them. On every hand were signs of gross neglect regarding the Navy. From the fool's paradise in which they were living the monarch and his people had a rough awakening, for on June 12, 1667, there was inflicted upon England that national disgrace which rankled in the nation's mind for years. That was the sailing of part of the Dutch fleet up the Medway, the forcing of a boom which Monk had made at Chatham, the burning, with little opposition, of some of the finest ships in the British Navy, and the carrying back to Holland, as a trophy, of the *Royal Charles*.

A Dutch version of the affair states that the Dutch fleet sailed on June 1, under de Ruyter. On anchoring "before the river of London," a council of war was held to determine how they might best sail up the Thames with some of the lightest ships, "to see whether they could there take some of the king's ships." On the 9th 17 ships of war, 4 advice boats and 4 fireships sailed up the Thames, under van Ghent and de With. The same evening they arrived between Queenborough and Gravesend, but there was nothing to be done. On the 10th they went back to Queenborough, conquered that place and the Island of Sheppey, and attacked the fort of Sheerness, which the English were making for

the defence of the passage to Rochester and Chatham. Having stormed the fort and driven the English from it, the Dutch found there an entire royal magazine. This they burned, after taking such guns, masts and stores as they required. The damage done to the English at Sheppey was estimated by the Dutch at more than four tons of gold. "It is," they wrote, "a beautiful and fruitful island."

From this triumph the Dutch sailed to Chatham. "There they made a severe attack. Before their coming the English had sunk there seven fireships, and enclosed the river with a thick and heavy iron chain, running on pulleys which turned on wheels. Six of their ships, distributed in good order, lay before the chain; at the one end lay four, and at the other end two stout frigates which crossed the water. This notwithstanding, the Dutch, with more than mortal boldness, made an attack against all these dangers. Captain Brakel offered himself, and attacking with his frigate an English frigate called the *Jonathan*, of 40 guns, took it, and burnt another English frigate by means of a fireship; then the other four ships were left by their comrades, the crews in confusion sprang overboard, and our people took the ship *Royal Charles*, fitted to bear 100 pieces of cannon, and with 32 guns on board; it was formerly commanded by the English Admiral, Monk. Nothing more costly has been made in England, and it must have cost almost 100,000 dollars in the gilding alone. They also took the *Charles V*, which, with two others of the largest ships, the *Matthias* and *Castle of Honingen*, are burnt. The chain was burst into pieces, and all within it destroyed and annihilated: so that the English lose the admirals of the Red and White Flag, besides others of their largest ships, as the *Royal Charles*, the *Royal Oak*, the *Loyal London*, the *Royal James*, which they had sunk; the *Matthias*, the *Charles V*, the *Castle of Honingen*, and two stout frigates, the one named the *Friendship* or *Jonathan*; besides two of the large ships and a good number of fireships which they had sunk to

stop the passage. On land our people did not do much, for all was in commotion, and the English, with 12,000 men, came against them in arms; so the Dutch abandoned the places which they had taken and came again with their ships into the River Thames."

In the main the Dutch account is true, but the historian says nothing of many other important points—for instance, that the *Unity*, the *Matthias*, and *Charles V* were ships which had been taken from themselves in the preceding year. It was for English writers to show that England was utterly unprepared for such a swoop as the Dutch made upon our coast. There was want of guns and powder, boats and barges, men and money—everything that was essential for the beating back of a determined, well appointed foe.

A private letter to Lord Conway, written on June 15, from London, sorrowfully stated that the Dutch had triumphed and that the King had plainly told the citizens that he was betrayed, and that none but the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, the Lord General and the Archbishop of Canterbury were for the arming of the fleet. "There were many English aboard the Dutch ships who said they came for money for their tickets, etc."—that is to say, there were with the Dutch English renegades who, in discontent and disgust at not having their claims for wages recognized, had gone over to the enemy and helped him in his descent upon the shores of their own country. So weak were the defences of the Medway, it was said, that the very chain—the boom on which such hope was placed—was fastened only with cable yarn; and the defensive forces consisted wholly of "a great many idle lords and gentlemen with their pistols and fooleries."

The Dutch did not gain their victory without loss. According to one account they had two ships stranded at Upnor, and three fired by themselves to prevent the English from taking them. But they had cause to be satisfied with their achievement—if they had not actually done all they claimed, they had at least carried off

the *Royal Charles*, and either themselves sunk, or forced the English to sink, eight ships. Their invasion was successful only because of England's unreadiness to meet them, and because her fleet had been so utterly neglected as to be unfit for service.

A corrupt Court and a bankrupt exchequer had laid the nation open to unspeakable dishonour and caused universal panic for a while; but His Majesty beat up the nobility and gentry, the clergy, the lawyers, and the people generally for money, and desperate work went on night and day on sea and land defences. Both about London and the harbours of the coast ships were sunk to make barriers to an entrance by the Dutch; everywhere a fresh descent was looked for, and the triumphant Dutch hovered threateningly about the coast. While the people on the Eastern seaboard stood in hourly fear of the coming of the enemy, the public showed their animosity towards those whom they considered most to blame for the neglect of the country's ships and the country's seamen. Sir George Carteret and Commissioner Peter Pett found it scarcely safe to walk abroad, for despite the large sums which had been expended yearly in the salaries of officials the dockyards were unready for any emergency.

So ill paid were the seamen, and so consistently was their money in arrear, that mutiny and desertion to the enemy were frequent. The tickets they received in lieu of wages were for long worthless, and this was the great cause of many of the sailors joining the foe. At this time it was said that there were some 3,000 English and Scotch sailors in the Dutch service, and that they had so much encouragement there, and so little at home, that others were daily joining them. English prisoners at times actually refused to be sent home, preferring to remain in Holland. The humble petition of the officers and seamen of His Majesty's frigate the *Harp*, and *Mary*, yacht, in pleading for pay, declared that they had more than 52 months' pay due to them, that they had neither money nor credit, that their wives and children

were starving, and that they were forced to lie in the streets and go naked, because landlords would not give them shelter and they could not buy clothes.

This was the state of things common to the Navy of that day. No wonder that with such confusion and neglect the Dutch could sail into an English river, burn English ships of war, lock up countless numbers of trading vessels in their harbours, and terrify the people of the coast. In hovering about our eastern shores and working northward the Dutch took a Scotch vessel with 200 men, who, refusing quarter, were all sunk. An Edinburgh weaver, who had foretold many things that had come to pass, offered to be hanged if the Dutch did not land before June 25. Many believed as he did, but the enemy wrought no further mischief for the time, and the two nations agreed upon a transient peace.

The Solebay and Texel Fights

THE peace lasted until 1672, when England reopened the quarrel with her enemy. This time she went to war side by side with an ally who proved as useless as he was deceptive. Louis of France, owing the Dutch a grudge which he felt unable to pay single handed, won over Charles, who, because of his distrust of the commercial rivalry of Holland, was eager for an alliance which for many Englishmen had small enough attraction. If the Dutch were to be destroyed at all, England's fights had shown that that could only be accomplished by surprise. This Charles and Louis set themselves to do, the one by sea, the other from the land. Louis, crossing the Rhine, entered Dutch territory and marched triumphantly until the Dutch, on June 18, cut the dykes, which, standing on a higher level than the land, kept the country from the inroads of the sea. The water, rushing through the broken barriers, stopped the French advance and forced the ending of the land campaign.

But the sternest fighting came at sea. It was a renewal of the long and bloody combats of the earlier war, and showed that they were right who held that no ultimate good could come out of an alliance between England and France. Before war was openly declared Sir Robert Holmes was sent to intercept the homeward-bound Dutch fleet from Smyrna, and to capture them, under the pretence of demanding the homage of the flag, which it was known would be resented and resisted. The fleet was met in the Channel, but the enterprise

was not successful, for of all the richly laden craft only two were captured. But the expedition had served its purpose, and Charles, having ordered all Dutch ships to be seized, declared war on March 17.

English and French were now combined to meet the common enemy. The French fleet of forty ships, under Count d'Estrées, reached Portsmouth on May 3, and joined the English fleet of nearly 100 sail. The Duke of York was given the command, and Edward Montagu, the Earl of Sandwich, Vice-Admiral of England, was admiral of the Blue Squadron. Having put to sea, the fleets on May 19 found the Dutch about eight leagues ESE. of the Gunfleet, but thick weather caused them to anchor in Solebay, now Southwold Bay, Sussex, where they remained until the 28th, when the Dutch fleet of seventy-five large ships and forty frigates under de Ruyter, Bankaert and van Ghent unexpectedly appeared in the offing, and so completely surprised their enemy that many ships had to cut their cables and use every exertion to get ready for sea.

When the alarm was given that the Dutch were visible, "a fine fighting gale" was blowing, so that not a moment could be lost. Some days earlier the allied ships had been put into fighting trim by throwing overboard such needless furniture as tables, etc. Drums were beaten ashore to give notice to all seamen to get on board at once, the penalty for refusal being death, and bailiffs were sent to expedite the mariners and to put them out of all "ale and tippling houses."

The fight began at 7 o'clock in the morning, when Bankaert attacked the French. For some time the Count's people did their duty and fought well, but very soon they edged out of the engagement, effecting by that means the wishes of Louis, who, while anxious for a Dutch defeat, was equally desirous that the English should not have complete dominion of the sea. So long as they did fight, the French, according to many accounts, fought well. "The French behaved themselves gallantly," wrote one eye witness; "the French behaved

themselves very well," said another; and a third recorded that "the French were very hard put to it, but fought very bravely." Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary to Lord Arlington, and Clerk of the Council, in a narrative of the action said that "the French were observed to fight wonderfully well, with good courage, and in admirable order." But while these reports reflected on the credit of the French, others were to their disadvantage. A Dutch agent in London compared them most unfavourably with the English. "The French," he wrote, "fought pitifully, but the English bravely, though with great confusion; while many were persuaded that the Zealanders fought as little as the French."

De Ruyter fell upon the Duke of York's squadron, and so severely injured his ship, the *Royal Prince*, that he shifted into the *St. Michael*; but she also became so greatly injured, having six feet of water in the hold, that the Duke had to carry his standard on board the *London*.

The Earl of Sandwich, at the head of his Blue Squadron, was assailed by overwhelming numbers, his ship, the *Royal James*, being the largest present, and the object for which every Dutch vessel aimed. The *Royal James* was the first of the united ships to be engaged. Her fighting began at seven o'clock. She was soon in the very thickest of it. "A whole squadron of the Dutch came down on her like a torrent," wrote a correspondent from Yarmouth, "having only the *Edgar*, *York* and *Henry* for his succour, but they so oppressed by numbers as could not help him. So brave Montagu (I shall ever honour him), being all in fire and smoke that nothing but his flag was to be seen from seven till about one, was fired by a pitiful fireship, having sunk a great Dutch ship and three fireships before, and let the whole squadron taste of his valour. She flew in the air at two."

This fight between the *Royal James* and the Dutch is one of the most heroic in naval annals, resembling in

The *Royal James* "fired by a pitiful fireship."

many points the last fight of the *Revenge*, under Grenville. First she was attacked by the *Great Holland*, and then van Ghent and a squadron of fireships bore down upon her. For long the Earl and his crew held out against these heavy odds and kept the Dutch at bay. The *Great Holland*, time after time, tried desperately to board, so desperately that when she was at last beaten off she had lost her captain and two-thirds of her crew. The fireships then attempted to destroy the *Royal James*, and three were sunk as they endeavoured. Van Ghent himself was killed, and many of his people with him, while upon the decks of the *Royal James* the slaughtered defenders, amongst them the Earl, lay in heaps. Hour after hour, for five hours, this unequal fight went on; then, hopelessly crippled, the *Royal James* fell to leeward of her division, the ships of which had been too hardly beset themselves to help her. She herself was a wreck; of her crew of 1,000, 600 had been slain, and thus defenceless she could no longer keep her foe at bay. Refusing to surrender she was boarded by a fireship, and burst into flames. Even at this appalling crisis those of the crew who lived did not think of yielding, but strove to save her. The fire grew fiercer and fiercer, it spread throughout the ship, and held the shattered wreck a prey, and growing beyond the hope of extinction the *Royal James* went down, defiant to the last, and taking most of her survivors with her. Of those who were picked up out of the water Captain Haddock, badly wounded, had a wonderful escape. The body of the Earl was picked up on June 10 by a ketch that attended the *Gloucester*. They were recovering some anchors they had left—having run aground on the Sunk—when they "happened on" the Earl's body, with his George, Star, and Garter. The corpse was taken to Landguard Fort, where a surgeon embalmed it, and where it lay in state until it was embarked for London, on the 19th, for burial in Westminster Abbey. When the boat went off, the musketeers, drawn together, gave three volleys, from which the cue

was taken by the guns of the fort, "who in thunder rang his departing knell."

A full clear story of this battle is told by the State Papers. The fight began at seven, but was not general until an hour later, when the Blue Squadron was ahead, the Red in the centre, and the French astern. The French were attacked by the Zealand squadron under Bankaert, and for most of the day these combatants struggled out of sight of the rest of the ships to the southward. The English and Dutch fell confusedly and murderously upon each other, the burden of the battle being borne by the Blue Squadron under Sandwich. Besides the *Royal James* one or two ships were temporarily lost to the English. The *Henry* had all her officers and most of the crew killed. She was captured by the Dutch, but retaken by Sir Roger Strickland in the *Plymouth*, aided by his officers. The Dutch also took the *Royal Katherine*, which, with a crew mostly formed of landsmen, "and wanting many conveniences necessary for defence," had lately joined the fleet from the Thames. Her captain, Sir John Chichley, and 150 of her men were seized and taken prisoners, but the vessel was recovered and the captives set free, their captors being made prisoners in turn. Sandwich had fought hard to gain the wind of the enemy, and this his vice-admiral, Sir Joseph Jordain, succeeded in doing. Towards the end of the day the Duke of York and Jordain joined their forces, and thereupon de Ruyter, with the body of his fleet, joined the Zealand squadron.

Night came on and ended the battle, which was fought so near the English shores that the whole country as far as Landguard was covered with the powder smoke, and the incessant firing shook the windows and houses at Landguard and Harwich. The booming of the guns was heard for miles along the coast and inland. The passengers from Calais, on reaching Dover, reported that they "heard the guns extremely till they came into our road." Two fisher boats from Sister Churches, twenty miles south of Bridlington, Yorkshire—200 miles

from the area of the fight—said they heard great shooting to the southward, from sunrise till ten, and this was confirmed from Hull and all along the coast.

Throughout the night the Duke pursued the Dutch with about thirty ships—all he could muster; and at daybreak was joined by the rest of his serviceable vessels. He tried to induce the enemy to renew the fight by getting his fleet into line of battle and bearing down upon them; but a thick fog and a high wind prevented an engagement in the daytime, and night stopped further operations. Having on the third day failed to bring the Dutch to a renewal of the action, the Duke on the 1st returned home, reaching the Nore within a week. The English loss was the *Royal James* only in ships, whilst the Dutch had two men-of-war taken and three sunk, several being also destroyed by fire.

The fight was marred by Dutch barbarities, for they directed the burning of the *Royal Katherine*, with all the men in her, "if the English should ever come near retaking her," refused quarter to those who were swimming for their lives, and furiously shot at drowning men who were pleading for mercy.

On both sides the list of killed and wounded was very heavy. But the battle was indecisive, for although the Dutch had suffered more material loss than the allied forces, still the English and French were so crippled that they could not leave the Nore for a month after the battle. They were powerless to cover the landing of an English force in Holland, and so complete the success which the French had gained by land. If the double blow by land and sea could have been struck, the Republic must have been overwhelmed; but the Dutch were able to recuperate. By the time the united fleets were fit for service again the French had been driven back in Holland, and the Dutch were ready to resume the struggle.

During this third war, as in the previous struggles, there had been many meetings between the English and the Dutch at sea of which history has taken little

notice. Many gallant actions are recorded only in contemporary periodicals or manuscript. Of these there was the taking of the island of St. Helena in 1673 by the Dutch from the English, and the recapture of the island by a squadron of four ships of war, under Commander Richard Munden, who was knighted for this performance. Amongst the vessels was the *Assistance*, whose manuscript log is preserved in the British Museum—a log which gives the details of the enterprise and the doings of the squadron after the recapture. The log, or journal, covers a limited period only, but it is full enough to show how matters went at sea in those days, and some of the deceitful methods of gaining the advantage of a foe.

The log extends from Sunday, May 4, 1673, to Tuesday, the 27th of that month. On the 4th the *Assistance* was in sight of St. Helena, when the master of a small vessel came up and informed the captain that the island had been taken by the Dutch on January 1—four months previously, and that Captain Medford had carried all the people off, with Captain Johnson and a Frenchman in his company, "and so went for Brazil, and there hired this vessel and put two of his mates in her, to lie off and on, about eleven or twelve leagues to windward of the island, to give all Englishmen notice of it." Upon hearing this news the *Assistance* left the rest of the ships to follow her, and having made her way close to the island her captain sent a well manned and well armed boat, under Captain Keigwin, with a black in her, to discover the strength of the road. On the following morning, at seven o'clock, the *Assistance* was joined by the rest of the ships, and Keigwin had returned with his report.

The Dutch colours were seen flying, and their drums were heard beating. The *Assistance* stood nearer in, and was immediately saluted by the Dutch guns. The captain of the *Assistance* forbore to answer the guns, "knowing that that was not the place I designed for," but he was as complimentary as the Dutch, and in

passing them gave them a broadside. The *Assistance* had again separated from her consorts, but she boldly anchored off Chapel Valley. Thence she shifted to Break Neck Valley, where she was joined by the rest of the ships. The Dutch, feeling that no hopeful resistance could be made to such a force, came off and surrendered a vessel called the *Hand*, "upon condition that they might not be stripped of their clothes."

By this time it began to be dark, and Captain Pilley was sent ashore, with the King's colour and a trumpet, to take possession of the fort. Captain Keigwin had command of the land forces, who were to march down to the fort "to prevent any injury that might be done to the isle by our own soldiers." The fort surrendered, the Dutch striking their colours to a captain, "who was pleased to send his boat on shore more than once to fetch the plunder of the place, and never so kind to the King's service to give me an account of anything till night. They yielded between three and four of the clock. This I impute to ignorance and obstinacy which he and some others usually practise."

On the morning of Tuesday, the 6th, the captain of the *Assistance* "sent for most of the prisoners from the shore, and by eleven o'clock our soldiers marched into the fort. By some English prisoners I am certainly informed that we may hourly expect the Dutch fleet from India, and with them some of war. So certain they are of their coming that they did believe us to be some part of their fleet. We are advised that fourteen of the East India ships were off this place fourteen days since." On the evening of this day the captain, who felt assured that the coming of the Dutch could not now be long delayed, went on shore and took a survey of the fort and platform, and appointed carpenters and gunners to make repairs and do other work that was needful to put the island in readiness to receive the Dutch. Two days were spent in fitting the *Assistance* for battle; and on the Wednesday evening a vessel was sent out to cruise and keep watch for the

enemy. On the Thursday the *Assistance* was again moved, this time getting up close under Sugar Loaf Point, so that she might be as far to weather as it was possible to get against the Dutch, should they come. On the 9th the boats were ordered out to lie to windward, "for to see if they could discern any ships."

Some excitement was caused on the 10th by the coming of two English ships, which proved to be from the coast of Coromandel. On Sunday, the 11th, the *Assistance* was so moored that she could not be seen by any incoming vessel, so it happened that when night fell and the moon rose a strange ship came in and was trapped before escape was possible. She was hailed in Dutch and English, and as she did not respond a broadside was poured into her, killing four men and wounding as many. The vessel, which was called the *Europe*, then yielded. She was from Batavia—a Dutch East Indiaman bound for the Horn. All this time, and until the 24th the ships had been put into readiness for instant and hard fighting. All the things had been done which it was necessary to do to make the vessels fit for service and the island for defence. On Sunday, the 18th, the *Assistance* sent "two rafts of casks on shore to be filled with water." On the following day a council of war was called about fortifying the island, and seventeen tuns of water were got on board. On the 22nd the *Assistance* "sent twenty men ashore awoodinge."

The *Assistance* and her consorts had their reward on Monday, the 26th. The Dutch ships came up and fell into the trap which had been cunningly prepared for them. "At ten of the clock I saw a pink coming about the point with a Dutch ensign, and we had the same; but he making us to be English frigates would not believe our colours, but got her starboard tacks on board and stood off a little while to give the rest of their ships notice." The subterfuge of showing the Dutch flag having failed, the *Assistance* gave chase and got up with the Dutch. But no guns were fired on either side, and throughout the night the vessels kept near each

other, there being a "hard gale and great sea." On the following day, Tuesday, the *Assistance* came up with the Dutch and "gave him a broadside with the upper guns and two or three volleys of small shot and a shout; he only firing three guns at us; we coming up with them again, he struck his flag and ensign, and lowered his topsails, and so yielded to us. He belonged to and was bound for Amsterdam."

In the following year Prince Rupert, first cousin to the King, commanded a fleet which had been fitted out, the Duke of York having been excluded from the command by the Test Act, which ordered that all persons holding office under the Crown were to take the sacrament according to the rights of the Church of England, and make a declaration against transubstantiation. The French fleet, under d'Estrées, was still nominally attached to the English, but it was useless. On May 28 the Dutch and the united fleets met and fought, and the Dutch were driven to the refuge of their own sands, to which the English could not follow them. On June 4 there was another battle and again the Dutch found shelter on their shallow waters. By July 17 the combined fleets, having refitted and put their wounded on shore, went to sea again, with 4,000 troops on board, for a descent on the coast of Zealand. Again there was a want of success when there should have been a crushing victory —a failure which was brought about because the French almost entirely, and the English in part, failed to do their duty.

Prince Rupert, in his manuscript account of the battle,[1] tells his story plainly, and shows how bitter his disappointment was that the meeting with the Dutch did not end in a triumph for the united fleets of England and France. Rupert says:—

[1] There are two English accounts and three French, but all are practically the same. The English manuscripts have had such hard usage in past years that some of the words are missing; but the blanks have been filled in from the French versions.

"Upon Monday, August 11, at daybreak, we saw the Dutch fleet about a league and a half to windward of us, the wind being then at ESE., fair weather and not far from shore, at which time both their fleet and ours were standing to the northward. About six o'clock I put abroad the signal for our fleet to tack to the southward, which they did. Then the French had the van, myself was in the middle, and Sir Edward Spragg in the rear. About the same time the Dutch fleet bore down upon us, and de Ruyter sent the vice-admiral of Zealand with seven sail of men-of-war and three fireships to engage the whole French squadron. Admiral Tromp, with his squadron, being about twenty-six men-of-war and seven fireships, engaged Sir Edward Spragg and the Blue Squadron, who laid their foretopsails to the mast to stay for them, contrary to my express order and his own duty. De Ruyter and Bankaert, with all the rest of the fleet, men-of-war and fireships, came on upon me and my squadron, and about 8 o'clock the fight began, and before 9 there fell a fog with a small rain, which continued till about 12[1]; then it cleared up, and the wind came to the south, which put the French (being ahead) to windward of the Dutch, when all the French squadron, having the wind, instead of tacking and engaging the enemy, as I expected of them, stood away to the SE., the wind then at SSW., and stood full two leagues away before they tacked again, and the vice-admiral of Zealand with his eight ships had left them and came down upon us.

"At this time I saw Sir John Chichley, rear-admiral of the Red, to leeward of me a great way. The whole force of de Ruyter and Bankaert's squadron lay upon my division and Sir John Harman's, and the enemy had cut off Sir John Chichley and his division from me, so that about 12 o'clock I had upon me de Ruyter and his squadron on my lee quarter, an admiral with two

[1] The first account says "11," the figures having been altered. The second statement gives "12," the French also.

flags more on my weather quarter, and the Zealand squadron upon my broadside to windward. Having fought thus for some time with both my broadsides to windward and to leeward I edged down towards the rear-admiral of the Red, forcing the enemy to give way, and so joined with them. After this, about 2 o'clock, I discovered the Blue Squadron at a great distance, near three leagues to leeward, bearing NNE., and I, not knowing in what condition that squadron was, and finding the guns not well ply'd, I made the sail I could to them both to join the fleet and help me if occasion required, the wind at SSW.

"Admiral de Ruyter no sooner perceived my resolution but he bore away with his whole fleet to the relief of Tromp, so that we ran down side by side within range of cannon shot without firing of either side, and as we were sailing down we saw a great many of the Blue Squadron, which we judged had received some damage, to windward of the body, and likewise some of the Red, to which I fired a gun for them to bear down to us, notwithstanding which they did not. About 4 o'clock we came near the Blue Squadron, where we found the *Royal Prince* wholly disabled, her mainmast, mizenmast and foretopmast shot away, and divers ships more disabled; the vice-admiral of the Blue mending his rigging, the rear-admiral of the Blue, the Earl of Ossory, lying astern of the *Royal Prince*, between her and the enemy, his Lordship being bending of his new sails and mending his rigging also, and two frigates by him, upon which I sent immediately two frigates to take the *Royal Prince* in tow.

"Tromp's squadron lying to the eastward of them, some of them disabled of their topmasts and yards, part of his squadron, with the vice-admiral and rear-admiral standing to the eastward, close by á wind, with all the sail they could to gain it, so tacked again upon the Blue. When we came near them, about 4 o'clock, de Ruyter fired a gun, upon which Tromp tacked with

his whole fleet[1] to make himself master of our lame ships, viz. the *Royal Prince* and others, upon which we lay by before to windward of Sir John Kempthorne, to get our fleet in order to attack the enemy again, I putting out the usual signal to bring all ships into the general's wake or graine (which is the blue flag upon the mizzen peak), and sent ketches, sloops and boats to ships that were to windward to command them in, whereupon we bore up and stood in between de Ruyter and our lame ships, and fired guns to some of our own ships to windward to bear down; but none of them came near to assist me except Sir John Kempthorne and my Lord of Ossory, so that I had great reason to believe that except I had come in so happily to their relief the Blue Squadron had been totally lost, since they were so disabled as no more of them but those two flags only did give me any assistance after I came down.

"About 5 of the clock de Ruyter with all his flags and fleet, came up and lay in my quarter close to me, so there began a sharp encounter.

"In this evening engagement I had none to second me besides the vice and rear admirals of the Blue but Sir John Harman, Captain Davis in the *Triumph* and Captain Stout in the *Warspite*, and of my own division, Sir John Holmes in the *Rupert*, Captain Legg in the *Royal Katherine*, Sir John Berry in the *Resolution*, Sir John Ernley in the *Henry*, Sir Roger Strickland in the *Mary*, Captain Carter in the *Crown*,[2] in all not above eleven or twelve ships of force. The fight was very sharp and close. I forced the enemy into very great disorder and then sent two fireships amongst them, which increased it, and if the French, then lying within distance to windward, had obeyed my signal and borne

[1] In the first account "whole fleet" was crossed out and "squadron" substituted; but the pen was put through "squadron" also.

[2] These names are not given in this order in the manuscripts, some being in one account and some in the other.

down upon the enemy according to their duty, I must have routed and torn them all to pieces. It was the plainest and greatest opportunity was ever lost at sea. The fight continued until the day was near spent, and the sun was just setting when I edged off with an easy sail, so as to carry off the disabled ships. The Dutch also laid their heads to the eastward, and so the battle ended, when came a messenger from the Count d'Estrées to receive orders and to know the meaning of the Blue flags being on the mizzen peak, which I wondered at, since there was no instruction plainer to be understood or more necessary amongst the General Instructions for Fighting which he had laid before him; and besides, it wanted neither signal nor instruction to tell him what he should have done, the case was so plain to every man's eye in the whole fleet.

"The enemy, when dark night came, stood off to their own coast, which I had reason to be glad of, resolving, if I could avoid it, not to resume a new engagement the next day unless I could have had better assurance not only what the Count d'Estrées but many of our own captains meant to do who had failed me so in this.[1]

"In this battle neither English nor French lost one ship of war; neither do I think the Dutch have great reason to rejoice, and considering all things I think it the greatest providence ever befell me in my life that I brought off His Majesty's fleet so"

The only Frenchman who made any fight at all was Rear-Admiral de Martel, who with four ships struggled courageously against great odds and was nearly overwhelmed. On his return to France this brave seaman wrote a letter, in which he called the count a coward, an act for which he was sent to the Bastille. The Dutch valued the alliance between the English and French at its true worth when they jokingly said that the French had hired the English to fight for them, and that the only duty of the French in the battle was

[1] In the first account "of our own captains," etc., is crossed out and "other that failed me in our fleet" substituted.

to see that the English sailors earned their wages. The defection of the French caused the hatred of the English to be turned to them from their hardy enemy the Dutch, with whom peace was concluded in 1674.

By that time both nations were weary of and exhausted by the wars, and were anxious to conclude a peace. On February 9, 1674, the treaty was signed in London, and by it England's dominion of the sea was acknowledged so thoroughly that even Dutch fleets were ordered to pay the honour of the flag to a single English ship.

A Six Days' Battle

THE peace with the Dutch, made in 1674, remained unbroken for some years, and in 1690 these hardy enemies were fighting with the English against the French. On June 30 in that year the inglorious battle of Beachy Head was fought. It was an action between the French under Admiral Count Tourville and the English and Dutch under Admiral Arthur Herbert, Earl of Torrington, who in 1688 had brought over William of Orange to occupy the English throne, and had landed him in Torbay; who had a short time previously fought an indecisive action with the French, and had been rewarded with an earldom for the exploit, not because it was of any special importance, but because it chanced to be the first naval battle of the monarch's reign. With the object of creating a diversion in favour of James II a French fleet of seventy-eight sail, mostly large ships, besides twenty-two fire-ships, left Brest. The fleet mounted more than 4,700 guns, was in perfect condition and was commanded by Tourville. The English fleet was under Torrington, and consisted of only fifty-one sail. The Dutch division, twenty-two large ships, comprised the best ships in the allied force, but the advantage lay with France. The earl was compelled to engage the enemy, so that the Jacobites should be prevented from gaining confidence, and the battle was fought on the 30th. It was not a triumph for either of the two nations which had fought so savagely against each other on the Narrow Seas and

elsewhere. The Dutch behaved gallantly, but complained that they lacked adequate support from their ally—that they had been in fact sacrificed. Of their ships three were sunk and three were destroyed by their crews, while two of their admirals were killed, and of the officers and men a large number were killed or wounded. The English too suffered heavily, one of their ships, the *Anne*, of seventy guns, going ashore and being burnt by her own crew, and more than 350 officers and men being killed or wounded. Torrington was tried by court martial, but was acquitted. He was however deprived of office and was never again employed at sea. The King, who had conferred a peerage upon him, steadfastly ignored and slighted him. It was for a much later generation to discover that, by the exercise of strategy and the sacrifice of his own immediate reputation, the Earl had saved his country from a French invasion—an invasion which appeared so imminent that the militia were called out to guard the coast. "Notwithstanding his ill success at Beachy Head," Professor Laughton observes, "his plan seems to have been ably devised, and to have been frustrated solely by the impetuosity or national jealousy of the Dutch."

The French, claiming the victory, were jubilant, but two years later retaliation came. Still united, the English and the Dutch fought the actions, heavy and long continued, which gave the honours of Barfleur and La Hogue; but in these cases the victories were mostly won by English ships. These battles too arose from the French design of replacing James upon the English throne. The English fleet, 63 ships, divided into two squadrons, the Red and the Blue, carried 4,504 guns and 27,725 men; the Dutch fleet, 36 ships, had 2,494 guns and 12,950 men, making the enormous total of 99 ships, 6,998 guns and 40,675 men. The French fleet consisted of 63 ships, ranging from 104 to 50 guns; and 47 lesser vessels—in all 110. Tourville, in the *Soleil Royal*, 104 guns, was in command.

Admiral Edward Russell was the commander-in-chief,

his flag flying in the *Britannia.* His vice and rear admirals were Sir Ralph Delaval in the *Royal Sovereign* and Sir Cloudesley Shovel in the *London.* The Blue Squadron was commanded by Sir John Ashby in the *Victory*, Vice-Admiral George Rooke in the *Windsor Castle* and Rear-Admiral Richard Carter. When, on May 18, the combined fleet, in all 99 sail of the line, left Spithead, it was considered to be probably the most powerful naval force that had ever assembled.

The battles which followed the meeting with the French fleet are told in unpretentious language by contemporary letters, of which copies are preserved in the British Museum in the *Tracts Relating to England.* Writing to the Earl of Nottingham, principal Secretary of State, Admiral Russell said—

"Yesterday, about three in the morning, Cape Barfleur bearing SW. and by S., distance seven leagues, my scouts made the signal for seeing the enemy, the wind westerly. The French bore down to me, and at eleven engaged me, but at some distance. We continued fighting till half an hour past five in the evening, at which time the enemy towed away with all their boats and we after them. It was calm all day. About six there was a fresh engagement to the westward of me, which I supposed to be the Blue. It continued calm all night. I can give no particular account of things but that the French were beaten, and I am now steering away for Conquet Road, having a fresh gale easterly, but extreme foggy. I suppose that is the place they design for. If it please God to send us a little clear weather I doubt not but we shall destroy their whole fleet. I saw in the night three or four ships blow up, but I know not what they are. So soon as I am able to give you a more particular relation I will not be wanting.

"*May* 20, 1692. CAPE BARFLEUR.
"SW., distance 7 leagues."

"Some particulars of another letter from the fleet," told how, "in the grey of the morning, we made the French fleet in a line of battle, about two leagues to windward. They, having the weather gauge, bore down very boldly and close upon us. At eleven exactly we engaged. The engagement was very hot, and continued so till near four in the afternoon, at which time the French fleet bore away. Then the wind was as before, at W. by S. and WSW., veering about to N. by E. and NNE. Sir Cloudesley Shovell and Sir John Ashby, having the weather gauge, fell on, and maintained the engagement till near ten at night, the French all that time bearing away and the English pursuing them. What damage is done on either side is not yet known. Some ships were seen in flames about nine at night, but it is not discovered what they were."

These were the simple ways of making known to England at the time the winning of a great and far reaching victory, a victory which protected her from invasion and was a heavy blow to the naval power of France. Other details dribbled in, some by the *Mary* galley, which arrived at Portsmouth on May 20, and whose captain reported that he had left Admiral Russell at eight o'clock that morning, about fifteen leagues S. and by W. from the Isle of Wight. "He saw both the French admirals' seconds sink, and many ships on fire; and that for two leagues together the sea was full of wrecks of ships, but doth not know of the loss of any of Their Majesties' ships or commanders. This morning when he came away the French were running and ours in pursuit of them; and about ten o'clock he heard them engaged again, and heard the guns till one, when the wind sprung up at S. and S. and by W."

In a subsequent letter to the Earl of Nottingham, written at Portsmouth on June 2, 1692, Admiral Russell gave details of the action, saying that he did so by his Lordship's commands, as personally he was not ambitious to see his name in print, though he was the more inclined to give all the information he could because

several relations of the action had been printed which were not "very sincere." By eight o'clock he had formed an indifferent line, stretching from the SSW. to the NNE., the Dutch in the van, the Red in the centre, and the Blue in the rear. At ten o'clock Tourville, in the *Soleil Royal*, made his signal for battle, and an hour and a half later, being within three-quarters musket shot of Russell, he brought to, lying at that distance for about an hour and a half, and plying his guns very warmly. The French admiral fought bravely, but the English guns were worked faster than his, and ultimately, badly damaged, the *Soleil Royal* was towed by her boats to windward, giving Russell reason to think that Tourville was "much gauled." In the afternoon, the enemy being then running, Russell made the signal for a chase.

This chase was maintained during the night and throughout the Friday, and Russell continued "plying after the enemy" until four in the morning of Saturday, when he anchored, Cape La Hogue bearing S. and by W. and the island of Alderney SSW. By his topmast's going away the Dutch squadron and the Admiral of the Blue, with several of his squadron, had got a great way to windward of the admiral. In the morning, later, the chase was resumed, some of the French ships being driven into the Race of Alderney. "About eleven I saw three great ships fair under the shore tack and stand to the westward; but after making two or three short boards, the biggest of them ran ashore, who presently cut his masts away. The other two, being to leeward of him, ply'd up to him." About four in the afternoon eighteen sail of the enemy's ships got to the eastward of Cape Barfleur, after which Russell observed that they hauled in for La Hogue. Following them the admiral, at about ten at night, anchored in the Bay of La Hogue until four o'clock next morning, which was Sunday, then he weighed and stood in near the land and anchored. At two in the afternoon he weighed again, and plied close in with La Hogue, where he saw thirteen of the enemy's sail close in with the shore. On

the previous night the rear-admiral of the Red had seen the other five of the eighteen ships which Russell had chased.

On Monday, the 23rd, Russell sent Vice-Admiral Rooke, with several men-of-war and fireships, as well as the boats of the fleet, to destroy the ships, but the enemy had got their men-of-war so near the shore that not any of Russell's ships, except the small frigates, could do any service. "But that night Vice-Admiral Rooke with the boats burnt six of them." About eight next morning Rooke went in again with the boats and burnt the other seven, together with several transports and some vessels with ammunition. On the Wednesday Russell sailed from La Hogue, ordering the Admiral of the Blue, Sir John Ashby, with a squadron of English and Dutch ships, to run along the coast as far as Havre, in the hope that some of the five ships might be taken or destroyed; but Ashby saw only one or two small vessels.

The number of the enemy's ships, wrote Russell, did not exceed fifty men-of-war, from 56 to 104 guns; "and though it must be confessed that our number was superior to theirs (which probably at first might startle them), yet by their coming down with that resolution I cannot think it had any great effect upon them. And this I may affirm for a truth, not with any intention to value our own action or to lessen the bravery of the enemy, that they were beaten by a number considerably less than theirs, the calmness and thickness of the weather giving very few of the Dutch or Blue the opportunity of engaging, which I am sure they look upon as a great misfortune; and had the weather proved otherwise, I do not see how 'twas possible for any of them to have escaped us."

In the margin of the letter Russell gave the names, captains, and guns of those destroyed ships of which he had been able to get details. These were (the spelling being given as printed)—

Rooke destroying French warships at La Hogue.

	Guns.
Soleil Royal	104
L'Ambitieux	104
L'Admirable	90
La Magnifique	76
Le St. Philipp	76
Le Conquerant	76
Le Tryumphant	74
L'Etonant	80
Le Terrible	80
L'Amiable	68
Le Fier	68
Le Glorieux	60
Le Serieux	60
Le Trident	56

"As the prisoners report, a three-deck ship burnt by accident and the two following sunk; how true I don't know—

	Guns.
Le Prince	60
Le St. Paril	60

"Though these be all the names that I have been able to learn, yet I am sure there are sixteen ships of consequence burnt."

This famous victory, which it had taken practically a week's fighting to win, crippled the French scheme of invasion, and forced the beaten enemy to seek revenge by working mischief on the British carrying trade. This he did by swarms of privateers, whose rendezvous at St. Malo was on the night of November 19, 1693, destroyed by Commodore John Benbow, who sent in a great fireship filled with powder, combustibles and missiles, so that the explosion, which was likened to an earthquake, caused immense havoc.

Anson's Struggle Round the World

IN September, 1740, a little squadron left England for the Spanish Main. An expedition never sailed which was worse equipped, and never one which did more splendid work. The squadron was commanded by Anson, who made the famous voyage which gave him the honour of being the second Englishman to circumnavigate the globe; the voyage which, beginning with unparalleled disasters, ended with glories which, of their kind, have never been surpassed. Anson was sent from England with a purpose that demanded the best of ships and the fittest of men. War had broken out afresh with Spain, and Anson was ordered to make for the Spanish coasts of South America, and on sea and land, as best he could, harry and distress the enemy. His instructions were to take, sink, burn or otherwise destroy all the ships of the enemy that he met, and he was to use his utmost power to keep the Spaniards from being reinforced or helped in any way. He was to keep sharp watch too for the great treasure ship which sailed once yearly across the Pacific, from Mexico to Manilla; and if he fell in with her was to come home either by way of China or Cape Horn. The squadron was made up as follows:—

Ships.	Guns.	Men.
Centurion[1]	60	400
Gloucester	50	300
Severn	50	300
Pearl	40	250
Wager	28	160
Trial[2]	8	100

The Commodore was to have had 1,500 men. For such a long hard voyage as his they required to be the very best of men obtainable, but Anson neither got the number nor the quality. The authorities seemed bent on forcing him to sea to court disaster. They refused to let him have the sort of men he needed, and with an inhumanity that has cast lasting shame upon them compelled him to man his ships with worn-out invalids. Anson was almost ready to sail when he applied for 300 seamen to make up his complement. He was told that only 170 could be spared. When he got them he found that 32 came out of hospital, 3 officers and 37 men came from Lowther's Regiment, and 98 were soldier-marines. The Commodore had been promised 300 troops for use on shore against the Spaniards, but in their place he was obliged to take out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital. Of these only 259 joined the ships, for every pensioner who could get away escaped.

To fill the places of the deserters 210 marines from various regiments were ordered on board—newly raised troops who were utterly ignorant of the sea and ships, and so raw and undisciplined that they were not considered fit to be allowed to fire their muskets. All the men who joined were invalids, some being more than seventy years old and most above sixty. They were old soldiers whom age or wounds had made unfit to serve in marching regiments, and were the most crazy

[1] In the Naval Museum at Greenwich Hospital there is a model of the *Centurion*, made from her davit in 1748.

[2] A model of the *Trial* is in the Naval Museum at South Kensington.

and infirm of the 2,000 out-pensioners of the hospital. Anson's detachment seemed to consist of the "most decrepid and miserable objects that could be collected out of the whole body—and were much fitter for an infirmary than for any military duty." This is the statement of the Rev. Richard Walter, chaplain of the *Centurion* on this memorable voyage, a clergyman who afterwards published an account of the doings of the expedition under Anson. Of these 259 old veterans not one returned to England. Scurvy, badly ventilated ships, heavy weather and work which they were physically unfit to do killed them in clusters.

The *Centurion*, *Gloucester* and *Trial* left England with 961 men on board; within a year 626 of these were dead. The exact number of men Anson had with him on leaving England is not known; but when, three years after sailing, he met the treasure ship, only 201 of his people were alive. By that time, too, only one ship of his squadron survived—the *Centurion.*

The squadron was accompanied by two victualling-ships, one of 400 tons and the other of 200 tons, and these attended the warships until the provisions they carried had been taken out of them. A bad beginning was made, forty days being spent in reaching Madeira, a voyage which usually took ten or twelve. At Madeira Anson learned that he had escaped a meeting with a Spanish squadron under Admiral Pizarro, which had been sent to intercept him. This squadron consisted of half-a-dozen vessels, of which four were ships of the line, and it was fated to meet ill luck almost as great as that which befell the English commodore. Famine ravaged the crews, who had been sent to sea inadequately furnished with provisions. Hunger and fatigue caused great numbers to perish, and it often happened that men fell dead while working the pumps.

At Madeira Anson took in as much water, wine and provisions as he could stow, and resumed his voyage. The cruelty of having enfeebled crews for such work as his was now apparent. A strange sickness broke out in

the squadron, arising, it was believed, from the want of ventilation in the ships, which were so deeply laden with the vast quantities of food and drink they were compelled to carry that the lower ports could not be opened. Anson ordered half-a-dozen air scuttles to be cut in each vessel, but in spite of this precaution scurvy, dysentery and fever proved very fatal. From the *Centurion* alone eighty sick men had to be landed when St. Catherine's Island, off the Brazil coast, was reached. A month's stay was made on the island, but the disease had not been overcome. Twenty-eight of the *Centurion's* men had died, and the number of the sick was nearly 100.

Anson went very resolutely to work to try and remedy the mischief. The ships had become thoroughly foul within, for the poor old pensioners had been obliged to keep below, with the ports shut, at the very beginning of the voyage, and had to live in poisoned air. The scuttles had done something to mend matters; the Commodore now had the decks scraped and the ships smoked and cleaned within. Every part was washed with vinegar, to remedy the fearful stench on board the ships arising from their crowded state in a hot climate, and to destroy the swarming vermin. He did his best, his very best, while at St. Catherine's, but his primitive remedies were not enough to cope with diseases so ravaging, and when the tents were struck, after a month's stay on the island, there was little prospect of improvement in the squadron's health. So virulent was the malady that the slighest exertion—even getting out of hammocks—brought instant death. Anson provided fresh beef in plenty, and gave no cause for complaint so far as he was concerned. He was anxious to get to sea, so that he might double Cape Horn before the worst of the storms were blowing round it; but the weak condition of his squadron kept him on the island twice as long as he had expected to be detained. The carpenters spent four days in the woods trying to find a tree that would do for a new foremast for the *Trial*;

but they were unsuccessful, and the vessel's old foremast was patched up by casing it with three fishes.

Leaving St. Catherine's, "the last amicable port" at which the expedition proposed to touch, Anson and his people proceeded to "an hostile, or at best a desert and inhospitable coast." Before sailing, knowing that his ships might be scattered, even if they all got round the Horn, the Commodore gave his captains explicit orders as to their places of rendezvous. On Sunday, January 18, 1741, the squadron left St. Catherine's, and was immediately plunged into a repetition of its woes. Squally weather, with rain, thunder and lightning, harassed the ships, and on the Wednesday a violent storm, attended by a thick fog, caused them to disperse for a time; but they reassembled, except the *Pearl*, which was missing for a month. The *Trial* lost her mainmast, and was in so much danger that the *Gloucester* had to take her in tow.

The rejoining of the *Pearl* was singular. On February 18 a sail was observed, and the *Severn* and *Gloucester* gave chase. Soon it was seen that the stranger was the missing *Pearl*, and the *Severn* was ordered to rejoin the squadron, leaving the *Gloucester* to continue the pursuit, now a friendly one. But to every one's amazement the *Pearl* crowded on more sail, and tried her hardest to escape; and when at last the *Gloucester* did get near her she found that her consort was cleared for action, and ready to fight her.

The mystery was explained in the afternoon, when Lieutenant Salt, of the *Pearl*, reported to Anson that Captain Kidd, commanding her, had died on January 31. He stated that on February 10 he had seen five large ships, which he took to be Anson's squadron; indeed, so certain was he of this that he allowed the chief ship, which flew a broad red pennant, exactly like the Commodore's, to come within gunshot before he discovered his mistake. He managed to escape, although the squadron chased him until night. One of the ships so closely resembled the *Gloucester* that when the two

English vessels gave chase he thought it was the Spanish squadron at his heels again.

Reunited, Anson's squadron got to the first rendezvous, St. Julian, on the coast of Patagonia, and here he appointed Lieutenant Saumarez, of the *Centurion*, to act as master and commander of the *Trial*, during the illness of Captain Saunders. Here also the Commodore, in order to ease the expedition of all unnecessary burdens, consulted his captains afresh about unloading and discharging the *Anna*, one of the victualling ships; but they told him that they were unable to take any of her loading on board, that they had still great quantities of provisions in the way of their guns between decks, and that their ships were still so deep in the water that they were not fit for action without being cleared. Anson was therefore obliged to keep the *Anna* with him, and as he felt that he was almost sure to meet the Spanish squadron in passing the Cape, he ordered the captains to put such provisions as were in the way of the guns on board the *Anna*, and to remount the guns which they had been forced to put into the holds to ease the ships and make way for the stores.

From St. Julian the squadron sailed on the morning of Friday, February 27—undeterred by any superstition as to evil luck pursuing Friday sailings. On March 4, the weather being bright and calm, most of the captains visited the Commodore. While they were in company together they were startled to see a burst of flame on board the *Gloucester*, followed by a cloud of smoke. The incident was not serious, but it might have meant disaster. A spark from the forge had exploded some gunpowder and other combustibles which an officer on board was preparing for use in case the squadron met the Spaniards. The outbreak was quenched before the ship had been damaged.

The Commodore and his people were soon under sail again, buffeting in the tempestuous seas of the Horn, and depressed by the gloomy and inhospitable appearance of the barren coast and snow-topped stupendous

hills. But a bright day came on March 7, when they believed that nothing but the open sea separated them from the opulent coasts in which their dreams and hopes were centred. "We indulged our imaginations in those romantic schemes which the fancied possession of the Chilian gold and Peruvian silver might be conceived to inspire." These joyous ideas were heightened by the mild and brilliant weather; and thus they went through the Straits le Mair and passed into the South Seas, seeing nothing ahead but glorious conquest and success; ignorant of the time, now rapidly approaching, "when the squadron would be separated never to unite again, and that this day of our passage was the last cheerful day that the greatest part of us would ever live to enjoy."

From this serene enjoyment the squadron's people were plunged into tempests so terrific that the oldest sailors had to confess that what they had hitherto called storms were by comparison inconsiderable gales. The ships rolled incessantly, gunwale to, and so violent was the motion of the *Centurion* that some of her people were torn from their hold of fixed bodies, and killed or wounded. One of the best seamen was canted overboard and drowned, another broke his neck, a third was thrown into the main hold and fractured his thigh, and a boatswain's mate twice broke his collar-bone. The officers were scarcely ever able to lie in their beds, because of the deluge of water that constantly broke on board. Another of the best seamen who was canted overboard swam so strongly that, despite the heavy sea, he was for long visible from the *Centurion*, whose distressed people could do nothing but watch him struggle hopelessly until he could keep afloat no longer.

The storms of the Horn laid bare the rottenness of the ships, as disease had shown the weakness of the crews. Only by incessant pumping could the *Trial* be kept afloat, and the *Wager* was crippled by the badness of her construction. The *Anna* too was in great danger, and for forty days there was constant anxiety and fear of calamity. Men fell sick and died apace,

and it seemed as if all hope of getting out of this region of storms must be abandoned. Storm followed storm, and the squadron was dispersed, no two of the ships keeping together.

Scurvy reappeared on board the *Centurion* and ravaged the crew. Few escaped its grip. In one month alone—April, 1741—forty-three of the *Centurion's* men died of the disease. In May the number was nearly doubled, and so malignant grew the outbreak that by June more than 200 men had been lost, and the ship could not muster above six foremast men in a watch who were capable of duty. Few stories of a naval undertaking give evidence of more appalling sufferings than those which were endured by Anson's squadron; none furnishes greater testimony to the courage and inflexible purpose of an officer commanding than that which has been put on record of the Commodore himself.

At daybreak on June 9 the solitary *Centurion*, a crazy ship with a great scarcity of fresh water and a crew so "universally diseased that there were not above ten foremast men in a watch capable of doing duty, and even some of these lame and unable to go aloft," at last arrived off the island of Juan Fernandez. So thinned was the crew that even with the help of officers, servants and boys, they were two hours in trimming the sails on making the land; and so greatly did they hunger for a change of food that a feast of grass proved a dainty which was eagerly devoured.

Soon after the *Centurion* anchored the *Trial* appeared. Of her crew thirty-four had died, and only Captain Saunders, his lieutenant and three of his men were able to stand by the sails. Without the help of the *Centurion* she could scarcely have anchored at all. The sick were put ashore from both ships—some twelve or fourteen dying in the boats on breathing the fresh air. There were few who were healthy enough to lift the sick, and Anson himself, ever generous and humane, helped with his own hands, and compelled his officers to do the same.

After the *Trial* came the *Gloucester*. She appeared in sight on June 21, but so feebly manned was she that she could not reach the shore. On the 26th Anson sent a boat to help her, laden with fresh water, fish and vegetables. When the *Gloucester* was boarded it was found that two-thirds of her people had died, and that scarcely any one could do duty except the officers and servants. For a considerable time they had been on a pint of fresh water for every twenty-four hours, and they had so little left that they must soon have died of thirst. For a whole month after being first seen the unlucky ship tried to fetch the bay, and her people got to believe that they were doomed and would never land. Without the help of the *Centurion* and *Trial* she could not have survived, for when at last she did anchor, on July 23, she had not eighty men on board.

The rendezvous was reached by the *Anna* about the middle of August, but Anson was never joined by any of the other vessels. The *Anna* was hailed with delight, for each ship's company was at once restored to the full allowance of bread, and there was no longer danger of a failure in the supply of provisions. She had been much more fortunate than her consorts, having been at anchor for two months east of the island of Inchin while the rest of the squadron were battling with the storms.

The *Severn* and *Pearl* never rounded the Horn, but put back to the Brazils; the *Wager* went ashore and was totally lost. She was wrecked off the island of Socoro, on the west coast of Patagonia, her crazy state and weakened crew making salvation impossible. The crew could have got on shore, but they broke through discipline, pillaged the ship, threatened to murder all who opposed them, and fell to drinking. Some, helplessly drunk, fell down between decks and were drowned by the water which flowed into the wreck. There was mutiny on shore amongst the survivors, and only after twelve months' suffering on land and sea did a mere handful of the officers and men get back to England.

The *Anna* was so rotten that she was broken up, her

hands being sent on board the *Gloucester*. But it was not long before the *Gloucester* also, as we shall see, was found to be unseaworthy, and was cleared out and scuttled. The *Trial* too had to be condemned and destroyed. All this was not however done at once, and before it happened Anson had put to sea and captured the *Carmelo*, a Spanish ship of 450 tons, with a crew of fifty-three and twenty-five passengers. She was bound from Callao to Valparaiso, and had been at sea twenty-seven days. Her cargo included some trunks of wrought plate and twenty-three serons of dollars, each weighing more than 200lb. avoirdupois.

The gallant little *Trial* too made a smart capture. After chasing a Spanish ship, the *Arranzazu*, also bound from Callao to Valparaiso, for thirty-six hours, she gave her a broadside and forced her to surrender. The Spaniard was of 600 tons, and one of the largest merchantmen employed in those seas. The *Trial's* prize, which had been often used as a man-of-war by the Viceroy of Peru, was appointed by Anson to be a frigate in the King's service. He manned her with the *Trial's* crew, and gave commissions to the captains and inferior officers. On November 5 a third vessel was captured. This was the *Santa Teresa de Jesus*, 300 tons, bound from Guaiaquil to Callao, with a general cargo—a cargo which, like others of its sort, was useless to the captors, as the Spaniards at that time never ransomed their ships. She was captured by the *Centurion*, although the two prizes also gave chase, but were outsailed.

The prize had a crew of forty-five, and carried ten passengers—four men, three women and three slaves. The women were mother and daughters, the elder about twenty-one and the younger fourteen, the girl being singularly beautiful. Anson gave them the utmost protection and comfort he could during the whole of the time they remained with him. Still another prize was taken —the *Nuestra Senora del Carmin*, of 270 tons, with a crew of forty-three, bound for Callao. Her cargo was

worth 400,000 dollars, and though of little use to the English, since they could not realize it, was a heavy loss to the Spaniards.

Anson now determined to make a descent upon Paita, on the coast of Peru, partly to get fresh provisions, and partly to put ashore the large number of Spanish prisoners he had. The attack was made at night by parties—in all three score—set ashore in boats, and was in every way successful. Amongst those who joined in it was a midshipman named Keppel, afterwards the celebrated admiral. He wore a jockey-cap, and a musket ball shaved off one side of the peak close to his temple, but did not injure him.

It was a glorious time for the assailants, cooped up as they had been for so long. They tried to catch the Governor, but the Governor rushed out of bed, half naked, leaving his wife—a girl of seventeen, to whom he had been married only a few days—to look after herself. The sailors, breaking into the wretched mud houses for private pillage, secured embroidered or laced clothes which the Spaniards had left, and put them on, with wigs, over their own greasy garments. Those who came too late for these fineries got women's dresses and petticoats and donned them.

This grotesque crowd appearing suddenly before Lieutenant Brett, who was in command, so much astonished him that at first he could not recognize them as his own people. In the morning the *Trial's* boat, laden with dollars and church plate, went to the *Centurion*, which was anchored a mile and a half from the town. The enemy had recovered somewhat from his panic, and about 200 horse, with trumpets, drums and standards tried to scare the looters away. But the work of pillaging went on, and throughout the day the boats took treasure and food to the ship. The next day the work continued, Anson meanwhile communicating with the Governor and offering to ransom the town ; but the Governor scorned to take any notice. Anson therefore, having sent the prisoners ashore—amongst them the

mother and her two daughters—ordered the town to be burnt, and Brett, having liberally used pitch and other combustibles and spiked the guns, fired the place, and as it blazed re-embarked his men. It was then found that a man was missing, and as the boats were putting off the laggard appeared—up to his neck in the water. He had got drunk on brandy, and only awoke just in time to save his life. He was the only man during the entire operations at Paita who gave way to liquor. Of six vessels which were in the bay Anson destroyed five, adding one to his own squadron, which was now the *Centurion*, the *Trial's* prize, the *Carmelo*, the *Teresa*, the *Carmin*, and the last acquired—the *Solidad*.

The Spaniards estimated their loss by the sacking of Paita at 1,500,000 dollars. The wrought plate, dollars and other coin which fell into the hands of the English were worth £30,000, besides bracelets, rings and jewels. The plunder was divided amongst officers and men on the quarterdeck of the *Centurion* the morning after leaving Paita. To allay dissatisfaction and grumbling, Anson gave the whole of his own share for distribution amongst those who had been detached for the attack on the place. On the following day the *Gloucester* was met with a small prize in tow. She had taken two, one with about £7,000 in specie, and the other a barge.

The crew of the barge said they were very poor, and carried only cotton, but the *Gloucester's* people became suspicious on seeing that at dinner the Spaniards had pigeon pie served in silver dishes. Several of the jars on board were opened by the officer commanding the barge, and there seemed to be nothing in them but cotton. Stricter scrutiny however showed that cunningly concealed amongst the cotton, in every jar, were double doubloons and dollars—in all amounting to £12,000. This treasure was going to Paita, so that if the barge had escaped the *Gloucester*, she would probably have fallen into the hands of the *Centurion*.

The cruise continued, Anson now watching for the great Manilla galleon. On December 9 a small barque,

the *Jesu Nazareno*, from Panama, was captured, but she was of little value, and was scuttled and sunk. The *Solidad* and the *Santa Teresa* too, being of little use, were cleared of useful things and burnt. So that the *Centurion* might be made as fit as possible to meet and beat the galleon, the carpenters fixed eight stocks in the main and fore tops, which were properly fitted for the mounting of swivel guns. The *Centurion's* decks and sides too were caulked to prevent the rain and sea from running into her.

The Indian and negro slaves who had been taken in the prizes were kept on board to help the thinned crews to navigate the squadron. Of these negroes there were a considerable number, and they were urged to faithful duty by the promise of freedom for their good behaviour. Almost daily they were exercised in the use of the great guns, and there was good reason to hope that they would not fail in time of battle.

Few men now died, there being a plentiful supply of good provisions, especially turtle. In seven months—from leaving Juan Fernandez to anchoring in the harbour of Chequetan—only two men were buried in the whole squadron, although only two or three days were spent ashore during the attack on Paita.

While cruising for the galleon a strange accident befell one of the sailmaker's mates. He was fishing from the end of the jibboom when he lost his hold, and dropped into the sea. The ship, going at the rate of six or seven knots an hour, went directly over him. The *Carmelo* was in tow, and the *Centurion's* people instantly called out to her that a man was overboard. Several ends of ropes were thrown, and the man luckily caught one of them, twisted it round his arm, and was hauled on board, with no more injury than a wrenched limb.

The night of January 28, 1742, brought for the squadron a mortifying disappointment. About ten o'clock a light was seen on the port bow, which was believed to be a ship's light. The *Trial's* prize too, a mile ahead, signalled that she saw a sail. Persuaded

that at last the great treasure ship, if not two, was in sight, the *Centurion* cast off the *Carmelo*, and she and the *Gloucester* crowded on sail for a chase. All hands went to quarters, for some were persuaded that they saw not only ships' lights but sails also. Anson himself was so thoroughly convinced that he would soon be alongside the coveted galleon that he sent for his First Lieutenant, who commanded between decks, and ordered him to see that all the great guns were loaded with two round shot for the opening broadside, and after that with one round shot and one grape, strictly charging him not to fire a single gun until he gave orders—and that would not be until the *Centurion* was within pistol-shot of the enemy. Throughout the night the crews stood to their guns, always expecting that within a few minutes they would be capturing the prize whose wealth, with that of her supposed consort, they now estimated in round millions. Morning broke, and then, to their intense disappointment, the crews found that the cause of all their excitement and expectation was neither one ship nor two, but only a fire on the shore—a tract of stubble or heath fired for agricultural purposes.

The treasure ship for which the squadron longed and waited was a wondrous institution of the age. She traded between the city of Manilla, in the Phillipine Islands, and Acapulco, on the coast of Mexico. From Manilla the galleon took spices, silks and other costly merchandise for Mexico and Peru. Usually each cargo contained no fewer than 50,000 pairs of silk stockings, and vast quantities of Indian stuffs and Chinese goldsmiths' work. All these things were collected at Manilla and transported thence, annually, in one or more ships, to Acapulco. This trade between Manilla and Acapulco was strictly regulated and conserved. The King of Spain found the ships and paid the officers and crew. Royal edicts restricted the trade to a certain value, which the annual cargo was supposed not to exceed; but the edict was something of a dead letter, and enormous wealth was carried in the galleons.

The trade from Manilla to Acapulco and back was usually conducted by one, or at most two, annual ships, which sailed from Manilla about July and reached Acapulco in December, January or February following. Having disposed of her cargoes the ship returned to Manilla in March, and as a rule reached that port in June, so that the whole voyage occupied nearly the entire year. For this reason, although not more than one ship was freighted at a time, still there was always one ready for sea when the other arrived. Accordingly three or four ships were employed, so that in case of accident the trade should not be suspended.

The largest of these galleons was the size of an English first-rate man-of-war, and carried 1,200 men. The other ships were large and stout, of 1,200 or more tons, fifty guns, and carrying from 350 to 600 hands, passengers included. As all were King's ships, there was on board a captain styled the general, who flew the Spanish royal standard. The galleons indeed were stately institutions, and made their trips with fitting pomp.

For so long a voyage—it was rarely less than six months—with the ship so deeply laden with merchandise and crowded with people, a strange method of carrying and supplying fresh water was employed. The water was preserved not in casks, but large earthen jars. When the galleon put to sea from Manilla she had on board much more water than could be stowed between decks, and the jars were therefore hung about the shrouds and stays like Chinese lanterns. But a supply large enough for the use of the people on board could not be carried even in this way, and when the jars became empty reliance was placed on the rains in certain latitudes which were never known to fail. To catch the rain a great number of mats were taken to sea. These, when the rain fell, were placed slopingly against the gunwale, from one end of the ship to the other, their lower edge resting on a large split bamboo trough. It was like the roof of

a house, the rain running from the mats—representing the slates—into the bamboo trough, the eaves, and so into the jars, standing for the spouts.

Six months was a long time, even for a long voyage, but the Spaniards did not hurry. They were indolent, over cautious, unskilful, rarely set their mainsail at night, and often lay to unnecessarily. The captain too had a certain passage set for him, and as a rule he kept to his latitude. The galleon kept on until a sort of sea leek showed that she was near her journey's end ; then, considering that the greatest dangers of the voyage had been passed, the ship's company chanted a solemn *Te Deum.* Most commonly the galleon reached Acapulco in the middle of January, but sometimes she was a month sooner, sometimes a month later. Her arrival galvanized the port from sleepiness and solitude to wakefulness and bustle. Merchants from every part of Mexico thronged the town, and the cargo was got ashore with all dispatch ; the silver and goods for Manilla being taken on board in its place, with water and provisions for the return voyage. All this was done with great expedition, for the captain had express orders to get out of Acapulco, on his return, before the first of April.

The galleon's chief lading for the voyage to Manilla was silver, the rest of the cargo being of little account. She carried cochineal and sweetmeats, European millinery for the women of Manilla, and Spanish wines for priests to use in administering the sacrament. Her equipment for the two voyages varied greatly. From Manilla she sailed so deeply laden that she could not mount her lower tier of guns, and had to carry them in the hold till she neared the regions where she might expect to meet an enemy. Her crew also was as small as the safety of the ship demanded, so that the least space should be taken up with provisions. But on the return from Acapulco, her cargo being in less room, her lower tier was mounted before she left port, and she carried more sailors, with a company or two of

soldiers to reinforce the garrison of Manilla. Many merchants too took passage to Manilla. In all the galleon usually carried 600 souls, who could however be easily provided for, because the silver cargo occupied so small a space in stowage. Such a treasure ship was bound to make her voyage in constant fear. Prowling pirates, or an enemy as determined to capture her as even they could be, were at all times watching to intercept her; and this was made the easier of accomplishment because the galleon's movements were so exactly timed.

Anson cruised off Acapulco for the treasure ship. He sent his barge by stealth into the port one night, and surprised and captured three negro fishermen from whom he learned that the galleon was getting ready for sea, and that the Viceroy of Mexico had ordered her departure for March 14. He distributed his squadron so as to intercept the treasure ship and yet be unseen from the shore. The *Centurion* was fifteen leagues away from the port, in the NNE.; west of her the *Carmelo* was stationed; to the east the *Trial's* prize, the *Gloucester* and the *Carmin.* All were ranged in a circular line, each ship being separated by three leagues from the next. Signals were established, and the boats were manned and lay off the shore to make known the sailing of the ship. Anson prepared for battle too, and as only the *Centurion* and *Gloucester* were considered fit to lay alongside the galleon, they were reinforced from the crews of the other vessels of the squadron.

All these precautions were in vain. The barge which had been sent to discover Acapulco had been seen, and the sailing of the galleon was postponed for a year. Anson had determined to storm the town and capture the treasure, but had to abandon the scheme on finding that the wind and sea would make success impossible. He therefore left the galleon for the time, and made for Chequetan, a harbour about thirty leagues west of Acapulco. Here, as the whole of the men on

board the squadron did not equal the complement of a fourth-rate man-of-war, and as Anson meant to sail to the coast of China and wished to have ships as well manned as he could, he destroyed the *Trial's* prize and the *Carmelo* and the *Carmin.* They were towed ashore and scuttled, combustible material having been put on board to help in their destruction.

The *Centurion* and the *Gloucester,* now the only vessels left, put to sea on April 28, and Anson stood across the Pacific on his way to China. On Sunday, May 2, the *Centurion* was joined by her cutter, with a lieutenant and six men, who had been missing for more than six weeks, and who were supposed to have been taken prisoners by the Spaniards. In their open boat, twenty-two feet long, they had suffered fearful hardships, and were in the last extremity when helped on board. They were instantly put to bed, and after a rest and nourishing diet from Anson's own table recovered health and strength. Before leaving Acapulco Anson put his Spanish prisoners on board two launches belonging to the prizes, equipped with masts, sails, and oars, and a stock of food and water enough for fourteen days, in case the winds should be unfavourable, and set them free to make their way ashore. From the *Centurion* thirty-nine persons were sent, and from the *Gloucester* eighteen. They were mostly Spaniards, the rest being Indians and sick negroes. Every Spanish prisoner was dismissed, but some mulattoes and the stoutest of the negroes, with a few Indians, were kept to help to man the ships. The launches arrived in safety at Acapulco, where they spoke in highest praise of Anson's generous humanity.

Standing across the Pacific the old dangers returned. Scurvy reappeared, and the two ships' peoples had the prospect of dying of the disease or perishing for want of hands to navigate their vessels. The surgeon's resources were unequal to cope with the outbreak, and Anson tried two medicines which had been much discussed in England—"the pill and drop of Mr. Ward."

Whatever their virtues were they seemed, at any rate, to work no active mischief, for "those who were within two or three days of dying were scarcely affected"; while those who were strong, if they received no benefit, did not "appear to be reduced to a worse condition than they would have been if they had taken nothing." Head winds and heavy seas delayed and damaged the survivors sadly. Alone the *Centurion* could have got on her way, but the crazy *Gloucester* kept her back and almost fell to pieces. She had to be taken in tow by the *Centurion*, and at last, after a gale, she had seven feet of water in her hold, although her people—officers as well as men—had been pumping her incessantly for twenty-four hours.

The *Gloucester* was indeed in fearful case. Her captain, Mitchell, reported that they could not get at either water or provisions, which were submerged, that the ship was decayed in every part, and so crazy that her quarterdeck was ready to drop down; that only forty-seven men, eighteen boys and two prisoners remained on board alive, and that of these only sixteen men and eleven boys—of whom many were infirm—were able to keep the deck. There was no help for it. The *Gloucester* had to go. She was condemned, and the stores and crew removed from her during a spell of fair weather; but so enfeebled were the people that two days were spent in the work. With great difficulty the prize money was secured, but the prize goods, worth several thousand pounds, were lost. Anchors and cables, which were badly wanted, had to be left, the excessive rolling of the ship making it impossible to save them: nor could more provisions than five casks of flour be got, and of these three were spoiled by the salt water. The sick, numbering seventy, were taken, with all care, to the *Centurion*, but three or four of them died as they were being hoisted on board.

On the evening of August 15 the *Gloucester* was abandoned and destroyed. She was then almost full of water. The ship was set on fire, Mitchell and his

officers only leaving her, as the flames burst out, to go on board the *Centurion*. The sole survivor of the squadron stood away from the burning vessel with a light breeze. Throughout the night the *Gloucester* continued burning, her guns exploding as the flames reached them. At six in the morning she blew up, a black pillar of smoke rising in the air and showing the spot where the Pacific engulfed her.

The *Centurion* tumbled on her solitary way, hardened indeed to disaster and death. Contrary winds blew her out of her course, she herself began to show signs of serious decay, and of her crew the best and strongest began to fall. No day passed on which they did not bury eight or ten, and sometimes fourteen, of their comrades. Complete destruction indeed appeared inevitable, either by the scurvy carrying off the whole of the *Centurion's* people, or the ship herself foundering for want of hands to work the pumps. Most happily, by the end of the month, the *Centurion* made the island of Tinian, one of the Marian group, east of the Phillipines, and about twelve miles long and six broad. Knowing that at Guam, another of the group, the Spaniards kept a body of troops, Anson mustered all the men who could stand to their arms, and loaded the upper and quarter-deck guns of the *Centurion* with grape shot. He showed Spanish colours too, hoping to make the inhabitants believe that the ship was the Manilla galleon, which was in the habit of putting in at Guam on her return to Manilla.

The deception succeeded, for a proa put off to the *Centurion*, and it was captured and taken in tow by her cutter. The proa contained a Spanish sergeant and four Indians, and from these prisoners the *Centurion* learned that there was on the island an abundance of fresh water, cattle, hogs, poultry, oranges, limes, lemons and bread fruit. The *Centurion* was saved from total loss by this discovery. Only a happy chance had enabled her to reach the island and refresh and preserve her crew. When she let her anchor go her people were

so weakened that they were five hours in furling their sails. She could now only muster, including the Indian and negro prisoners, seventy-one men who could stand to the guns, and most of these were incapable of duty, except on the greatest emergency. This was the total muster out of the united crews of the *Centurion*, the *Gloucester* and the *Trial*—three vessels which on leaving England carried altogether 1,000 hands.

The sick, numbering 128, were put ashore, Anson and the officers again assisting. On the first and second days twenty-one men were buried, but during the whole of the two months' stay at the island only ten more died, the change of air and food, especially to the acid fruits, restoring the sick to health. Here the *Centurion* was refitted to the best of the carpenters' ability, and Anson himself recovered from an attack of the scurvy which had made it necessary for him to be taken ashore to live in a tent.

True to her ill luck, the *Centurion*, with not a gun lashed, nor a port barred in, was driven out to sea by a gale which sprang up suddenly. Soon after midnight, in a storm of wind, rain, thunder and lightning, she parted from her anchors and drove out to sea, leaving Anson and 112 people on shore. Those on land believed that they would have no means of leaving the island, and those on board the *Centurion*, utterly unprepared for such a struggle with the wind and sea, expected every moment that the ship would founder. It was not until daybreak that Anson and his people knew of the disaster, for although Saumarez, who was on board, fired guns to let the Commodore know of his peril, still the booming was not heard, and the lightning prevented the flashes from being seen. For nineteen days the *Centurion* was kept away from the island, but the skill, resolution and ceaseless toil of every officer and man on board who could work preserved her.

Anson, when ashore, lost not a moment in repining. He set instantly to work to enlarge a small Spanish craft which they had seized on their arrival. This, as

she stood, would not hold more than one-fourth of the people. Anson himself was working on the vessel when the return of the *Centurion* was announced. On hearing the glad cry of "The ship! the ship!" and finding that the news was true, he threw down the axe, and for the first time since the *Centurion* drove to sea allowed his joy to break through the unruffled serenity which he had maintained in spite of all his woes.

On the evening of October 21 the *Centurion* left Tinian and steered for Macao, in China, this, the nearest port, being almost 2,000 miles away. She had a constant gale blowing right astern, the eastern monsoon being fairly settled; and a large hollow sea pursued her, causing her to labour heavily. A leak which the carpenters could not stop grew upon her, and the rigging, which had grown very rotten, was greatly damaged. But the old hulk lumbered over the water at the rate of from 120 to 150 miles a day, and her crew, being in good health, made light of their excessive labour at the pumps.

It was November 5, at midnight, when Anson first made the coast of China, and on the 12th the ship reached Macao, where, after an unparalleled cruise of two years, she got once more in touch with civilization, and by letters which were waiting for her renewed the link with home. At Macao she was thoroughly overhauled and reprovisioned, and on April 19 was once more at sea.

The Commodore had now a strengthened crew, for during his stay at Macao he had entered twenty-three men, mostly Lascars and Dutchmen. He gave out that he was bound for Batavia and thence to England. But his real design was to carry out that purpose on which he had been so long set—to intercept and take the Spanish treasure ship. Supposing that this year there would be two ships instead of one from Acapulco to Manilla—as he had prevented the sailing of the galleon from Mexico in the preceding season—he resolved to lie in wait for the ship, hoping to seize her at the end, instead of the

beginning, of her voyage. He knew that the odds were likely to be heavy against him. If there were two galleons they would each have 44 guns and 500 men, while the *Centurion* had a crew of only 227, of whom nearly 30 were boys; but Anson knew also that his men by this time were the toughest sailors in the world, and that, fired by thoughts of the possession of the treasure ships, no odds would be too great to deter or discourage them.

Anson paraded and harangued his crew, disposed of some of the fictions concerning the strength and thickness of the Spanish ships, through whose sides, it was asserted, no cannon ball could pass; and assured them that he would fall upon and fight them, and send his missiles through the sides of both. Rousing cheers told Anson that the crew were with him, and in perfect expectation of a triumph they awaited a meeting with one treasure ship or two. So thoroughly convinced of victory were they, that the butcher, on being asked one day by Anson if no sheep were left of a number he had brought from China, replied that there remained two, but that he was keeping them for the entertainment of the general of the galleons. Day after day Anson made his people ready for the long deferred and long expected fight. The ship they could handle perfectly—they had had the best of training that way; and they became as skilful with the guns and muskets.

On the last day of May the *Centurion* arrived off Cape Espiritu Santo, and took up her station. Anson kept well off the land, but despite this precaution he was seen, and an expedition was prepared to fall upon him. At the cost of the alarmed merchants, two ships of 32 guns each, one of 20 guns, and two 10-gun sloops were assembled to attack the *Centurion*. Some of the vessels actually got under weigh, but the chief ship was not ready, and the weather was against them. Worst of all, the governor and the merchants disagreed, and the enterprise, promising as it looked and successful as it should have been, was abandoned. The weather-

worn *Centurion* and her thinned crew went on watching. It is strange that she should have scared away a force that should have been strong enough to blow her out of the water. But by this time the achievement at Paita and the bottling up of the galleon in Acapulco harbour were known to the governor and merchants and people of Cape Espiritu Santo.

Just a month after gaining her station the *Centurion* got her prey. At sunrise a sail was seen from the masthead of the *Centurion*. Joy filled the whole of her people, who never doubted that this was one of the treasure ships, and that the other would come also. Anson instantly stood towards the stranger, and at half-past seven she was clearly seen from the deck of the *Centurion*. To the Commodore's astonishment the stranger, which by this time was seen to be the galleon, did not change her course or try to escape, but bore straight down for him. She knew the ship to be the *Centurion*, and was resolved to fight. At 7.30 the galleon fired a gun, and took in her topgallant sails. This was supposed to be a signal to hasten up her consort; "and therefore the *Centurion* fired a gun to leeward, to amuse her," a rare outburst of playfulness by the reverend historian. There was not however any consort. The other ship, which had been kept in Acapulco by Anson, instead of returning with the present galleon, as was expected, had sailed from Acapulco much earlier than usual, and was doubtless safe in Manilla before the *Centurion* took up her watching station. About noon Anson was little more than three miles from the galleon, and so held her that she had no chance of escaping.

Now that the hour of battle had come the Commodore made his final preparations. Thirty of his choicest men were stationed in the tops, and as he had not hands enough left to man each gun in the usual way he allotted only two to a gun on the lower tier; these were to be employed solely in loading the weapons. The rest of the crew were divided into sections of ten or a dozen

to run out and fire the guns as they were loaded by the pairs of men. In this way Anson could use all his guns, the sections being continually on the move, and was able to maintain a constant cannonade instead of firing broadsides. From this system he hoped to gain great benefit, as it was the custom of the Spaniards on seeing a broadside being prepared to lie on the decks and remain flat until the enemy's guns had been discharged. In the intervals between the broadsides they would spring to their feet and fire their own weapons, before again lying down to escape the answering shot. The incessant firing of the *Centurion's* guns made this practice impossible.

Squalls of wind and rain at noon hid the treasure ship from sight, but whenever the weather cleared she was found still lying to, resolutely waiting for the *Centurion.* She had hoisted her colours and was proudly flying the Spanish standard as a galleon of the King. At one o'clock the *Centurion*, being then within gunshot of the enemy, hoisted her broad pennant and colours, and as the Spaniards were seen throwing their cattle and lumber into the sea, Anson departed from his plan of not firing until within pistol shot, and ordered his chase guns to be discharged, to disturb the Spaniards and prevent them from finishing their work of clearing for action.

The galleon answered with two of her stern chasers. The *Centurion* got her spritsail-yard fore and aft to be ready for boarding, and again the Spaniards followed suit. They also, "in a bravado," rigged their spritsail-yard fore and aft. Soon afterwards the *Centurion* was abreast of the galleon, within pistol shot, and having cut off the galleon's retreat to the port of Jalapay, which was only twenty miles away, the fight began.

It was a short, sharp, merciless engagement. The great treasure ship, far larger than the *Centurion*, with 550 men on board and 36 guns mounted for action, besides 28 pedreroes in her gunwales, quarters and tops, each carrying a 4lb. ball, splendidly furnished in

every way for fight, had to lie at the mercy of her foe. Her colours were shot away at the beginning of the action, she narrowly escaped destruction from the burning of some nets and mats with which she had protected herself, and while her sides were pounded with the deliberately fired guns of the *Centurion*, her decks were swept by grape and musket balls from the marksmen in the English tops. The Spaniards, regardless of the officers, who could be seen rushing frantically about encouraging them, deserted their guns, and within two hours the royal standard was hauled down from the maintopgallant masthead, and the great treasure ship surrendered. Of her people 67 were killed and 84 wounded, while the *Centurion* lost only 2 men killed and a lieutenant and 16 wounded, of whom one only died.

Even in the very moment of triumph there was a repetition of her extraordinary ill fortune, for no sooner had the galleon struck than a lieutenant, going to congratulate Anson on the victory, whispered that the *Centurion* was on fire near the powder room. Unmoved, so far as outward signs went, the Commodore gave orders for the flames to be extinguished, and this was done. Escape by way of the prize would have been hopeless, for she was then entangled with her captor, and must have been destroyed by fire as well as the *Centurion* if the outbreak had not been subdued.

The galleon was the *Nuestra Signora de Cabadonga*, and was commanded by a distinguished Portuguese general. Anson appointed her to be a postship in the King's service, and gave the command of her to Saumarez. The prisoners he sent on board the *Centurion*, except a few who were kept to help to navigate the prize, with which he resolved to make all speed to Canton. The captured general's pride was stung to find that he had been beaten by a smaller ship, slenderly manned by a crew of whom he bitterly said that they were a handful of boys. All the prisoners except the officers and wounded were put in the *Centurion's* hold, and as they were two to one it was needful to take steps

to prevent any rising. Two hatchways were therefore left open, a square partition of thick planks being made in the shape of a funnel, seven or eight feet long, which enclosed each hatchway on the lower deck and reached to that directly over it on the upper deck. These funnels, while acting as ventilators, were too high to scale, but four swivel guns, loaded with musket bullets, were planted at the mouth of each, and a sentinel with lighted match stood ready to fire into the hold in case of disturbance. The prisoners were told that instant death would be the punishment for any violence or disturbance. Small arms were constantly kept loaded and handy, and while all the men went armed the officers slept in their clothes, with their arms ready for instant use. The Spanish officers, sixteen or seventeen, were all lodged in the First Lieutenant's cabin, under a guard of six men; the general, who was wounded, being in the Commodore's cabin, a sentry over him. On July 11 Anson reached Macao with his treasure and prisoners.

By this time the value of the galleon was known. She had on board 1,313,843 pieces of eight and 35,682 oz. of virgin silver. With the other prizes he had taken the *Centurion's* total treasure was not far short of £400,000, irrespective of the ships and merchandise which he had burnt or otherwise destroyed. In all, the total damage which Anson did to the enemy amounted to more than a million sterling.

From Macao the *Centurion* went to Canton, and thence returned to England by the Cape of Good Hope, anchoring on June 15 at Spithead, after a voyage of three years and nine months. To the very end she was in peril. On nearing England the Commodore learned from an English ship, bound for Philadelphia, that war had broken out with France. On landing he learned further that a French fleet was cruising in the chops of the Channel, and that the *Centurion*, concealed by a fog, had sailed quite through the hostile ships.

Three years after he returned to England Anson defeated a French squadron off Finisterre. It was a timely victory, and a grateful monarch raised him to the peerage. Time has dimmed the lustre of his triumph over Monsieur de la Jonquiére, but the years that have passed have not taken from the grandeur of that long struggle round the world in a stricken ship which might have been the *Flying Dutchman.*

Hawke's Battle in a Biscay Gale

AT the end of a short November day in 1759 Admiral Hawke remained the victor in one of the boldest and most decisive battles ever fought at sea. At daybreak, driving before a Biscay gale, his squadron saw and chased an enemy for whom he had been long watching. In the middle of the afternoon the enemy had sought refuge among the rocks and shallows of his native shores; by nightfall Hawke had entirely crushed him, in the sight of 10,000 French people who watched the action from the coast of Brittany, and had saved England from invasion. He had followed him into unknown dangers, without a pilot, ignorant of the perils of the lee shore to which he knew he was sailing, and had destroyed him before he could escape. This was a victory achieved over a treble enemy—ships, heavy seas, and a lee shore; and the triumph was the greater because it was won with ships worn by keeping the seas, and foul—they were not in those days coppered—and crews weakened by privation and want of proper sustenance. While blockading Brest Hawke had frequently to complain of the bad quality of the food and drink. To the officer at Plymouth, who was responsible for sending the liquor, he wrote, "The beer brewed at your port is so excessively bad that it employs the whole time of the squadron in surveying it and throwing it overboard. . . . A quantity of bread from the *Ramillies* will be returned to you by the *Elizabeth*, though not altogether unfit for use, yet so full of weavils and maggots that it would have infected

all the bread come on board this day." Bad food and drink, stormy weather and unseaworthy ships notwithstanding, Hawke kept on his station, vigilant and patient, waiting for the enemy to come, and ready, when he did appear, to fall upon and crush him. His country at a time of danger had put its perfect trust in him, and was soon to learn that the confidence had not been betrayed.

When, on May 13, 1759, Hawke hoisted his flag on taking command of the western squadron, the French had completed arrangements for invading England. Their troops were mustered, and more than 130 flat-bottomed boats, each 100 feet long, and capable of holding 400 men, were at Havre in readiness to transport them. Only the Brest and Toulon squadrons needed reuniting to command the Channel and cover the invaders' crossing. Rodney bombarded Havre in July, and destroyed both the town and the boats. Vice-Admiral Edward Boscawen in August chased and destroyed a large French squadron from Toulon, under Monsieur de la Clue, which was destined to join Conflans, the Commander-in-Chief; the object of the combined ships being to crush Hawke. Boscawen, with a much superior force, caught seven of the Toulon ships, burnt two and took three—all line-of-battle ships. The French loss was very heavy, amongst the dead being their admiral. The English loss was 57 killed and 198 wounded. For this service, which was of great value, Boscawen was made general of marines, with £2,000 a year. The three prizes, *Centaur*, *Téméraire* and *Modeste*, were added to the British Navy under the same names.

Hawke now watched for the ships from Brest, to destroy them also, and thus complete the blotting out of the enemy. For more than four months he kept the sea and maintained his blockade, running to port only when heavy gales forced him to take such refuge; but he did not cease his vigilance without feeling assured that the French could not take advantage of his absence. Writing to the Admiralty, he assured their lordships that

there was no foundation for alarm, because, "While the wind is fair for the enemy's coming out, it is also favourable for our keeping them in; and while we are obliged to keep off they cannot stir."

During all these weeks of watching he kept his squadron ready for action, using every effort to supply his crews with fresh provisions and beer and water, weeding out the incompetent medical officers and sending them about their business; and, in short, maintaining in his crews that vigour and vitality without which victory could not be gained.

Strong weather at the beginning of November forced Hawke to shelter twice in Torbay. There, on the 14th, he left the *Ramillies*, in which his flag had flown since May, and went into the *Royal George*. The *Ramillies* was his favourite old ship, and was abandoned now for the sufficient reason that she became "waterlogged whenever it blowed hard." The *Ramillies* had in 1756 carried the flag of the unfortunate Admiral Byng. She was lost, with nearly all her crew, on the Rame Head, in February, 1760. Falconer, the author of the *Shipwreck*, then a midshipman, was the only officer saved, with twenty-five men. It was Hawke who superseded Byng, and sent him home, under arrest, to undergo that court-martial whose sentence of death was carried out.

The great danger of sending the fleet to sea in winter and the stormy weather which prevailed was recognized at home, and gave rise to one of the most grotesque interviews between statesmen that have been put on record. The authority for it is anonymous, but contemporary, and is therefore worth consideration. The Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister in name, called on Pitt to discuss questions of sending the fleet to sea. Pitt, ill with the gout, was forced to receive callers in his bedroom, where no fire was burning. In the room were two beds, Pitt in one of them. When the Duke, shivering with cold, entered, he asked why there was no fire. Pitt told him he could not bear one. For some time the Duke, with his cloak wrapped tightly around

him, was seated by the invalid's bedside talking, and vehemently protesting that the fleet ought not to go to sea. But even the heat of the discourse could not keep him warm, and he asked for and obtained permission to get into the spare bed. From between the bedclothes the statesmen continued arguing for and against, the Duke asserting that the fleet would perish if it went, and Pitt determined that, perish or not, it should sail. In this absurd position the two illustrious persons were found by Sir Charles Frederick, who had hard work to restrain his merriment on seeing them. The support of Hawke's plans by the gouty minister resulted in the fleet going back to sea—not to perish, but to secure a brilliant and far-reaching victory.

Hawke put to sea on November 14. Three days later, being then off Ushant, he learned that the French, under Marshal de Conflans, who was one of the best men in their navy, were also at sea. Hawke and Conflans had sailed on the same day, the one from Torbay and the other from Brest. Concluding that the enemy's fleet had gone round to embark the troops, Hawke set off in pursuit. Gales blew him to the westward, and the adverse winds continued until the morning of the 20th, when the *Maidstone*, one of the two look-out frigates, signalled that she saw the foe. That was all the English admiral wanted. He had found the enemy; his only duty now was to crush him. His fleet consisted of twenty-three ships of the line; the French had twenty-one ships of the line.

Hawke's squadron was composed as follows :—

Ships.	Guns.	Men.
Royal George (*Sir Edward Hawke*)	100	880
Union	90	770
Duke	90	750
Namur	90	780
Mars	74	600
Warspite	74	600
Hercules	74	600
Torbay	74	700
Magnanime	74	700

Ships.	Guns.	Men.
Resolution	74	600
Hero	74	600
Swiftsure	70	520
Dorsetshire	70	520
Burford	70	520
Chichester	70	520
Temple	70	520
Revenge	64	480
Essex	64	480
Kingston	60	420
Intrepide	60	420
Montagu	60	420
Dunkirk	60	420
Defiance	60	420

Ten frigates.

The French force was as follows:—

Ships.	Guns.	Men.
Le Soleil Royal (*Conflans*)	80	1,200
Le Tonnant	80	1,000
Le Formidable	80	1,000
L'Orient	80	1,000
L'Intrepide	74	815
Le Glorieux	74	815
Le Thésée	74	815
L'Héros	74	815
Le Robuste	74	815
Le Magnifique	74	815
Le Juste	70	800
Le Superbe	70	800
Le Dauphin Royal	70	800
Le Dragon	64	750
Le Northumberland	64	750
Le Sphinx	64	750
Le Solitaire	64	750
Le Brilliant	64	750
L'Eveillé	64	750
Le Pizarre	64	750
L'Inflexible	64	

Three frigates, one smaller vessel.

It was at halfpast eight in the morning that the *Maidstone* made the signal for seeing a fleet, Belleisle then bearing E. by N. half N. about thirteen leagues. Hawke immediately "spread abroad the signal for the line abreast, in order to draw all the ships of the

squadron up with me." He had previously sent the *Magnanime*, Captain Lord Howe, ahead to make the land, and a little before ten she also signalled that she saw an enemy. On seeing that they were discovered the French made off, and Hawke ordered the seven ships nearest them to chase and draw into a line of battle ahead of him. The seven were to try and stop the French until the rest of the British squadron could come up. These remaining ships were also to form as they chased, so that in the pursuit no time should be lost.

Throughout the morning, with gales blowing from the north-west and west-north-west, bringing up a strong sea from the Atlantic, and with heavy squalls overtaking the ships, Hawke hurried after the flying enemy. The French, keeping close together, carried all the sail they could; Hawke too crowded after them with every foot of canvas that his squadron could bear. With such a wind, and under such a press of sail, the French drove through the sea; but Hawke went faster, and at halfpast two he was near enough to Conflans to begin the fight. By that time the English ships were to the southward of Belleisle, and the French admiral, being headmost, soon after led round the Cardinals, while his rear was in action.

The fight which followed was brief but destructive. By four o'clock the *Formidable*, a French 80, had struck; and very soon the *Thésée* and *Superbe* were sunk. The *Héros* struck at five o'clock. She came to an anchor, but as it was blowing hard no boat could be sent to her. "Night was now come," said Hawke in his modest dispatch, "and being on a part of the coast among islands and shoals of which we were totally ignorant, without a pilot, as was the greatest part of the squadron, and blowing hard on a lee shore, I made the signal to anchor, and came to in fifteen fathom water, the island of Dumet bearing E. by N. between two and three miles, the Cardinals W. half S., and the steeples of Crozie SE., as we found next morning."

The night proved disastrous to the victors as well as the vanquished. Guns of distress were heard, but Hawke did not know whether they were fired by friend or enemy, nor could he in any case give relief. The gale, the lee shore, and the ignorance of its dangers by the English made help by Hawke impossible. When the long dark night had passed and day had broken the havoc done by wind and wave was seen. The English ship *Resolution*, dismasted, was ashore on the Four; also the *Héros* and the *Soleil Royal*. Under cover of the night the *Héros* and the *Soleil Royal* had anchored among the English ships. The French flag-ship cut and tried to escape. Seeing her moving Hawke signalled to the *Essex* to slip and pursue her, but the *Soleil Royal*, like the *Resolution*, got upon the Four. Hawke, seeing their plight, sent them all the help he could, but only a few of the crews were saved. About forty of the *Resolution's* company made rafts, and in spite of their captain's strongest remonstrances put off. They drove out to sea and perished. The *Essex* herself was saved for the time, but a lieutenant and boat's crew belonging to her were driven on to the French coast. Several of the English ships, and seven or eight of the French, got out to sea on the night of the action, and so preserved themselves.

As soon as it was broad daylight on the 21st Hawke saw that seven or eight of the French ships were anchored between Point Peuris and the river Vilaine. He made the signal to weigh, in order to work up and attack them, but it blew so hard from the north-west that so far from daring to cast his squadron loose he had to strike topgallant masts. Most of the French ships, so shallow was the water, appeared to be aground at low water; but on the flood, by lightening them, and with the advantage of the wind under the land, all except two got into the Vilaine that night.

By the 22nd the weather had moderated enough to allow Hawke to send the *Portland*, 50; *Chatham*, 50; and *Vengeance*, frigate, to destroy the *Soleil Royal* and

Héros. The French however, on seeing the English approach, set their wrecked flagship on fire themselves, and very soon after the *Héros* was destroyed by the English. Meanwhile Hawke got under weigh and worked up within Point Peuris, not only because it was a safer road than where he lay, but also to destroy, if he could, the two ships of the enemy which had escaped and lay without the Vilaine. Before however his ships could reach the enemy they, being quite light, and with the flood tide, got into the river and safety.

Two days had now passed since the battle, but Hawke would not leave Quiberon Bay until his work was done. He had not yet, to his satisfaction, crushed the enemy. There were seven, if not eight, ships of the line in the river, half a mile up, having got there because they were quite light. Everything had been thrown overboard that burdened them, and only a couple of large frigates moored across the mouth of the river to protect it seemed to have guns in them. Hawke determined to try and destroy the enemy by sending fireships amongst them, and by evening he had twelve longboats fitted as fireships, ready under cover of the *Sapphire* and *Coventry*, frigates, to try to burn the Frenchmen. But the weather proved too strong to allow the effort to be made, and Hawke was forced to be content with what he had already done.

The British admiral had cause indeed to feel satisfied, for at a loss to himself of fifty seamen and marines and one lieutenant killed, and about 220 men wounded —not including the drowned—and two of his ships lost by wreck, he had taken, burnt, or run on shore six of the enemy's ships of the line, and driven seven to what proved the destruction of four of them. These seven, having thrown overboard their guns and stores, were hauled up through the mud of the river; but three only were saved, the other four breaking their backs by taking the ground at every tide. For more than a year the four survivors were bottled up in the river by British ships, a fleet of which remained in

Quiberon Bay. In January, 1761, they took advantage of a dark night, eluded the guardships whose duty it was to detect them, and escaped to Brest. The other ships, which had cut and got to sea, were made useless, for Hawke sent Keppel after them with a squadron which drove them to take refuge high up the river Charente, off Rochefort.

In such a battle, fought in a storm and upon a lee shore, and fought with great determination, some harrowing incidents were inevitable. There is nothing more distressing than the loss of the *Superbe*, one of the French 70's ; nothing more finely shows the noble spirit of the British seamen than their conduct when she sank. The *Royal George* poured her fire into the *Superbe* all at once, and repeating the broadside the Frenchman went down. "The *Royal George's* people gave a cheer, but it was a faint one," wrote a chaplain of one of the English ships who was present at the battle ; "the honest sailors were touched at the miserable state of so many hundreds of poor creatures." But upon the *Royal George* the surviving French ships fell in overwhelming force. She had to encounter seven ships, and seemed to be in the very centre of the enemy's rear. She was saved from destruction only by the confusion of the enemy and their inaccurate fire, for of many hundreds of shot directed at her only thirty or forty struck her.

Pitiful too was the case of the *Thésée*, of seventy-four guns. Believing, from a slight lull in the wind, that he could fight his lower deck guns, the captain opened the ports and tried the dangerous experiment. The *Thésée* had been engaged with the *Magnanime*, but was now fighting the *Torbay*, Howe having pushed on to seek a fresh opponent. A heavy squall struck the *Thésée* ; the sea rushed into the open ports, and the ship filled and went down so quickly that of her crew of 800 only twenty were saved by the British boats. These were picked up next morning from the topmasts of the wreck, which appeared above the water. The captain

had been warned by his pilot that the vessel was making a great deal of water owing to the ports being open; but piqued at being taught his duty he refused to have them shut, and the *Thésée* sank. The *Torbay* herself nearly foundered. Her lower deck guns also were being fired, Keppel having followed the Frenchman's example. The sea swept in through the ports, and the *Torbay* was only saved by the greatest exertion and skill of Keppel and his crew. Seeing the fate of the *Thésée* Keppel ordered the ports to be shut; but although he saved his ship a great deal of the *Torbay's* powder was spoiled, so that Keppel had to warn his men that they must not waste a shot.

Hawke after the victory continued to harass the enemy, but he could not destroy the ships which had taken refuge in the river. He sent Lord Howe ashore to effect an exchange of prisoners, as owing to the wreck of two of his ships some of his people had fallen into the hands of the French. He also sent Captain Ourry, of the *Actæon* frigate, to try and recover the guns of the *Soleil Royal*. Expecting this step the French had erected some batteries at Crozie to defend the guns. Ourry told them that if they fired on the men employed on the guns of the wrecked French flagship he would return the fire. The threat had no effect and the French opened fire. Ourry kept his word, and not only bombarded the batteries but also shelled Crozie and destroyed a great part of the place.

The Duke of Aiguillon, Commander-in-Chief of the French army, remonstrated to Hawke against these proceedings, but the admiral defended his captain with uncommon warmth, saying that the people of Crozie had themselves to blame for what had happened. The Duke had already received a letter from Hawke begging him to inquire for the lieutenant and boat's crew of the *Essex*, who had been driven ashore, and for the *Resolution's* men who had left the ship on a raft, so that they could be exchanged for the prisoners he had

taken in the *Formidable.* Howe had arranged everything satisfactorily, but when Hawke sent his prisoners on shore he was surprised to find that his own people were not delivered up in exchange. More than that, a fortnight had passed since the crew of the *Héros*, which had struck to Howe, had surrendered. Of this Hawke had complained to the Duke. Meanwhile Ourry had been sent on shore to recover the guns of the *Héros*; and the Duke now tried to make out that Ourry's conduct was his excuse for breaking the arrangement about the exchange of prisoners.

Hawke's reply, dated *Royal George*, December 12, 1759, was, for him, exceptionally severe. After fully defending and approving Ourry's action, he said, "I need only have recourse to my letter to your Grace of the 29th November by Lord Howe with regard to the *Héros*. My words are, 'I therefore claim these officers and men prisoners, and expect from your Grace's known honour that they will be delivered up to me.' The hull and guns were not mentioned; for the first I had set on fire, and the second I look on as in my own power to recover. . . . Every article I have strictly observed; exchanged seamen, released officers, soldiers and militia, on the terms of the cartel, and sent the Gardes Marines on shore on parole. . . . I can only further assure your Grace that had a captain of a British man-of-war under my command begged quarter and surrendered to the French, and afterwards run away with his ship, in open breach of the rules of war, I would have immediately delivered up the ship with the commander to have been treated as the forfeiture of his honour deserved. The same I should have expected from the Duc d'Aiguillon if I did not consider him the subject of a state in which the will of the monarch constitutes right and wrong. . . . By the bounty of the King British seamen are entitled to everything surrendered by, and taken from, an enemy in war. In their names and for their benefit I shall endeavour to recover the *Héros*' guns, as also those of

the *Soleil Royal*, which was deserted and left to our mercy. The delivery of the officers and men is all that depends at present on the honour of your Court; the artillery are within our reach. Our endeavours to take them away being justifiable, I was in hopes would not have been interrupted; but since your Grace and the Marquis de Broc have thought fit to fire on my ships, I shall take as severe a revenge as I can as soon as I can receive supplies from Britain.

"For I came out near eight months ago only furnished with orders to decide the fate of the two nations with M. de Conflans on the open sea; but when we met, as he did not choose to stay for me, he has thereby changed the nature of my military operations and reduced me to the necessity—entirely repugnant to my natural disposition—of sending fire and sword into the country from whence your Grace, with forty battalions under your command, by the authenticated instructions of Marshal Belleisle, was to have spread the most dreadful calamities of war in Great Britain or Ireland. . . ."

The Duke refused to comply with Hawke's request, although the victor's theory in 1759 was that a ship, by striking her flag, surrendered, "rescue or no rescue." It is however now recognized that a ship placed in the position of the *Héros* has a right to escape if she can.[1] The sending ashore of prisoners by Hawke was referred to in a letter written by him on December 2 to the Admiralty, in which he said, "As the number of men, much wounded on board the *Formidable*, was very great and very nauseous, I desired the Duc d'Aiguillon would send vessels to take them on shore. . . . The wounded were sent for. He also sent an officer to desire that I would send on shore five companies of the regiment of Saintogne and 140 militia on the terms of the cartel. . . . As only about 140 of the French soldiers survive, I consented that they should go on shore on parole given."

[1] Professor Laughton.

No man fought on the 20th with greater courage than the admiral. The master of the *Royal George*, believing that she was approaching a shoal upon which she would be wrecked, remonstrated with Hawke upon his order to lay the ship alongside that of the French admiral. "You have done your duty," Hawke replied, "in showing the danger. You are now to comply with my order, and lay me alongside the *Soleil Royal*."

It was not until January 17, 1760, that Hawke and his triumphant fleet returned to England, where already the nation had almost gone mad with joy at the victory. "Others had conquered; Hawke had saved." He did not however return until he had begged, on the ground of ill health, to be relieved. That was on December 16, when he had been on board ship for thirty-one weeks, without setting foot on shore. Hawke had sent his captain, Campbell, to England with the tidings of victory. The officer was received with deep satisfaction by the King, who ordered him a present of £500 with which to buy a sword. As for the nation, it showed its jubilation in bonfires, illuminations and an outburst of wild enthusiasm. On the 21st Hawke was received at Court by the King, who met him as he entered the room, and thanked him for the services he had rendered his country. A week later he received the thanks of Parliament and a grant of £2,000 a year was made to him. It was not however until 1776 that Hawke, who was probably no special favourite because of his outspoken criticisms of the Admiralty's methods, was made a baron. When this honour was given to him he chose the thoroughly appropriate motto to his arms of "Strike." Many letters of congratulation were sent to him, none more simple and touching than one which has been preserved in the Hawke Papers. This was a child's scrawl, first written in pencil, then traced in ink.

"SIR EDWARD HAWKE,—I hear you have beat the French when they were coming to kill us, and that one

of your captains twisted a French ship round till it sunk. I wish you was come home, for I intend to go to sea if you will take me with you.

"I am Lord Granby's second son,
"CHARLES MANNERS."

It is curious, observes Captain Montagu Burrows, R.N., in his life of Hawke, that this charming letter should be signed by "Charles" Manners, who was the eldest son, and became Duke of Rutland. "The second son of the famous Lord Granby was Robert, who went to sea, and was killed in Rodney's action in April, 1782. He must have been the writer. The monument to Lord Robert and his comrades in Westminster Abbey is familiar to all Englishmen."

Poets too of varied power celebrated the victory. Of their achievements none is better remembered than the clever doggerel which was penned in reference to the return, after the victory, to the old system of neglect and bad food and drink :—

Ere Hawke did bang
Monsieur Conflans,
You sent us beef and beer;
Now Monsieur's beat
We've nought to eat,
Since you have nought to fear.

At the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, a song was sung by a vocalist in the character of a recruiting sergeant, containing the verse :—

Though Conflans did boast he'd conquer our coast,
Our thunder soon made Monsieur mute;
Brave Hawke winged his way, then pounced on his prey,
And gave him an English salute.

On board the *Royal George* herself a capital ballad was penned in which the writer, who knew his subject, declared that

Conflans crowded sail, but it would not avail,
His ship she lies blazing on shore;

The Marshal's undone, and the proud *Royal Sun*
Is set, not to rise any more.

Another writer, under the heading "Neptune's Resignation," said :—

Appal'd, they view Britannia's sons,
Deal death and slaughter from their guns,
And strike the deadly blow!
Which caused ill-fated Gallic slaves,
To find a tomb in briny waves,
And sink to shades below.

Another effort, supposed to be "sung in character of a French sea officer," contained the verse :—

But now we must tell you, wit much complaisance,
We intended to pay you von visit from France ;
And if Monsieur Hawke would have let us come over,
In our flat-bottom'd boats we'd have landed at Dover.

The effusions are not splendid, but they represent the joy and satisfaction of the nation as a result of the victory which Hawke had won.

The battle of Quiberon Bay remains one of our most brilliant victories. As a fight nothing has excelled it, not only because of the courage and skill of its direction, but also the exceptionally adverse conditions under which Hawke secured his victory. But the battle did more than cover Hawke with personal glory and give him that social and pecuniary advantage which his proud and honest nature had at all times kept him from seeking ; it crushed and disposed of an entire French fleet, with 18,000 troops and all the means they had at their command to help them in invading England. It crippled the public credit of the French nation, and compelled the stoppage of interest on a dozen branches of the National Debt ; even the ordinary needs of Government were met by private benevolence in the form of gifts of plate and money. It was, for its day, a victory as decisive as Trafalgar, and the greatest triumph which the British Fleet had won since the defeat of the Armada.

Breaking the Line

WHEN the *Centurion* returned to England, the sole survivor of the squadron which had sailed under Anson in 1740, she became the home of a man who was to make a memorable departure from the hard and fast methods of naval warfare—the breaking of the line of battle. In the '45, when the Pretender was making his hopeless struggle for the Crown, George Brydges Rodney, then a captain, was appointed to the *Centurion*. In that ship he cruised in the North Sea for two years, and commanded on that station while the Pretender was in Edinburgh, until the arrival of Admiral Byng. For the many important services he performed at this time Rodney was given the command of the *Eagle*, sixty-four guns. She justified her name, and was to enable Rodney to confirm the opinion which was held of him, and give him the chance of proving that he was one of his country's ablest captains. On June 20, 1747, a small squadron, six ships of war, including the *Eagle*, intercepted the homeward bound French West India fleet, of 170 sail, off Cape Ortugal, under convoy of four French ships of war.

The French men-of-war could not be brought to action, the British ships were foul and sickly by a long cruise and could not chase, so that when the French warships, without making signal either by gun or light, escaped in the darkness, and left the convoy to its fate, Rodney was unable to follow. Several of the merchantmen however were taken; others escaped in thick weather. The *Advice*, Captain Haddock, being a clean

ship, took eight, and by July 2 the *Gloucester*, the *Falcon* and the *Eagle* had captured and taken into port a dozen more. In all forty-eight of the convoy were seized, representing 16,000 tons, and with crews numbering about 1,200. The prizes were laden with sugar, indigo, cotton, coffee and hides.

Soon afterwards the *Eagle* joined the squadron under Hawke, and in October of the same year took part in a severe action with the French off Finisterre, seven months after Anson had scored his success in the same region. Hawke's squadron of fourteen ships was to destroy a fleet of merchantmen lying in Basque Roads, under the protection of nine ships of the line and many frigates ; but when Hawke arrived the convoy had sailed. Early on the morning of the 14th the squadrons sighted each other. Monsieur de l'Etendrière, the French commodore, believing that the English ships were part of his own convoy, had edged up to them ; but on discovering his error he ordered the merchant ships and transports to escape, while he drew his ships into a line ahead to meet the enemy. Seeing that the Frenchman's purpose was to cover the escape of his convoy to windward, Hawke hauled down his signal for a line of battle and made another for a general chase. A well fought action was the result. In the heat of it, seeing that the *Eagle* and the *Edinburgh* were much damaged, Hawke bore down to their support, and attacked and took the *Trident*, sixty-four guns, and then the *Terrible*, seventy-four.

Rodney, having forced the French ships with which he was engaged to surrender, went on board and received the sword of the French captain, who remarked that he would rather have met the *Eagle* in the shape of a dove, with the olive branch of peace. Rodney replied, in the words of his motto, "Eagles do not beget doves," and in 1780, when he was created a knight of the Bath, the incident was made the insignia of his arms.

The fight ended in the capture of six of the French ships of war and many of the convoy. The French loss

was about 800 in killed and wounded, and the English, out of crews numbering 6,000, had 154 killed—amongst them the gallant Philip Saumarez, who had sailed with Anson—and 558 wounded.

When Rodney returned to England the *Eagle* was paid off. He was presented by Anson to the King, who said he did not imagine that he had so young a captain in his navy, whereupon Anson replied, "Sire, young Rodney has been six years a captain in Your Majesty's navy, and without reflection I wish, most heartily wish, Your Majesty had one hundred more such captains, to the terror of Your Majesty's enemies." To this the King replied, "We wish so too, my lord."

In 1761 Rodney, rear-admiral, hoisted his flag on board the *Marlborough*, having been appointed commander-in-chief at Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, the beginning of that long connexion with the West Indies which was to bring him his greatest honours. A strange incident in connexion with the *Marlborough* is recorded. When the Duke of York visited Rodney at Portsmouth, "a common sailor got upon the top of the vane of the mainmast, and stood upon his head, waving his hat with his foot several times round, to the admiration of His Royal Highness, who made the performer a handsome present for his extraordinary dexterity."

The year 1780 was one of hard work, brilliant success and bitter disappointment for Rodney. On January 16 he scored a victory which had much of a resemblance to the triumph won by Hawke in 1759 in Quiberon Bay. On his way to the West Indies Rodney was to relieve Gibraltar, which was then closely blockaded by the Spaniards. With twenty-one sail of the line, frigates and about 300 store ships, he sailed from Plymouth Sound on December 29, 1779. On January 16, when south of St. Vincent, he saw a Spanish squadron, under Don Juan de Langara, going towards Cadiz. A fresh westerly gale was blowing, and this by night had developed into a storm. Of the eleven ships of the line which formed Langara's squadron two were almost out

of sight, so that Rodney's force was overwhelmingly superior. He gave chase, meaning to get between the enemy and the land, and engage them as they came up.

Through the tempestuous darkness Rodney fought the Spaniards, and when the battle was over only two of the Spanish ships had escaped. Six were captured, amongst them Langara's flagship, and one was blown up. This was the *San Domingo*, a seventy-gun ship. She exploded at about 9 p.m., and her crew perished with her to a man. Only one was picked up, and he was so badly wounded that he died. The odds were greatly in favour of Rodney, but he had not hesitated to fight in a storm and on a lee shore; and by his promptness and courage he relieved Gibraltar and so carried out his orders. In addition to the *San Domingo* catastrophe the battle was marked by another unusual circumstance. The *Bienfaisent*, Captain Macbride, captured the *Phœnix*. The smallpox was raging on board his own ship, and anxious that the disease should not be communicated to the Spaniards, he wrote to the Spanish admiral saying that in the circumstances he would not remove the prisoners from the *Phœnix*, but would expect the Spanish officers to consider themselves prisoners of war on their word of honour. The terms were rigidly fulfilled.

A very brief visit to England, where the victory caused great rejoicing, and Rodney was again off to the West Indies. In 1780—April 17—he fought the celebrated action off Martinique with the French under Count de Guichen. His force was twenty ships of the line, with frigates, etc., and the French had twenty-three sail of the line, with five frigates, etc. The action was severe, Rodney's loss being 120 killed and 362 wounded, and the French 158 killed and 820 wounded; but it was indecisive, and led to much bitter criticism. One captain of a ship of the line, who had kept aloof, admitted that both he and a great majority of the captains deserved to be shot; and so "open, scandalous, and disgraceful was the defection of the British fleet, as to bring tears

of indignation from officers on board the frigates, as they viewed the action." So wrote Major-General Mundy, Rodney's biographer, but it was not so bad as that. The general also ungenerously said that it might be worthy of remark that the two principal delinquents, Captains Carkett and Bateman, "had both risen from the humbler classes of life"—a suggested explanation of their defection which was entirely unwarranted by reason of their previous gallantry in battle. Their conduct was the result of an error of judgment, and not of cowardice. The *Sandwich*, whose tremendous fire in an unsupported condition was the admiration of the fleet, suffered heavily, having nearly seventy of her crew killed and wounded. During nearly the whole of the battle a woman who was on board fought a twenty-four pounder gun, and afterwards attended to the wounded men throughout the night.

The long hard years which he had spent at sea had fitted Rodney for the crowning triumph of his life—the meeting with and overcoming de Grasse, and the making of that great departure from the hide-bound system of fighting which had held the finest of the admirals in thraldom.

Of this historic fight a clear and spirited account was written by Gilbert Blane, Rodney's physician. Blane, born in Scotland, in 1749, died in London in 1834, being then a baronet. Soon after moving to the capital he became private physician to Rodney, whom he accompanied to the West Indies. He was present during the fight of April 12, and sent an account of it to Lord Dalrymple, British Minister at the Court of Warsaw. A printed copy of the letter, with Blane's autograph at the end, is in the British Museum, and it is on this and another narrative by Blane, as well as on Rodney's own letters, that the succeeding account of the action is based.

On the morning of April 8, the frigates, which were so stationed as to have a view of the two hostile fleets, signalled that the enemy was getting out. The policy

of the French commander-in-chief was not on any account to hazard a battle, the sole object of the expedition being to join a large Spanish sea and land force then waiting at Cape François, in order to proceed against Jamaica with their united armament, which amounted to nearly fifty ships of the line and 20,000 land troops. In two hours Rodney's whole fleet had their anchors up, and pursued the French so closely that by daylight next morning they were within two or three gunshots of them, at the north end of Dominique. The French had gained the advantage in getting the weather-guage, having hauled up and formed their line between Dominique and Guadaloupe. But as the whole hopes of the campaign and the preservation of the West Indies depended on Rodney attacking and defeating the French before they could join the Spanish armament at St. Domingo in its operations against Jamaica, he did not hesitate to give them battle.

Firing began between nine and ten on the morning of the 9th, and continued until one. The French, having the advantage of the wind, could not be brought to close action, and would not hazard a general battle. The cannonade continued throughout the day, the entire weight of it falling upon the van, since the rear, and nearly half the centre, were so becalmed under the high land of Dominique that they could not get into battle. During that day the French missed a great opportunity, for, having the wind, they had the power not only to force a general action, but by reason of the calm could have brought the whole of their force to bear against that half of his fleet which Rodney alone had available, the other half being helpless in the calm.

Rodney spent the 10th and 11th in trying to get to windward of the enemy; but his efforts were in vain until an accident favoured him. One of their ships, the *Zélé*, having lost her bowsprit during the night by running foul of the *Ville de Paris*, was unable to keep up with the rest of her fleet. De Grasse, in order to protect the *Zélé* and prevent her from falling into the

"A steady ship to ship action."

hands of the enemy, had to lose ground during the whole of the 11th with his entire fleet, and on the 12th Rodney had got to windward of a great part of the French line, and was now able to bring his antagonist to as close action as he pleased. He formed his line with great quickness, his officers having during the last two years' practice on the station acquired the utmost experience in naval evolutions; led directly to the enemy as close to the wind as he could haul, and the fight began at halfpast seven. The French ships first opened fire on Rodney's headmost ships. Rodney threw out his signal for close battle, "and the business of the day began."

Then followed one of the most regular sea fights on record, a steady ship to ship action in which the men on both sides had their share, a general engagement in which the burden was borne equally, and not by a few of the combatants only. The fight opened steadily, but soon developed until there was "one peal of thunder and blaze of fire from one end of the line to the other."

About half an hour before the battle opened Rodney, Sir Charles Douglas, captain of the fleet, Captain Simmons, commander of the ship, Lord Cranston, Blane and one or two more officers were at breakfast in the cabin of the *Formidable*, when the question of breaking the line arose, and the admiral determined to put in practice the theory which he had more than once explained. At a dinner at Lord George Germaine's house at Stoneland, some time before, Rodney arranged a number of cherry stones, which he had collected from the table, and forming them as two fleets, drawn up and opposed to each other, declared that he was determined so to pierce the enemy's line of battle, arranging his manœuvre at the same time on the table, if ever it was his fortune to bring them to action. The admiral concluded his demonstration by swearing that he would lay the French admiral's flag before the King. In the cabin of the *Formidable* now, over breakfast, he resolved to take that step which enabled him to carry out his pledge in every way.

Douglas was averse to the manœuvre, and told Rodney so; but the chief, true to that lofty isolation which he had expressed in vowing that he alone would be the head of things—"I will be admiral"—made no reply to the captain except that his counsel was not called for. He required obedience only—he did not want advice.

At the beginning of the action the English van, and all the ships ahead of Rodney's division, ran along the enemy's line to leeward of it, on different tacks, till the *Formidable*, after running close along, and taking and returning the fire of sixteen of them, broke the French line by bursting through it, going within short pistol shot of the last enemy's ship which the *Formidable* had passed. This was the famous and decisive act which gave the victory to Rodney; for no sooner had the smoke of the guns cleared than the enemy were seen to be separated, routed and in flight. One of the ships had been so roughly handled by the *Formidable* that every mast and the bowsprit were gone, and she lay on the deep an abandoned and unmanageable hulk.

This breaking of the line and deciding the action took place just before nine o'clock, about an hour and a half after the battle began. The operation has been marked by a famous story. While it was in progress Douglas noticed that the *Glorieux* was making a noble defence. Douglas had already shown a pious strain in going to Rodney and informing him that God had given him his enemy on the lee bow; he now exclaimed, "Behold, Sir George, the Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus!" Rodney, pacing the deck anxiously and in agitation, for one ship had failed to carry out the vital evolution, was in no mood for classical similes. "Damn the Greeks and damn the Trojans!" he snapped. "I have other things to think of!" But a few minutes later, when the supporting ship had led through the French in gallant fashion, he relented, and turning to Douglas with a smile of joy he said, "Now, my dear friend, I am at the service of your Greeks and

Trojans, and the whole of Homer's *Iliad*, or as much of it as you please; for the enemy is in confusion, and our victory is secure."

Rodney now signalled for the van to tack and gain the wind of the enemy; and this was done, so that the Frenchmen had no chance to recover. During the rest of the day the action was partial and desultory, the enemy never being able to form, and several of his ships being forced to leave the battle and repair their damage.

It was now a case of crushing the enemy and making the victory complete. The signal for the line was hauled down, each ship being left at liberty to annoy the enemy as her captain thought fit. Ship after ship struck to the victors, and at sunset the Count de Grasse, in the *Ville de Paris*, and four other ships of the line had surrendered. By this time the greatest interval of firing in some part of the fleet or other was seven minutes. The victory had indeed been won when the *Formidable* had broken the enemy's line; but the effect of it was not complete, in the opinion of the English, until the *Ville de Paris* had struck her colours.

On the surrender of the French flagship Rodney sent Lord Cranston, one of the captains of the *Formidable*, to beg de Grasse to remain there if he pleased; but he went on board the *Formidable* next morning voluntarily, and remained there two days, during which time Blane talked with him a good deal, and learned that the Count imputed his misfortune not to the inferiority of his force, but to the base desertion of his officers in the other ships, to whom he made the signal to rally, and "even hailed them to abide by him." The fleet remained near the scene of action until the 17th because of calms, the work of repairing, the encumbrance of the prizes, and the knowledge that a Spanish fleet was to leeward; but on the 17th Rear-Admiral Samuel Hood, Rodney's second in command, was sent ahead with his division, and on the 22nd rejoined with the *Jason* and *Caton*, French 64's, a frigate and a sloop

of war, which he had taken on the 20th. The French ships captured or destroyed therefore in all were—

La Ville de Paris, 106 guns,[1] the finest national trophy ever won at sea.
Le Glorieux, 74 guns, "a prime ship, and the fastest sailer in the French navy."
Le César, 74 guns.
L'Ardent, 64; retaken, "the only British ship of the line lost to the enemy this war."
Le Hector, 74.
Le Caton, 64.
Le Jason, 64.
L'Aimable, 64.
La Cérès, 64.

The prizes were so much disabled that all but one had to be taken in tow by the British men-of-war to Jamaica.

The victory had been won at the following cost to the British—a cost which shows how equally the ships engaged. The table is from Mundy's *Life of Rodney*. Blane says the total was 261 killed and 837 wounded.

Ships.	Guns.	Men.	Killed.	Wounded.
Royal Oak	74	600	8	30
Alfred	74	600	10	42
Montague	74	600	12	31
Yarmouth	64	500	14	33
Valiant	74	650	10	28
Barfleur	90	765	10	27
Monarch	74	600	16	33
Warrior	74	600	5	21
Belliqueux	64	500	4	10
Centaur	74	650	uncertain.	
Magnificent	74	650	6	11
Prince William	64	500	0	0
Bedford	74	617	0	17
Ajax	74	550	9	10
Repulse	64	500	4	11
Canada	74	600	2	23
St. Albans	64	500	0	61
Namur	90	750	6	23

[1] The chapel bell of the *Ville de Paris* is preserved in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution.

Ships.	Guns.	Men.	Killed.	Wounded.
Formidable	90	750	15	39
Duke	90	750	13	61
Agamemnon	64	500	15	22
Resolution	74	600	5	34
Prothée	64	500	5	25
Hercules	74	600	7	19
America	64	500	1	1
Russell	74	600	10	29
Prudent	not in the action.			
Fame	74	550	3	12
Anson	64	—	3	13
Torbay	74	600	10	25
Prince George	90	750	9	24
Princessa	70	600	3	22
Conqueror	74	577	7	23
Nonsuch	64	500	3	3
Alcide	74	600	not stated.	
Arrogant	74	600	0	0
Marlborough	74	600	3	16

Rodney's ships exceeded those of the French by three in number, but if the comparative forces were estimated by the weight of metal the superiority was on their side. Douglas computed that the sum total of the weight of the shot of one broadside of the whole French fleet exceeded the British by 4,936lb. The total number of men in Rodney's fleet on April 12 was 21,368.

Heavy as the British loss was it was far less than that of the French. Rodney said he had reason to believe that the enemy had lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, at least 15,000 men. Of these the British had taken 7,980. According to Beatson the number of the killed and wounded was 3,000, for the French ships were crowded with sailors and troops—5,500 of the latter being distributed amongst the ships of the line.

The casualities of battle had been heavy, but the worst results of the action were to come. The carnage on the prizes was terrible, and the captured ships were infinitely worse damaged than Rodney's own. The *Ville de Paris* had nearly 300 men killed and wounded of the 1,300 she carried ; innumerable shot had entered her sides, and she had neither mast nor sail left that was

serviceable. The *Glorieux*, commanded by Viscount d'Escars, a man as famous for his courage as for his intense hatred of the British name and nation, was a scene of horror. Her decks were covered with the killed, who had fallen in such great numbers that the survivors had not been able to throw the corpses overboard; and the dead were mingled with the dying and helpless. D'Escars, killed by a cannon ball, was succeeded by an officer who was so fiercely resolved not to surrender that when there was nothing else on which a flag would fly he hoisted the colours on the stump of the mainmast. Two of the French frigates tried to tow her off, an attempt which caused Douglas to make his remark to Rodney that this was to be the contest for the body of Patroclus. The enemy was now in flight, the *Glorieux* was helpless, the frigates abandoned her, and she remained with Rodney as the first pledge of victory. On boarding the prize the English officers were shown the stains of the blood on the gunwale where the body of the valiant d'Escars had been thrown overboard.

The fate of the *Cæsar* was terrible. She was the first of the prizes to be lost. Soon after dark on the night of the battle she burst into flames. A man—stated variously to be an English marine and a French sailor—who had gone below, carrying a lighted candle, in search of liquor, set fire to a cask of spirits. The outbreak spread so rapidly that nothing could subdue it, and the fire having reached the powder magazine the ship blew up. The French captain, who had been severely wounded, the English officer who boarded her, and the greater part of the prisoners and prize crew, perished with her. Some saved themselves before the explosion; others who survived it and clung to parts of the wreck were either drowned or burnt, or were torn from their hold by the sharks which always swarmed in those seas after a battle, and "were not yet glutted with the carnage of the preceding day."

Rodney himself, writing to his wife on April 13, the

day after the victory, said, "The battle began at seven in the morning, and continued till sunset, nearly eleven hours; and by persons appointed to observe, there never was seven minutes' respite during the engagement, which I believe was the severest that ever was fought at sea, and the most glorious for England. . . . Comte de Grasse, who is at this moment sitting in my stern gallery, tells me that he thought his fleet superior to mine and does so still, though I had two more in number; and I am of his opinion, as his was composed all of large ships, and ten of mine only sixty-fours. . . . I have had no sleep these four nights, and am at this moment looking out for their shattered fleet, though mine has suffered not a little. It is odd, but within two little years I have taken two Spanish, one French and one Dutch admiral. Providence does it all, or how should I escape the shot of thirty-three sail of the line, every one of which, I believe, attacked me? But the *Formidable* proved herself worthy of her name."

The wounded officers included Lord Robert Manners, captain of the *Resolution*, who lost his leg and had an arm broken. He was sent to England in the frigate which carried despatches, but died on the passage from his wounds. He was then only twenty-four years old. This young nobleman was the writer of the letter to Hawke which has been already mentioned.

No time was lost in sending the ships and prisoners to England under convoy, but few of either ever reached our shores. There was to be an appalling finish to the work which the British ships had begun in the West Indies. Unavoidable delays prevented the convoy and prizes from putting to sea, and when they left they encountered such stormy weather that the convoy was dispersed and most of the prizes were lost. Six of the prizes—the *Ville de Paris*, *Glorieux*, *Hector*, *Ardent*, *Jason*, and *Caton* were sent under convoy of the *Ramillies* (Rear-Admiral Graves), *Canada*, *Centaur* and *Pallas*. Only the *Canada* and *Jason* reached England; the *Ardent* put back, the *Caton* was forced to make for

Halifax, the *Ville de Paris*, *Ramillies*, *Centaur*, *Glorieux* and *Hector* perished, and the *Pallas* was run ashore at Fyal. The loss of seamen, wounded and prisoners on the warships, as well as the sailors and passengers in the merchant ships which accompanied them, and of which many foundered, was so great that it could safely be computed at 3,500.

Graves sailed from Port Royal on August 10, having taken over the command from Rodney, who had left for England. The King's ships in general were short-handed and in bad condition, and the prizes were by no means in a state to enable them to cross the Atlantic at a stormy season of the year. The *Ardent* was in such a wretched condition that she was ordered back to Port Royal; the *Jason* could not join the convoy, and the *Hector* on August 26 and 27 lost company. The rest of the ships proceeded with the convoy, which after some of the vessels bound for New York had separated generally consisted of ninety-two or ninety-three sail. On September 8 the *Caton* sprang a leak and made the signal of distress. She with the *Pallas*, which was also very leaky, were ordered to Halifax, then about 250 miles distant.

The disastrous gale rose on the afternoon of the 16th. By three o'clock next morning it was raging with hurricane force, with a deluge of rain. The *Ramillies* was pooped by an enormous sea and reduced to a wreck. The admiral's cabin was flooded, and he pulled on his boots half leg deep in water. Huddling on his clothes he hastened on deck, and a couple of lieutenants were sent below to ascertain what mischief was done. It was found that the beams opened to the sea, and that the old oakum was washed out, and only by the fiercest work at the pumps was the flagship kept afloat throughout the night—a night so terrible that the seamen could not face the wind, and had to shelter behind the bulwarks and elsewhere. When morning broke signals of distress were flying everywhere; the sea was strewn with wrecks to which men and women

clung, struggling for life, and crying for the help which it was impossible to give. Just under the lee of the *Ramillies* the *Dutton*, formerly an East Indiaman, but now a storeship in the Navy, foundered, waterlogged and helpless, carrying most of her people with her. Of the fleet of more than ninety which were present on the previous day, not more than twenty remained, and these were in a helpless state. Three or four of the merchant ships had foundered, the *Canada* was badly damaged and the *Centaur* was mastless and rudderless. The *Glorieux* was without foremast, bowsprit and maintopmast, but her English captain, when hailed by a merchantman, stoutly answered that he wanted no help. The *Ville de Paris*, which had on board two captains—Wilkinson, her own, and Graham, a passenger—did not appear to be damaged, perhaps because Wilkinson knew better than most of the officers how to battle with the storm, for he had made twenty-four voyages to and from the West Indies.

The *Ramillies* at ten o'clock had six feet of water in her hold, and the water gained upon the crew, although the pumps and all the buckets were employed, and officer as well as man was working. Guns and stores were thrown overboard to ease the ship, but nothing could save her, and on the 21st she was such a hopeless wreck, and her people so utterly exhausted, that she was abandoned. Not a warship was in company to give assistance, and only about nineteen of the convoy. The *Ramillies'* crew were distributed amongst the merchant ships, with as many of the provisions as could be saved. The admiral left her at two o'clock. By four she was completely abandoned, having then fifteen feet of water in the hold. A boat's crew fired the ship, the powder having been piled very high in the after magazine to keep it dry. The ship burned fiercely, and in thirty-five minutes blew up and sank.

The admiral embarked on board the *Belle*, Captain William Forster, which had been the first vessel to bear down on seeing the flagship in distress. Although

practically under bare poles she got through the water at six knots an hour; but even then her motion was so excessive that the men could scarcely stand at their work, and could not keep their legs without something to hold by. Repose, either in lying or sitting, was impossible; no meat could be dressed, everything was awash, and people dropped from sheer fatigue; yet the discipline was exemplary, and on reaching England the admiral lost no time in publicly stating his appreciation of this conduct and that of other crews in the fleet. The officers, who were distributed with the crew of the *Ramillies* amongst the different vessels, had orders to deliver the men to the first of the King's ships or vessels they met, to make known to the Admiralty at the earliest moment the proceedings of the convoy; and a pennant was hoisted upon the *Belle* to distinguish her as the admiral's ship.

The *Canada*, which was very much disabled in the storm of the 17th, and had separated on the following day from the fleet, reached England on October 4, and made known the results of the disaster. A few days later some of the convoy reached Plymouth, some put into Falmouth, and the *Jason* entered the Bristol Channel. Several of the convoy, with part of the crew of the *Ramillies* on board, were captured by the enemy's privateers, two being taken in sight of the *Belle*, but she was lucky enough to reach Cork on October 10, with the admiral and thirty-three of his men. Finding the *Myrmidon* frigate there, Graves rehoisted his flag in her and sailed for Plymouth, where, arriving on October 17, he found about two dozen of his convoy.

Meanwhile the other King's ships and prizes had fared terribly. The *Centaur* was thrown on her beam-ends in the night. Some of her guns broke loose and maimed several men; the shot, hurled from the lockers, destroyed everything movable; the officers, who had jumped out of bed on finding that their ship had overset, could get no clothes to put on, and they had to shiver in the hurricane. Early in the morning the

Centaur saw the *Ville de Paris* ahead. She fired a forecastle gun and hoisted an ensign, union down, on the stump of the mizzenmast. The wind tore the flag, the only one left, away; but although the signal was seen no help was forthcoming. The truth was the *Ville de Paris* herself was in a hopeless state, although she did not show her helplessness as clearly as the other ships did.

Cruelly disappointed, the *Centaur* tried to work out her own salvation. The guns were thrown overboard, but by night the storm had grown, and the *Centaur* had lost sight of her consorts and convoy. Towards the morning of the 18th she had seven feet of water in the hold. Her provisions were either under water or destroyed, the pumps were choked by the ship's coals, which had been forced into the well, and ground so small that they reached to every part, and there was little hope of saving the ship. Yet the crew worked without a murmur, although some were driven to drink salt water. There came a lull, and with it hope of preservation; but the storm broke out afresh, caused new leaks, and hope was abandoned. By incredible exertions the ship was kept afloat from the 17th to the 23rd; then this life struggle in mid-Atlantic ended. So incessant had been the pumping that the leathers which, if the well had been cleared of the coal, would have lasted twenty days or more, were all worn out in eight. All the coal carried by the *Centaur*—about seventeen tons—was pumped out after the gale began. The company's only chance of saving themselves was by baling through holes cut in the decks. These scuttles were made, and all the sailmakers were employed, day and night, in making canvas buckets. But the ship was collapsing, the end was certain. Not until now did the exhausted crew give way.

Hopeless and helpless, they prepared for the end. Some of the men broke down and wept; some, callous, went to their hammocks and called to their messmates to lash them in; a greater number were lashed to gratings

and small rafts; but the chief idea that filled most of the crew was that they should put on their best and cleanest clothes and die in them. Rafts were the only chance of escaping, and Captain Inglefield thought it right to attempt to make them, though he knew that the booms would not float half the ship's company. The booms were cleared, the boats, of which they had three—cutter, pinnace and five-oared yawl—were got over the side; and a bag of bread and any liquors that could be reached were put in each, to supply the rafts. Two trusty men were stationed in each boat, to prevent them from being entered forcibly; but the yawl was stove alongside and sunk, and the pinnace was overcrowded.[1] The *Centaur* was abandoned, and she went down with nearly all her crew, numbering 600, and several passengers, amongst whom were Captain George Augustus Keppel of the Navy, and Captain Lindsay of the Army, a son of the Earl of Crawford. For sixteen days the captain and the eleven persons who were saved with him suffered terrible privations in the pinnace. One of the men had died of cold and hunger, and the last of the bread and water had been served when land was seen, and the survivors landed at Fyal. On reaching England the captain was as a matter of form court-martialled. This was on January 25, 1783, on board the *Warspite*, at Portsmouth. The court found that Inglefield had acquitted himself as a "cool, resolute, and experienced officer," and had done everything he could, with his people, to save his ship. He and his officers and company were acquitted of all blame on account of the loss of the *Centaur*.

The *Ville de Paris* and the *Glorieux* went down with all on board, save one seaman, who was picked up by a Danish merchant ship returning from the West Indies. When found he was floating on a piece of wreck, quite insensible and motionless. His name was Wilson, and he was a seaman on the *Ville de Paris*. All he could

[1] Inglefield, in his letter to the Admiralty, did not say what became of the cutter.

tell was that he had seen the *Glorieux* go down on the day before his own ship sank, and that he had been insensible during most of the time he was in the water.

The *Hector's* fate differed somewhat from the end of the ships already mentioned. When the ship, commanded by Captain Bourchier, left Jamaica, she was in every way worse found than the other warships. She was only one-third manned, her whole crew, officers and men, numbering only 223. French and American prisoners to the number of sixty-two, twenty-seven invalid soldiers, seven officers, and thirty-nine sergeants, corporals and privates of different regiments made the total 358. Both the prisoners and invalids proved a great encumbrance. The ship's company decreased daily by death, and the *Hector* lost her consorts. About two o'clock on the morning of September 5 the captain saw two of the best frigates in the French Navy bearing down upon him, evidently meaning to engage. These were *l'Aigle*, forty-four guns, and *la Gloire*, thirty-six. They were on their way from France to America, quite clean, manned with more than 600 men, and had on board some hundreds of the best troops of France. Although his crew was thinned by death, and he had thirty men on the sick list, Captain Bourchier determined to fight, and the guns began to boom. The action lasted until an hour after daybreak, when the *Hector*, though she was then in a disabled and sinking state, forced her opponents, who had tried to board her, to sheer off and make sail. Her sails and rigging were torn, and her hull was rent by shot; nine of her people were killed and thirty-three wounded, amongst the dead being Lieutenant Tothill, and amongst the wounded Bourchier, who had his right arm and back so much shattered that he had to be carried off the deck about the middle of the action. The *Hector* had survived the action, but only to meet a worse fate than capture by the French. The storms battered her, her enfeebled crew became exhausted, the increased number of wounded and helpless made her death rate excessive,

and she became the prey of the wind and sea. The guns were thrown overboard, the pumps kept going, and sails put round the hull to try and stop the leaks; but all the masts and the rudder were gone, and had not a vessel appeared in sight on October 3 the people must have perished.

By this time the *Hector* had buried many of her crew and the prisoners. The sail was the *Hawke*, a letter-of-marque, bound from Lisbon to St. John's, Newfoundland, commanded by Captain John Hill, of Dartmouth, who rescued the *Hector's* people and behaved most humanely to them. The *Hawke* took off part of the *Hector's* people in the night, and Bourchier and the rest next morning. These crowded the *Hawke* so much that in order to accommodate them Hill had to throw overboard a great deal of his cargo. Although he had a fair and full wind all the way to St. John's the last cask of water had been broached on the day land was seen, so that bad weather would have meant a hard fate for saved and rescuers alike. Owing to the crowded state of the *Hawke* and scarcity of water, many of the *Hector's* people died before St. John's was reached on October 7, and several died after arrival in port.

"The Glorious First of June"

THERE is no month in Britain's naval and military annals which is more notable than June. On land it gave us Waterloo; at sea the fights between the English and the Dutch in 1652 and 1665; the battle of Beachy Head in 1690; the capture of the *Chesapeake* by the *Shannon* in 1813; many other naval triumphs, and the Glorious First of June. It gave us too, in 1893, one of the most appalling calamities of modern times—the loss of H.M.S. *Victoria.*

The battle of the First of June in 1794 began the striking sequence of successes which ended with Trafalgar. In many ways it was not less remarkable than Nelson's crowning work. The fleets of the French monarchy had been defeated or destroyed by Britain; now the navy of a new people—the people of Revolutionary France—was to be met. The old order of things had given place to the new, and this battle of the First of June had evidence of the change. The fighters were of the people, and the nobility, if represented at all, were represented in an odd fashion.

The cartridges on board the French ships, taken and used in the fleet generally, were mostly made of the fine painted church music used in the cathedrals and of the *preuves de noblesse* of the principal families, many hundreds of years old, and illuminated with the genealogical trees; a decree of the Convention having been specially passed so that the patents of nobility could be used in this way. France was giving birth to the most astounding period of military history, was making for herself a name imperishable in the records of war.

Britain was beginning a round of victories at sea which were as famous and far reaching as the vast successes of the French on land. The long struggles between the two nations were culminating, and were bringing to the front three men who were to make the world ring with their doings—Nelson, Wellington, and Napoleon. Nelson, a captain, was already a hardened sea fighter, and had given proof of great ability, but he had not yet had the chance of showing his genius as a tactician, and was not for three years to score, at St. Vincent, the first of his greatest triumphs—indeed, so harshly had the Navy treated him that he had lost all hope of progress, and had vowed that he would resign his commission. Wellington had just become a lieutenant-colonel, and was at the head of the regiment, the 33rd Foot, which now bears his name, and was on the point of sailing with it to the Netherlands to join the Duke of York's army there. He also had to win distinction as a general officer. Bonaparte too, but lately an obscure artillery subaltern, was yet to reveal his amazing power as an empire breaker and empire maker. No man could foresee the colossal struggle which was to take place during the next twenty years, and in which these three unknown men were to be the central figures, to fight, the two against the one, and to achieve a fame the like of which even a king can scarcely hope to win.

Revolutionary France had opened war with England, and had opened badly. Samuel Hood, first viscount of that name, comrade of Rodney, a brilliant fighter, and now Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, had seized Toulon and the French fleet which was in the harbour. Hood was then in his seventieth year, and it is a most striking circumstance that the next victory over the same enemy should be gained by another admiral who was also of that great age. Howe, the victor of the First of June, was in his seventieth year when he won the celebrated battle which was fought six weeks after Hood had fallen upon the French in Toulon. Howe put the crowning touch to the work

which Hood had done. Hood crushed the French force in the Mediterranean with the British Mediterranean squadron; Howe, with the Channel fleet, crippled the French naval power in the Channel.

On May 2, 1794, an immense fleet sailed from St. Helens. The fleet, consisting of the Newfoundland and West India convoy, numbered 148 sail, of which 49 were ships of war and 34 ships of the line, and was under the command of Admiral Earl Howe as Commander-in-Chief, with seven admirals as divisional commanders: Admiral Graves, Admiral Sir Alexander Hood, K.B., Rear-Admirals Pasley, Caldwell, Bowyer, Gardner, and Montague. On the 4th the convoys parted company, and warships having been detailed to accompany and protect them, Howe, with the Channel fleet, twenty-six sail of the line and a dozen frigates and smaller vessels, arrived off Ushant on the 5th. The French fleet was then in Brest, and Howe, having reconnoitred it, went on a cruise in the Bay of Biscay. Returning to Brest on the 19th he found that the enemy had sailed on the 16th, and that on the 17th the French were so near the British in a dense fog that they heard the fog signals of beating drums and ringing bells on board of Howe's fleet. On the 19th the French were joined by the *Patriote*, a 74-gun ship which had captured the British 32-gun frigate *Castor*, Captain Thomas Troubridge, with all her convoy from Newfoundland. This success was followed on the 20th by the taking of the Lisbon convoy of 53 sail, mostly Dutch; so that the French were being recompensed in some degree for the severe blow which their Mediterranean fleet had sustained. They were also more hopeful of success in further meetings with the British; but they were shy in coming to close quarters, and it was not until early morning on the 28th that the British look-out frigates discovered them. A fresh wind was then blowing from the south-west, and a heavy sea was running. Meanwhile Howe, on the 25th, had captured two French corvettes, which steered towards his fleet under the impression that it

was their own. These and several other prizes and recaptures Howe ordered to be destroyed, as no arrangement was possible by which they could be preserved. "Lord Howe said to us (his officers), 'It must be very unpleasant to you, gentlemen, to see your promotion burnt; but I shall shortly be able to make you amends for it,'" wrote Admiral Sir Edward Codrington on the margin of his copy of Barrow's *Life of Howe*, which is now in the British Museum.

The French fleet, of 26 sail of the line and 5 frigates, ran finely down towards the British, as if meaning to give battle. An hour after noon Howe, seeing that they were declining a fight, ordered a general chase. At 2.30 p.m. the action began, and lasted throughout the afternoon and evening. In this opening of the battle the *Russell* and the *Audacious* bore the brunt of the work, and between them so severely punished the *Révolutionnaire*, of 120 guns, that she lost 400 men killed and wounded, and was so helpless that she was with difficulty towed out of the fleet and into Rochefort. It was claimed indeed that she had surrendered, but whether that was so or not she got away.

"She was engaged first by the *Bellerophon*," wrote Codrington, "next by the *Leviathan*, and last by the *Audacious*. Captain Bertie, of the *Thunderer*, told me he saw the colours hauled down from the main yard arm."

During the night both fleets, carrying a press of sail, and every British ship showing a light, kept a parallel course. At daybreak on the 29th the French were seen on the weather bow, six miles away. In a heavy head sea the battle was resumed and lasted until evening. On that day 67 officers and men were killed, and 128 wounded, making 74 killed and 144 wounded for the two days. Only twelve or thirteen ships were engaged on the British side, the *Queen*, the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Royal George* and the *Invincible* suffering most. The *Queen Charlotte* became full of water on her lower deck, her lower ports being only four and a half feet above the sea. The waves swept in so heavily that the pumps

had to be kept going most of the night to keep her afloat.

Up to this time the advantage of the wind had been with the French, but the admiral, Villaret, declined to exercise his power to bring about a general action, although the opposing fleets were excellently matched in ships, guns and crews. So far however the French had done well—so well indeed that they boasted that they had forced the British to set sail and run away; while Howe suffered from a want of support which was to be experienced again when he had scored his victory, and when, to make it crushing and complete, support on every hand was needed. Skill and gallantry characterized the French fighting on the 28th and 29th, whereas the *Cæsar* and some of the other British ships were badly manœuvred. On the morning of the 28th the comparative force of the two fleets was as follows:—

Ships.	British.	French.
	26	26
Aggregate tonnage	46,962	52,010
Crews	17,241	19,989
Broadside guns No.	1,087	1,107
Broadside guns lb.	22,976	28,126

On the first of June however the English force was less by one ship, the *Audacious* having parted company.

At sunset on the 29th the two fleets were ten miles apart. The weather was thickening, and remained foggy until morning. Then it cleared a little, and the combatants got ready to renew the fight; but the fog grew dense again, the ships were scattered, and the day passed without contention. The weather cleared on the 31st, and the British ships prepared for action, but another day was to pass before the final round was fought. All this had been harassing work for Lord Howe, advanced in years and of feeble health.

At daylight on the 31st Sir Roger Curtis, Captain of the Fleet, went into the cabin to make his report to the admiral. Lieutenant Edward Codrington, who was

officer of the watch, lifted up the canvas screen by which alone the cabin, then cleared for action, was divided from the quarterdeck, so that Curtis could enter. Howe, in his greatcoat, was sitting in an armchair, his only resting-place since falling in with the enemy. Asked how the weather was, Curtis answered that it was so thick that nothing could be seen beyond the *Queen Charlotte*, adding, "And God knows whether we are standing into our own fleet or that of the enemy." "Well, sir," said Howe, "it can't be helped; we must wait with patience till the weather improves."

During the day and evening of the 31st the British ships were employed in refitting and repairing for the impending battle. Morning broke on the first of June, and soon after seven o'clock Howe signalled that he would pass through the enemy's line and engage them from to leeward, in order to make the action decisive; and that each ship was to engage her proper opponent. The fleets were separated by four miles, and as the British crews had been sitting up for three nights, and wanted refreshment badly, Howe hove to and gave them their breakfast. Afterwards, at 8.12, the fleet filled and bore down on the enemy.

"Now, sir," said Howe to Curtis, "prepare the signal for close action." "My lord," answered the Captain of the Fleet, "there is no signal for close action." "No, sir," replied the tough old fighter, "but there is a signal for *closer* action, and I only want that to be made in case of captains not doing their duty." With this significant remark he shut the little signal book which he always carried, turned to the officers by whom he was surrounded, and said, "And now, gentlemen, no more book, no more signals. I look to you to do the duty of the *Queen Charlotte* in engaging the French admiral. I do not wish the ships to be bilge and bilge, but if you can lock the yardarms, so much the better—the battle will be the sooner decided."

At this time there was a strange incident on board the French *Sans Pareil*. Troubridge, captain of the

Castor, was a prisoner there, and he was taunted with the remark that there would not be a renewal of the fight, because Howe would not venture down to meet the French. The captive asked them to wait a bit, saying that English sailors never liked to fight on empty stomachs, that he saw the signal for breakfast flying, and that they could take his word for it that the British admiral would pay the French a visit when the meal was done. The prophecy came true, for the *Sans Pareil* was made a prize. When she had been forced to yield, Troubridge was asked to strike her colours, but he refused, and the obvious purpose of enabling the beaten crew to say that the flag had not been hauled down by them was defeated.

Breakfast done, the preparations for the last and most decisive meeting were completed. Again the drums beat to quarters; the crews stood to their guns, around which shot and wads were piled, pumps were rigged to stop the leaks, plugs were ready for the shot-holes, decks were wetted as a safeguard against fire, buckets of water were at hand to throw on any outbreak of fire; sand was scattered about to give the men a safer footing on the decks which would soon be wet and slippery with blood and water; and at the magazines the gunner and his people were in readiness to pass the cartridges to the powder boys. The captains took their places on the quarter-decks; the first lieutenants were alert to see that the orders of the chief were well and speedily obeyed. Below, in the cockpits, already full in many cases with the wounded, although a hospital ship was with the fleet, the surgeons and their assistants waited for the coming of the latest hurt. It was a solemn, anxious time, this, when more than fifty line-of-battle ships, over 4,000 guns, in all, nearly 40,000 soldiers and sailors moved towards each other on the troubled seas. Troops were in plenty in the fleet of France, while on board the English ships were officers and men of the Queen's, and the 29th Foot, now the Worcestershire Regiment.

In the Revolutionary ships there was the hope of glory for the victors from the Convention, and the fear of the guillotine if the admiral and captains returned defeated. The Convention sent one of its own members, Jean Bon St. André, to be present on board the magnificent *Montagne*, the flagship of Villaret, so that the fighters might remember what triumph and disaster meant. The seamen did their duty more courageously than the country's representative; for when the guns were booming and the shot was smashing at the flagship's sides the Commissioner went below and sought the refuge which the under-water depths afforded him.

Howe, an aged admiral, worn with the heavy weather and the fighting and watching of several days, was troubled by the secret fear that some of his captains would not do their duty. The 28th and 29th had shown him that. On the 29th the *Cæsar*, Captain Molloy, by the special wish of Curtis, was appointed to lead the van in the order of battle. Howe, against his wish, consented; but warned the captain that he had mistaken his man. Seeing on the 1st the bad behaviour of the *Cæsar*, Howe tapped the captain on the shoulder and remarked sadly, "Look, Curtis, there goes your friend. Who is mistaken now?"

Referring to Howe's private journal, quoted by Barrow, relating to the meetings of the 28th and 29th, Codrington notes, "At this time I said, in reference to former conversations with Lord Howe, 'I suppose, my lord, you will bring them to action by night?' 'No, sir; I want daylight, to see how my own captains conduct themselves.'"

The battle of the 1st began soon after nine o'clock, and finished shortly after six, having lasted nine hours. The fighting plan was clear and simple. It was of the sort that Rodney had proved possible and so destructive twelve years before. The French line was to be broken, and each British ship was to engage her opponent. The *Queen Charlotte* was herself to tackle the French flagship, although the odds made the

"The Glorious First of June."

contest unfair. The *Queen Charlotte* was a ship of 2,286 tons, with 100 guns, and 891 men and boys; while the *Montagne* was 800 tons larger than Howe's ship, and carried 120 guns, and 1,200 men. Other ships, too, were as ill matched; but there was no shrinking from the combat.

Briefly, the battle of the first of June, as summarized by James, was this:—The French van opened fire on the British van soon after nine o'clock. The French fire was general in about a quarter of an hour, and Howe and his divisional flag-officers, at whose mast-heads the signal for close action was flying, began a heavy fire in return. Of the British ships a few cut their way through the enemy's line and engaged their opponents to leeward. The rest hauled up to windward, and opened fire, some at a long distance, others at a more effectual range. The action was at its height within an hour, and Villaret, in the *Montagne*, made sail ahead, followed by his second astern, and subsequently by such ships as had been little damaged, like his own, in sails and rigging. The heat of the engagement was over by half-past eleven, when of the British ships 11, and of the French 12, were more or less dismasted. Up to this time none of the French had struck, or, if they had surrendered, had rehoisted their colours, and were trying to escape, either under a spritsail or such canvas as they could set on the stumps of masts remaining. As they struggled to get away they continued to fire at every British ship that came within gun shot. There they lay, as Admiral Kerguelan, an able French officer claimed, abandoned upon the field of battle, lying together in a group, disabled but not subdued, keeping the tri-coloured flag flying, as if stretching forth their arms to the fleet, entreating to be succoured. Villaret failed in an attempt on the *Queen*, but with great skill he covered and preserved four of his dismasted ships—the *Républicain*, *Mucius*, *Scipion*, and *Jemmappes*, having been previously joined by a fifth, the *Terrible*, which had gallantly cut her way

through the British fleet. The general firing ceased at about 1.15 p.m., four hours after the battle opened; but it was not for more than an hour that the nearest of the French dismasted ships, six in number, were secured—the *Sans Pareil*, *Juste*, *Amerique*, *Impétueux*, *Northumberland* and *Achille*. Even some of these reopened fire upon the ships that sailed up to secure them. Soon after 6 p.m. a seventh French ship, the *Vengeur*, was taken possession of, after a long and most courageous defence by her crew; but she was then so badly shattered that she was sinking, and ten minutes after being taken as a prize she foundered, more than 200 of her crew, mostly the wounded, perishing with her. Of the rest 400 were rescued by the boats of British ships.

The battle opened with a distant fire by the French van upon the British van. At first it was desultory gunnery practice, but as the fleets neared each other and the ships could select their opponents a fight took place, many of the incidents of which were as stirring as any action of the age had afforded. There were in particular the struggles between the *Queen Charlotte* and the *Montagne* and *Jacobin*, and the famous meeting between the *Brunswick* and the *Vengeur*. Howe's flagship, steering for the *Montagne*, was fired upon by the *Vengeur*. Not to be drawn from his purpose of engaging Villaret, the British admiral held on, and when the crucial moment came fired an appalling broadside into the stern of the great 120-gun ship. But he had more than the *Montagne* to deal with, for the *Jacobin* had come up, and the *Queen Charlotte* was attacked by the two ships.

The master of the flagship, the fine old sea dog Bowen, perceiving the purpose of the *Jacobin*, so manœuvred his ship that the *Queen Charlotte* received her with a destructive broadside. The unequal fight went on, and ultimately, terribly battered, and with her decks filled with dead and dying, drove the *Montagne* out of the fighting line. The *Jacobin* followed the lead, and Howe ordered a general chase.

But the *Montagne* and the *Jacobin* were not fully beaten or crippled. They made for the *Queen*, which was lying disabled not far from the *Queen Charlotte*; but seeing what the British purpose was, the French admiral hurried to the aid of five of his own ships, which were lying helpless to the eastward, and cleverly and boldly saved them from destruction.

For the most part the British ships had done the same as the admiral's. The casualty lists show what they suffered, and indicate generally what they achieved. There was much hard fighting, and many gallant acts were done. But during the whole of the battle there were no ships which did the same as the *Brunswick* and the *Vengeur*. The *Brunswick*, 74 guns, 1,836 tons, with a crew of 634, Captain John Harvey, was the ship next to the *Queen Charlotte*. In going into action she endured much of the fire that was meant for the flagship, and before she fired a shot her cockpit was filled with wounded men. Trying to pass between the *Achille* and the *Vengeur*, 74-gun ships, the latter pushed forward and closed the interval. Frustrated in his scheme, Harvey accepted the only alternative, and ran foul of the *Vengeur*, his anchor hooking her by the port foreshrouds and channels. George Stuart, the master, asked if he should cut the *Brunswick* clear. "No, we've got her, and we'll keep her," answered Harvey. The ships held fast, and while they were locked together, having swung broadside to broadside, engaged fiercely. They were so close that the *Brunswick* could not open her lower deck ports, and the crew blew them open so that they could run the guns out.

From her decks and tops the *Vengeur* assailed the *Brunswick* with a hail of musketry, while her 36-pounder poop cannonades, loaded with pieces of iron and old nails—"langridge," of which an immense quantity was fired by the French—wrought havoc on English poop and quarter-deck. Many officers and men were killed, amongst them Harvey, who had

three fingers shot off by a bullet. For the best part of three hours this duel continued; then, through the smoke, the *Achille* was seen bearing down on the *Brunswick's* port quarter, her rigging and gangways crowded with men, as if her purpose was to board the *Brunswick* and release the *Vengeur*. As she came down the men who had been working the five aftermost low-deck guns on the *Brunswick's* starboard side were ordered to the port side, and there they added a double-headed shot to each of the corresponding guns, which were already loaded with a single shot.

The *Achille* came up gallantly, a cripple, covered with wreckage, for she had been so severely mauled already that only her foremast was standing. Not until she was within pistol shot did the *Brunswick's* crew greet her; then the five after guns gave her half a dozen rounds, and shot away the foremast by the board. Burdened with the wreckage of her spars and rigging, reeking with the smoke of battle, helpless, and with many of her people dead or wounded, the *Achille* could do nothing further in the way of fighting. She was at the mercy of the *Brunswick*, and surrendered; but the *Brunswick* was utterly unable to take possession of her, and the *Achille* rehoisted her colours, set her spritsail, and tried to escape. She was, however, captured by the *Ramillies*, commanded by Harvey's brother, and became a British trophy.

Clear of her fresh opponent, the *Brunswick* resumed her battle with the *Vengeur*. It was a fight to the death, and both the crews knew it. The tide of war was turning, and the Frenchman's fate was sure. The *Ramillies* was coming down to her consort the *Brunswick*, whose people were so training their guns that alternately they ripped up their opponent's deck or sent their shot crashing below her water-line as she rolled. The operation was deliberate and destructive, and the *Vengeur* was settling in the water. Still the merciless beating of her went on, and still she answered with her

guns and musketry. Harvey was for a second time wounded. A splinter struck and knocked him down, hurting him seriously; but he refused to leave the deck. A third missile, the crown of a double-headed shot, which had split, smashed his right arm, and then he was forced to go below. As he left the deck, mortally wounded, he urged his crew to keep the battle up, for the honour of their king and country. "And," he added, "remember my last words—the colours of the *Brunswick* shall never be struck!" Harvey died after reaching Spithead with his shattered ship, and the country erected a monument to the memory of him and Captain Hutt, of the *Queen*, in Westminster Abbey. A strange coincidence linked Harvey and Hutt together. Both travelled to Portsmouth in the same postchaise to command their ships, both lost a limb in the battle, and both died on the same day—June 30.

The *Brunswick* was now taken command of by Lieutenant Cracroft. She was separated from the *Vengeur* after being entangled with her for three hours. The *Vengeur* was by this time a wreck, and the *Ramillies*, quite a fresh ship, came and took up the *Brunswick's* work. She waited until the *Vengeur*, which was slowly settling in the water, was far enough from the *Brunswick* to allow her to fire without damaging that ship. As a parting the *Brunswick* split the *Vengeur's* rudder and shattered her sternpost, so that the sea poured into the counter. The *Ramillies*, now only forty yards away, added her guns' work to that of the *Brunswick*, and between them they brought about the Frenchman's end. The consorts pounded the *Vengeur* for fifteen minutes; then the *Ramillies*, seeing the *Achille* escaping in the distance, made after and captured her.

The *Vengeur* by this time saw that the end had come, and hoisted a Union Jack as a signal that she surrendered and desired relief. But the *Brunswick's* boats were shattered, and she could neither help nor take possession. She had to leave her prize, and being unable to rejoin the fleet, steered to the north, meaning

to make the first British port, herself in danger of foundering, since the waves rushed into the lower deck ports at every roll of the ship. Two hours later she fell in with the *Jemmappes*, dismasted and flying a signal of surrender—she had become the prize of the *Queen*, then a considerable distance away.

The hapless *Vengeur* was slowly sinking. Many of her ports had been torn away or shot off by the *Brunswick*, and into these openings the seas swept as she rolled, while the water entered her at many leaks. As she sank she rehoisted her colours, and they were flying when she foundered, taking her wounded and many of her other people with her. This was some five hours after the *Brunswick* had left her. Just before she disappeared the *Alred*, *Culloden* and *Rattler* (cutters) approached, and by means of as many of their boats as would float saved about 400 of her crew, the *Alfred's* boats alone rescuing 213 people. The survivors included Captain Renaudin and his son, a boy of twelve. They were saved by two different boats, and each believed that the other had perished. They met again at Portsmouth, to their mutual joy.

The going down of the *Vengeur* is a thrilling episode in the history of Revolutionary France. That she foundered, as the French claim, amid wild shouts of "*Vive la nation!*" and "*Vive la République!*" and that at least one man frantically waved a tricoloured flag, is credible and probable; but that she sank without having surrendered, and unconquered, was more than they were entitled to claim. The French went mad over the affair. They looked upon the *Vengeur* as a martyrised ship, and gave her name to a first-rate ship of war, the *Peuple*, which was then being built at Brest, and considered to be the largest and finest ever launched. They suspended the model of the *Vengeur* under the Arch of the Panthéon, and poets, artists, painters, authors and sculptors added to and exaggerated the fame of an achievement which was in itself magnificent enough to do without their help. As to the ludicrous

and vainglorious representative of the nation who, when the shot crashed about him, sought the safety of the *Montagne's* cockpit, they hailed him as a victor when he went ashore at Brest, and threw flowers in his way. In England the conduct of the representative aroused in Canning that disgusted indignation which found expression in the famous verse which said of Jean Bon St. André that—

> In battles much delighting;
> He fled full soon
> On the First of June,
> But he bade the rest keep fighting.

The French refused to believe that their crews were either inexperienced or wanting in courage, said that the sailors, jealous of the glory which the troops on land were winning, fought enthusiastically, and that the words "Death or Victory" were inscribed in letters of gold on board the ships, so that the crews could see and remember them, and that the courage of the newest recruit rivalled that of the oldest sailors.

If not a great or crushing victory, the Glorious First of June was a notable triumph. At a cost of 290 killed and 858 wounded, the British had captured six fine French ships and destroyed a seventh, and had caused on board the prizes alone a greater loss in killed and wounded than they had themselves sustained in their entire fleet. According to the French published account their casualties were 3,000 killed and mortally wounded. James calculated that their total loss, including prisoners, was 7,000. He gave the following as the details and alleged losses of the French—

JUNE 1.

Ships.	Tons.	Actual Complement.	Alleged Loss. Killed.	Wounded.
Sans Pareil	2,242	814	260	120
La Juste	2,143	877	100	145
L'Amérique	1,884	720	134	110
L'Impétueux	1,878	713	100	75
Northumberland	1,811	700	60	100
L'Achille	1,801	700	36	30

The *Annual Register*, in which the same casualties were published, added "*le Vengeur*, 320, sunk; *le Jacobin*, sunk in action, not a man saved!" This statement relating to the *Jacobin* was not, however, correct.

The guns of the prizes were mostly of Swedish make, chiefly of brass, and all new and fine weapons. The Portuguese Government offered to buy them; but they were acquired by the British Government for £24,000. Subsequently many of the guns were used as ornaments in the forts at Portsmouth and in that neighbourhood.

The British loss in the three days' fighting was as follows—

	May 28 and 29.		June 1.		
Ship.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Queen Charlotte	2	—	12	29	43
Royal George	15	23	5	49	92
Royal Sovereign	8	22	14	44	88
Barfleur	—	—	9	25	34
Impregnable	—	7	—	24	31
Queen	22	27	14	40	103
Glory	—	—	13	39	52
Gibraltar	—	—	2	12	14
Cæsar	4	19	14	23	60
Bellerophon	—	—	4	27	31
Montagu	—	—	4	13	17
Tremendous	—	—	3	8	11
Valiant	—	—	2	9	11
Ramillies	2	—	—	7	9
Audacious	6	16	—	—	22
Brunswick	—	—	45	113	158
Alfred	—	—	—	8	8
Defence	1	3	17	37	57
Leviathan	—	—	10	33	43
Majestic	1	13	2	5	21
Invincible	10	21	4	10	45
Orion	3	—	2	24	29
Russell	—	—	8	26	34
Marlborough	—	—	29	90	119
Thunderer	—	—	—	—	—
Culloden	—	—	2	5	7
	74	144	222	700	1,140

Amongst the killed were 14 officers, and amongst the wounded 38 officers.

It was not until June 3 that Howe could make sail with his fleet and prizes. His age and feeble health are generally supposed to have prevented him from making his success a victory which would have crushed effectually for some time the naval power of France; but Codrington, who thirty-one years later was to be the victor of Navarino, and was then one of the lieutenants on board the *Queen Charlotte*, says that the admiral showed neither want of nerve nor shyness in his work. "I don't believe he went to bed during the whole time of the three days' chase. He went to bed completely done up after the action of the first. On such occasions one is enabled familiarly to approach a man in his situation. We all got round Lord Howe; indeed, I saved him a tumble; he was so weak that from a roll of the ship he was nearly falling into the waist. 'Why, you hold me as if I were a child,' he said to me good-humouredly. 'I beg your pardon, my lord, but I thought you would have fallen.' How little Lord Howe was supported by his officers as compared to Lord Nelson!"

Among those who shared the opinion, at the time, that the enemy should be followed and crushed, was Bowen. When the firing had ceased and the battle was over, Larcom, the First Lieutenant of the *Queen Charlotte*, went to the lower deck and ordered everything to be in readiness to renew the fight. Codrington, who was near, said that everything at his quarters was as ready as when the first gun was fired, and asked if he might go on deck. He got permission, and on reaching the quarterdeck saw Bowen looking very sulky. Shaking hands with him he said, "What's the matter, old fellow?" and the master replied, "The Captain of the Fleet won't let us pursue the enemy."

But incomplete as the victory may have been the English people were in no mood to condemn the admiral. It was enough for them that the enemy had been beaten, and that six splendid trophies had been towed home as proof of success. Howe anchored at

Spithead on June 13, and the fine old conqueror was greeted with enthusiastic joy. On the 26th the Royal Family journeyed to Portsmouth and at once visited him on board his flagship, and on the decks which were still stained with blood and bore evidence of the recent battle a brilliant ceremony took place. The king, attended by his principal officers of state, held a naval levee and presented the admiral with a diamond-hilted sword, valued at 3,000 guineas, and a gold chain to be worn round the neck. The royal party then dined with Howe, and afterwards returned to the shore.

Of many other honours that were given none was better deserved or more nobly earned than bluff old Bowen's. But gallant and skilful as he had shown himself to be, not only on this occasion but also many times before, by the rules of the service his only chance of gaining the promotion which he longed for was by being reduced as a master and appointed a lieutenant. He was made a lieutenant accordingly, to the great satisfaction of the rest of the officers, who showed their high opinion of him by appointing him, at Howe's suggestion, their agent for the prizes. In this way Bowen received a remuneration for his services which in other cases was given by the country.

Of Howe's ships some beyond question did badly; but several were poor sailers, and however wishful their captains might have been to fight, could not be brought into action. Of neglectful officers the best remembered is Molloy, of the *Cæsar*. He was court-martialled and dismissed from the command of the ship; but the court found that on the 1st, as on many times previously, the captain's personal courage could not be doubted.

The standard life of Howe was written by Sir John Barrow, Bart. It contains many errors, and in the copy preserved in the British Museum which belonged to Codrington, there are some frank and scathing comments, written by the admiral himself—on the author chiefly, but also, when occasion offers, on the people referred to by Barrow. These manuscript notes are for the most

part highly interesting, and all are valuable, as the work of a clever officer who had a leading share in the victory.

Opposite the account of the court-martial on Molloy, Codrington wrote: "On the termination of the court-martial on Captain Molloy in 1794 the whole of the members, accompanied by the prosecutor, Sir Roger Curtis, went to the Government House to pay their respects to Lord Howe, the Commander-in-Chief. After the departure of the members, addressing Sir R. C., he said, 'Now take your pen and write down as I tell you.' He then dictated his opinion of the vote given by each individual member. Subsequently to this, Sir R. C. mentioned the circumstance to Moses Greetham, the Judge Advocate, and some years afterwards, when Lord Howe and Sir Roger Curtis were both dead, Greetham himself told me that Lord Howe had judged correctly of their votes in every instance. His judgment was formed upon his previous knowledge of them individually, combined with their manners of presenting themselves on that occasion."

To Barrow's remark that Admiral Villaret Joyeuse "behaved most gallantly," Codrington added the marginal note, "The *Montagne* ran away from the *Queen Charlotte*." Codrington, too, was scathing in his opinion of the Captain of the Fleet, Curtis, who has been generally credited with dissuading Howe from pursuing the enemy. The admiral in his notes shows that he believed Curtis to have been blamed justly; while on Barrow's statement, that he gave his advice "conscientiously and with the best possible intentions," he comments briefly—"In a fright." He unmercifully, too, sounds the death-note of several of the best-remembered incidents of the battles; "not true," "false," "doubtful," "no," "and ridiculous nonsense," being his comments on some of the famous anecdotes which Barrow used to illustrate and enlighten his story.

It was soon after the victory of the First of June that that disaffection appeared in the British Fleet which

brought about the year of mutinies. Discontent was growing steadily, and Codrington was amongst the few officers who appear to have foreseen the disastrous results of treating the men's complaints as they were treated. The just and reasonable requests of the seamen were ignored, and they were driven to make many demands, the non-compliance with which ended in open revolt. Howe had much to do with the settlement of the trouble. "It is obvious," says Barrow, "from his correspondence, that Lord Howe, at this period—1795 and 1796—perceived a feeling of discontent to have recently crept into the minds of the seamen, and he does not scruple to lay the blame on the captains *who kept their men as prisoners on board when they came into harbour*." The italics are Codrington's, who adds, "The *Q. Charlotte* itself was a sad example of this, and made so by Sir R. Curtis interfering in the regulation of Sir A. Douglas in 1795. I myself, when first Lieut., warned him it would cause a mutiny, as it subsequently did. Sir R. C. procured an order from Lord Howe to prevent more leave in the fleet, upon my telling I was giving leave extensively to the other men, by the captain's sanction, in consequence of that indulgence having been theretofore confined to his *Brunswick's* part of the crew."

The biographer, too, considered that the authorities had taken proper steps to cure the evil. Barrow says of the Duke of York that he "behaved with becoming regard and deference to the navy," but Codrington wrote: "He was the origin of the mischief; and the Admirals and Captains saved the fleet by their spirited remonstrance." On the same subject, and as other marginal notes, Codrington observes: "Seamen cannot bear reflections on their own ship. Discontent was encouraged by Captain M.[1] to conceal his own cowardice." "Thirty of them were transferred to the *Babet*, under my command, and proved themselves in all respects superior men."

[1] Molloy.

Trafalgar : The Story of the "Victory's" Log

WHEN, on September 15, 1805, Nelson stepped on board the *Victory* to sail on his last cruise and fight his last battle, he prayed for nothing less than utter annihilation of his enemy. Four years earlier he had shown how deep his hatred of the Frenchman was. "Damn them all," he wrote, was his constant prayer. He believed devoutly that the Frenchmen were the natural enemies of England, and when he stepped into the boat which was to take him to the flagship he had resolved that only sheer destruction of their navy would satisfy himself, and meet his country's needs. Not many days before Trafalgar he said in a private letter, "It is annihilation that the country wants, and not merely a splendid victory . . . to bring Bonaparte to his marrow-bones."

Bonaparte by that time was a standing menace to Britain. He was almost at the zenith of his power and glory. Nation after nation had succumbed before him ; but one country—England—held out against and defied his amazing strength and genius. France's ships had fought with those of England, and had been destroyed at every turn ; but the French held to their conviction that, with the help of their navy, they could master England even yet. The great war with France began

in 1793. At sea it gave to the English the victories of the "Glorious First of June" in the following year, the not less glorious St. Valentine's Day in 1797, and many lesser triumphs before Nelson so crushingly defeated his opponent at the battle of the Nile.

For nearly ten years the war continued. There was a lull in 1802, but hostilities broke out afresh and with gathered force in 1803, when Napoleon was at the head of France as First Consul. Unparalleled military glories rested with him. He had led his troops to victory after victory, and he and they remained triumphant and unconquered soldiers. Glutted with conquest and plunder they waited for the chance to fall on England. Napoleon held out to his troops the same dazzling prospect of riches easily acquired that Drake had won his people with when he told them that he had led them to the mouth of the treasure-house of the world. "Soldiers," said the Emperor, "you are naked and ill-fed; I will lead you into the most fruitful plains in the world. Rich provinces, great cities, will be in your power. You will find honour, fame and wealth!" He had made the promise and had kept it. There was now the pledge that England also should be conquered.

Napoleon set to work with all his energy to carry out his great invasion scheme. At Boulogne he gathered the celebrated army of 160,000 men, with more than 9,000 horses, and the vast fleet of nearly 2,300 small transports in which they were to cross the Channel to invade England—waited only for a favourable chance to bring his troops across the sea.

England recognised her peril, and prepared to meet it, both by land and sea. Parliament dealt out money lavishly, the amount for the navy and army being £30,000,000, divided into two almost equal parts—a little more than £15,000,000 for the navy, and rather more than £14,500,000 sterling for the army. It is worth while to glance at the details of the supplies granted for the navy for 1805, according to the statement given in the *Annual Register*. They were as follows—

JANUARY 24, 1805.	£	s.	d.
That 120,000 men be employed for the sea service for 1805; including 30,000 royal marines:			
For wages for ditto	2,886,000	0	0
For victuals for ditto	2,964,000	0	0
For wear and tear of ships in which they are to serve	4,680,000	0	0
For ordnance sea service on board such ships .	390,000	0	0
FEBRUARY 14.			
For the ordinary of the navy for 1805 . .	1,004,940	6	9
For the extraordinary establishment of ditto .	1,553,690	0	0
For hire of transports	975,000	0	0
For prisoners of war in health	525,000	0	0
For sick prisoners of war	57,000	0	0
	15,035,630	6	9

Regulars, Militia, and Volunteers in great numbers flocked to their country's standard. There were those who held that it would have been fatal for the English forces, raw and inexperienced as they were, to meet Napoleon and his veterans; but Waterloo, ten years later, showed that even the rawest troops of Great Britain were more than a match for the hardest fighters under Bonaparte. The old 14th Foot (now the West Yorkshire Regiment) which distinguished itself greatly on the field, was composed "entirely of boys, but fine boys," to quote the words of the late veteran Earl of Albemarle, who was one of them. Of the officers, 14, and of the men, 300, were under twenty years of age, and for the most part the lads were fresh from the plough; yet they bore themselves as bravely as any of the troops who fought at Waterloo.

But it was in the Navy that the nation put its faith; it was in the greatest admiral that it trusted. While many people in the country were terrified at the threat and prospect of invasion there was no such fear in the Navy itself or those who knew what the Navy had done and what it was fit to do. Under men like Nelson and Collingwood the English seamen had been brought to a

condition of perfection which enabled them to look with confidence upon a meeting with an enemy, even when that enemy was far superior in force. There were doubters in our midst, but for the most part there was unfaltering belief that Nelson would prove equal to the task of crushing the enemy at sea, and prevent Bonaparte from ever setting foot on English soil.

War with France existed. In January, 1805, England and Spain were enemies once more, and Napoleon's scheme of invasion was helped enormously, for by a treaty the entire Spanish Navy was put at his disposal, putting at his command between eighty and ninety ships of the line. It was the flower of these two naval forces which Nelson met and fought off Cape Trafalgar.

From January to October there were ceaseless endeavours by the English to seek and bring the French to action. Napoleon, anxious to get command of the sea long enough to enable him to land his troops in England, ordered his squadrons to rendezvous at Fort Royal, Martinique, in the West Indies. These squadrons were at Brest, Rochefort, Cadiz and Toulon, and were to make their way across the Atlantic independently. The Rochefort squadron, of five ships of the line, reached the destination on February 20. Rear-Admiral Missiessy, who was in command, had been ordered to return to France if he was not joined by the squadron from Toulon or Brest in 45 days. This order resulted in great confusion to the combined fleet. The Toulon squadron—ten battleships and seven frigates—under Vice-Admiral Villeneuve, got to sea on January 18, but bad weather forced him, damaged, to return to Toulon in three days, and he remained there for more than two months. On March 30 he was at sea again, this time with 11 ships of the line and 6 frigates. At Cadiz he was joined by another French ship of the line and half a dozen Spanish—giving him 18 ships of the line in all. With these he crossed the Atlantic, reaching Fort Royal on May 14. He had arrived at the

rendezvous at last—only to find that the Rochefort squadron was no longer there, for obedient to his instructions Missiessy had recrossed the ocean to Basque Roads, which he reached six days after Villeneuve arrived at Martinique. When these two squadrons, therefore, should have been together they were separated by some three thousand miles of sea. The Brest squadron, under Vice-Admiral Gantaume, did even less brilliantly, for it never tried to put to sea at all, nor did the admiral endeavour to escape the English blockade throughout the summer. His fleet was equal to that of the blockaders, but he had no free hand in the matter of fighting.

Bonaparte's great purpose was, when the critical moment arrived, to have his ships ready to command the Channel and cover the crossing of the troops. Everything was sacrificed to this end ; and consequently Gantaume had been ordered not to bring about an action which at the best would make a refit necessary, and prevent him from reaching the rendezvous. Villeneuve, besides rendezvousing in the West Indies, had a specific task allotted to him. He was to do as much damage as he could to the English possessions there, while holding himself ready to join Gantaume on his arrival at Fort Royal. He was to wait forty days, and if at the end of that period Gantaume did not come, he was to return to France. But he did little damage to the English possessions, and did not wait the forty days. Having captured some English merchant ships, he was told by some of the prisoners that Nelson had reached Barbadoes with 14 ships of the line. He also learned that the English strength in the West Indies was nineteen ships of the line, against his own of twenty. But Villeneuve neither wished to fight nor possessed authority to do so. His duty was to get his fleet, uninjured, back to the English Channel, to cover the crossing of the invading force, and without verifying the prisoners' report he precipitately recrossed the Atlantic on June 8.

Nelson, indefatigable, never resting, relentless in his pursuit of his foe, had indeed reached Barbadoes on June 4, but with ten ships of the line only—making, with two at Barbadoes, a dozen. Inferior though his force was, he longed to compel Villeneuve to fight; but the Frenchman had already gone. Five days later Nelson was after him, steering for Gibraltar, in the belief that Villeneuve intended to return to Toulon. For months Nelson had been hunting the foe, but without success. He had scoured the Mediterranean, now off Sardinia, now off Egypt, hoping against hope that the enemy would come and meet him. Gales beat his ships and thinned his crews, and even Nelson began to fear that his wondrous luck had left him. "My good fortune, my dear Ball," he wrote to his old comrade the Governor of Malta, "seems flown away. I cannot get a fair wind, or even a side wind—dead foul! dead foul!" That was in the bitterness of his disappointment when unable, at the end of April, 1805, to give chase to the French, on hearing that they had put to sea. By this time Nelson was ever ready for battle, and at one period had kept his ships cleared for action for five weeks, night and day, without a break. After more disappointments Nelson, on July 19, anchored off Gibraltar, and there, for the first time for two years—less ten days—he went on shore. During the whole of the twenty-four months he had never so much as set foot out of the *Victory*. His comrade and successor, Collingwood, was kept as close a prisoner in his ship. The inscription on the cenotaph in his native place of Newcastle states that for five years, after Trafalgar, he never quitted his ship for a single night.

Vice-Admiral Collingwood was at this time cruising off Cadiz, and Nelson joined him on July 18. Learning a week later that the French had been seen to the northward, and assuming that they were making for Basque Roads, Nelson sailed at once to reinforce the squadron off Brest, under Vice-Admiral Cornwallis. On the following day, utterly worn out with his fruitless

chase and search, Nelson ordered the *Victory* home, and she sailed for Portsmouth.

While Nelson and his comrades were hunting the enemy, the brig *Curieux* had warned the English Admiralty that the enemy had been seen apparently making for Cape Finisterre. The Admiralty immediately ordered the squadrons which were then cruising off Ferrol and Rochefort to join and search for the enemy thirty or forty leagues to the westward.

This united fleet of fifteen sail, under Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Calder, met Villeneuve and his twenty ships on July 22. Villeneuve even yet was determined to avoid battle. Calder was equally resolved that he should fight, though the advantage of wind and weather lay with the French admiral. Calder, too, had been incessantly cruising, and like Nelson and Collingwood and all the officers and men, was weary of watching and expecting. Calder was "worn to a shadow, quite broken down," wrote Collingwood; and he now fell upon the Frenchman with the ardour of one who had been long waiting for, and disappointed in getting, his prey. For a great part of the morning the weather was very thick, and when the battle began the fog became so dense that it was scarcely possible to see a ship ahead or astern. Calder fought hard for more than four hours, and then found it necessary to bring to his squadron, so that he could cover the *San Rafaël*, 84 guns, and the *Firme*, 74 guns, which he had captured.

"If I may judge from the slaughter on board the captured ships," said Calder in his dispatches to Cornwallis, "the enemy must have suffered greatly." Later it became known that the total loss of the combined French and Spanish fleet was 476, of whom 149 were killed. The *San Rafaël* had 53 killed and 114 wounded, and the *Firme* 41 killed and 97 wounded—a total for the two prizes of 305. The loss on the English side was 41 killed and 158 wounded. Calder hoped to bring the combined squadrons to further action, but although the fleets remained in sight of each other during the

23rd and 24th there was no renewal of the conflict, and on the 28th Villeneuve anchored at Vigo. Two of his ships had been captured, three were so badly damaged that they were unfit for service, and others had suffered greatly—an ominous refutation of his own boast to the captains of his fleet—at the end of 1804—that they had no reason to fear the sight of an English squadron, since their 74's had not 500 men on board, and were worn out by a two years' cruise.

Gallant as Calder was, and courageously as he had acted after nearly six months' anxiety at sea, charges were brought against him by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, who did not consider that he had done his duty. Nelson shared no such opinion. One of the last letters he wrote related to Calder. It was to Collingwood, and was dated *Victory*, October 14, 1805. "I am glad Sir Robert Calder is gone, and from my heart I hope he will get home safe, and end his inquiry well. I endeavoured to give him all the caution in my power respecting the cry against him." On hearing of the unfavourable criticisms of his conduct, Calder wrote and applied for a court-martial; but the Admiralty had already ordered Nelson to send him home for trial. Calder left for England a few days before Trafalgar, but was not court-martialled until December 23. On the 26th he was found guilty of an error of judgment on July 23 and 24, and was severely reprimanded. From that time he was never again actively employed. He died in 1818, having by seniority attained the rank of admiral.

This loss of ships by Villeneuve was not a hopeful beginning of the effort to cover a landing of French troops in England. With his fifteen sound vessels the Frenchman on the 31st sailed, intending to go to Ferrol, but he was positively ordered not to enter that port—he was to add nine ships that were there and five at Rochefort to his command, and with this augmented fleet carry out the pet scheme of securing the control of the Channel. This he was to accomplish, after uniting

with the Brest fleet. But after his meeting with Calder, Villeneuve could do nothing with his crippled ships. It was imperative that he should refit and get fresh water and provisions, and Ferrol being forbidden, the Frenchman anchored at Corunna. Here again he was unlucky, because there was neither proper accommodation for his ships nor adequate means of supplying the wants of the men. He did the best he could, and being joined at Corunna by the Ferrol squadron, he had at his command 29 ships of the line. On August 13, having been harried by orders from Napoleon, he left Corunna and put to sea.

From Rochefort five ships had sailed with the object of joining Villeneuve off Ferrol. The *Didon*, a frigate, was sent by him to order the Rochefort ships to join him off Brest, but the English, ever vigilant, frustrated his purpose. The *Didon* was seen by the English frigate *Phœnix*, and was captured after a stiff fight. The Rochefort ships, therefore, did not get Villeneuve's orders, and took no further part in the struggle which ended with Trafalgar. It was like Villeneuve's ill luck to see, on August 15, the *Didon* and the *Phœnix* in convoy of the *Dragon*, a 74-gun ship; but he did not then know that his frigate had been taken. All he learned from a neutral merchant vessel—and it was incorrect—was that these three ships were the advanced vessels of an English force of 25 sail. He immediately stood away, for he knew by this time that it was very doubtful whether he could join Gantaume, as Cornwallis had under his command no fewer than 35 ships of the line.

The French admiral made his way to Cadiz, where Collingwood was watching with a small squadron; and he anchored there on August 17. Instantly Collingwood sent to England the great intelligence that the enemy was trapped at last. The news went by the *Euryalus* frigate, and Nelson, on September 15, sailed in the *Victory* to resume the command of the English fleet. The fleet was waiting for him anxiously, and

Nelson was not more eager to return and fight than his comrades were to have him back to lead the ships to victory again. A month before Trafalgar, Codrington, writing to his wife, said : "For charity's sake send us Lord Nelson, O ye men of power!" When the Commander-in-Chief had rejoined, a sort of general joy was the consequence, and many great things were expected. But, added Codrington, perhaps even Nelson, who was heroism personified, might find it difficult, in certain circumstances, to gratify the alehouse expectations of John Bull.

On landing in England Nelson had gone to his house at Merton; but he had not been there for more than a few days when Captain Blackwood, of the *Euryalus*, appeared in the early morning, told him of Calder's success, and that the French and Spanish ships were found at last, and were then at Cadiz. For a little time only Nelson feigned to have no further concern in the matter. "Let the man trudge it who's lost his budget," he quoted; but he yearned as much as ever to score what he believed would be his last and greatest victory. He bade farewell to Lady Hamilton and his little daughter, and on September 13 left Merton, embarking in the *Victory* on the 15th amid the cheers and blessings of the crowd, some of whom ran after him until they were breast high in the water. He was at last to be rewarded for his long and harassing search for the French and Spanish ships of war, and to have the chance of pitting his own gale-torn craft, of which he proudly boasted that for twenty-one months they had braved the worst of weather without losing either mast or yard, against the port-spoiled ships and sailors of whom even Villeneuve was forced to say that "they were not drilled in storms."

Soon after Nelson rejoined the fleet it consisted of 34 ships of the line. By this strong force Villeneuve was safely bottled up in Cadiz, and Napoleon had to acknowledge that his cherished scheme of crushing England must be put aside. Austria, Prussia, and Ger-

many, too, were now allied against him, and he dispersed his Boulogne camp and marched into Germany, where he conducted a brilliant campaign.

But busy as he was in winning fresh victories, Napoleon did not forget Villeneuve, whom he forced to put to sea by sending repeated and insulting messages, with threats to supersede him. Learning that Nelson had sent 6 ships, under Rear-Admiral Lewis, to Gibraltar and Tetuan for water and provisions, Villeneuve thought his chance was as good as it ever could be, and he was at sea on October 20, having 33 ships of the line under him, compared with Nelson's 27.

All the time that he had been watching off Cadiz, Nelson had been kept constantly informed of the doings of Villeneuve's fleet. He knew when the enemy had left Cadiz, and rightly supposing that Villeneuve meant to enter the Mediterranean, he made for the Straits of Gibraltar. On the 20th, at daybreak, the enemy was not visible, and Nelson kept under easy sail. During the day he stood towards the north, turning to the south at night. On the morning of the 21st the English fleet wore towards the north, and at daylight the enemy was seen off Cape Trafalgar, and was brought to that great meeting which for so many months he had escaped.

The two fleets were at last arrayed for battle. Rarely had one been more fit for fight than the hardened, seasoned, thoroughly-united ships of England—as much veterans as the officers and men who trod their decks, and were controlled by him who had welded his officers into that famous band of brothers amongst whom no little jealousies existed, and who obeyed his orders as much from love as they did from duty. Ships and men alike had been exhausted by their work, but the craft had been repaired, and officers replaced, without cessation of the task of watching for a chance to trap the enemy. Officers and men had been trained to act together in perfection, and the winter storms of the Atlantic and the Biscay had given them wonderful ex-

pertness in the handling of their ships and guns. What Nelson did his officers did also. Before Trafalgar Collingwood changed his flag to the *Royal Sovereign* from the *Dreadnought*, the crew of which he had practised so thoroughly in exercising the great guns that few ships' companies could equal them in rapidity and precision of firing. Collingwood was accustomed to tell them that if they could fire three well-directed broadsides in five minutes, no vessel could resist them; but under his daily supervision they became so skilful that they could do this in three and a half minutes.

In his officers and men Nelson had unbounded faith; in his battered vessels too he believed not less devoutly, though he longed for more of them and that they should be in better trim. "The French fleet is in high feather," he wrote, "and as fine as paint can make them; but our weather-beaten ships, I have no fear, will make their sides like a plum-pudding." This hard usage of the sea had indeed kept the Englishmen in that perfect trim which alone could enable them to save their shattered ships after the battle, when the gales raged furiously, and when disaster of wind and wave finished the havoc which the English guns had opened in the French and Spanish fleets.

A fact which was to the serious disadvantage of the French and Spaniards was the want of unity amongst them—disunion arising from jealousy and distrust on all sides. Villeneuve knew that he had not the confidence of the Emperor, and he did not possess the love or trust of his subordinates, amongst them Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. He had superseded Dumanoir in a naval command a year previously, and the jealousy arising from this possibly caused the rear-admiral to withhold support at a crisis of the battle when his help was sorely needed, and might have lessened, though it could not have averted, the disaster of the day.

While the fleets are nearing each other off Trafalgar the entire story of the battle, from the day on which Nelson last left England to that on which he was

brought back for burial, as told by the journal of the *Victory*, may be given. The original manuscript log of the *Victory* is in the Public Record Office. It is remarkable more for what it omits than for what it contains. Of Nelson's signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty," there is no mention whatever; the references to his wound and death are the briefest; to the loss of life on board the *Victory* in the battle no allusion is made; yet, strangely enough, almost as much space is given to the death of a boy after the fight as is devoted to Nelson himself. Of the savage discipline of the period evidence is furnished on nearly every page. Day after day batches of men were flogged for various offences—not even an impending great battle or a glorious victory was allowed to interfere with the infliction of the cat; for just before the 21st ten seamen received 36 lashes each for drunkenness, and a few days after the battle another batch of six offenders got the same punishment for contempt and disobedience of orders; in short, during this Trafalgar period of less than six months—August 1, 1805, to January 15, 1806—about 100 men were flogged, their total punishment being not far short of 4,000 lashes. But incessant flogging did not rob the British tar of the goodness of heart for which he has been at all times famed. Witness the case of D. Campbell, a seaman of the *Tribune*, who was on March 6, 1805, tried by court-martial at Spithead for desertion, and sentenced to receive 150 lashes. As the crime precluded him from the benefit of prize money, and as Campbell's conduct generally had been good, the ship's company, on receiving their share in a late success, gave him, each man a dollar and each midshipman five dollars. These journals, scant as they are, give an insight into the actual life on board a ship of the line of the period when getting ready for sea and certain battle which is furnished by no other record. In the appended extracts the very words of the *Victory's* journal are quoted, omissions which are repetitions being indicated by dotted lines, and when considered

necessary entries—particularly those relating to flogging —have been summarized. By way of showing precisely how the journal was kept, a literal copy of one day's entry, that for August 24, has been given.

The Trafalgar part of the journal begins with Thursday, August 1, 1805, when the *Victory*, homeward bound, was distant 128½ leagues from Finisterre. On the 3rd half a dozen men were flogged, 36 lashes each, two for drunkenness and four for neglect of duty. On succeeding days the crew were employed painting the vessel's sides and quarterdeck. On Tuesday, 13th, for drunkenness, contempt and neglect of duty, seven seamen and marines were flogged. On Friday, 16th, the *Victory* "saluted Admiral Cornwallis in H.M.S. *Ville de Paris* with 15 guns, which was returned with 11." On Sunday, 18th, the *Victory* arrived off St. Catherine's Point. "At 4 weighed and made sail to Spithead. Saluted Admiral Montagu in the *Royal William* with 15 guns, which was returned with 13. Anchored at Spithead."

Tuesday 20. At 9 hauled down Lord Nelson's flag.

Wednesday 21. Employed getting the guns out into the hoys.

The *Victory* was now moored at Spithead, getting ready as rapidly as she could to return to sea. The following is a verbatim copy of an entry under the head of "Remarks, &c., *Victory*."

Saturday 24. Moderate and cloudy weather—Red. 20 Butts of Beer and sent away empty casks. Unbent sails. Sent top gall^t masts on Deck. Struck lower yards and topmasts. A M. Fresh breezes and hazy. Employed sending the powder and sundry gunners stores into the hoys—A Party of caulkers from the Dock Yard emp^d. in the Admiral's cabin. Punished Jno. Thomas (2) Seaman with 36 Lashes for Drunkenness, John Kennedy (S) 36 Lashes for Quarrelling and Contempt. Chrisr. Dixon, Do. Do. Jas. Johnson Cooks Mate, with 36 Lashes for Neglect of Duty and Insolence—& Jno. Perry (M) with 24 Lashes for Insolence.

Sunday 25. Employed clearing the main hold and sending away empty casks. . . . Washed the middle and lower decks.

Monday 26. Employed clearing the forehold and sending away empty casks. . . . Employed clearing and cleansing the holds. Caulkers employed in the galley and on the top sides. Joiners in the Admiral's cabin, and bricklayers repairing the hearth in the galley.

Tuesday 27. Employed cleansing and restowing the iron ballast. Sent the lower yards to the dockyards for examination. Received 4 butts of beer. Caulkers, joiners and bricklayers employed as before. Received 30 butts of beer and 2,897 lbs. of fresh beef.

Wednesday 28. Received 70 butts of water. Employed stowing do. in the ground tier. Sent the boilers on shore for repairs.

Thursday 29. Mustered for cheque and paid bounty. Swayed up top masts and rigged the top gallant masts. Received water. . . . Artificers employed on board. Completed the ground tier containing 156 butts . . . 92½ tons.

Friday 30. Blacked the yards. . . . Employed tarring the rigging and restowing the hold. Artificers employed as necessary. Completed the second tier containing 127 butts, . . . and in the forehold 4 butts and 2 punns. = 67 tons.

Saturday 31. . . . Received on board the middle deck guns. . . . Received on board the lower deck guns. . . . Completed the 4th tier containing 132 butts, 1 punn., 64⅓ tons. Total water stowed, 300¾ tons. Stowage left for beer, sand, pitch and tar, 50 tons.

September. Sunday 1. Employed as necessary fitting for sea. . . . Bent sails. Tradesmen as necessary.

Monday 2. Employed as necessary fitting for sea.

Tuesday, Wednesday, also getting ready for sea.

Thursday 5. Came on board Commissioner Captain Hunter and paid the ship's company.

Saturday 7. Fresh gales and cloudy, with rain,

thunder and lightning. . . . Received on board sundry boatswains and carpenters stores for foreign service.

Sunday 8. . . . Employed as necessary about the rigging.

Monday 9. . . . Loosed sails to dry. Employed painting the sides and quarterdeck.

Tuesday 10. . . . Received sundry stores belonging to Lord Viscount Nelson. . . . Punished John Thomas (1), carpenters crew, with 36 lashes for theft. Richard Powell (S) with 24 lashes for contempt. Henry Butcher (S) with 24 lashes for neglect of duty and disobedience of orders. (Two others got 24 and a drummer 12 for the same offence.)

Wednesday 11. Employed painting the stern. . . . Scrubbed hammocks.

Friday 13. . . . At noon weighed and made sail to St. Helens under 1st reef topsails and top gallant sails.

Saturday 14. . . . Shortened sail and anchored at St. Helen's with the best bower in 16 fm. . . . Received on board 20 tons of water and 5 tons of beer. . . . At 11.30 hoisted the flag of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B. etc.

Thursday 19. A.M. At 1.6 split the fore top sail in reefing. Fresh gales and hazy. Squadron in company.

Friday 20. At 6 split the main top sail by the starboard main top sail sheet giving way, which tore the sail right across below the 4th reef. Unbent it and bent another.

Saturday 21. At 7.20 fell overboard Robert Chandler (S). Backed the main top sail and sent a boat to look for him, but could not find him.

Sunday 22. Performed divine service and mustered at quarters.

Tuesday 24. (On this day a marine received 72 lashes for theft, another marine got 36 for the same offence, one seaman had 48 for neglect of duty and insolence, one 36 for drunkenness, and two 36 each for the same offence.)

Wednesday 25. . . . Aired bedding two hours. Scrubbed hammocks.

Thursday 26. (Eight men got 36 lashes each for drunkenness.)

Sunday 29. Light airs and variable. At 6 joined the fleet off Cadiz under the command of Vice-Admiral Collingwood. . . .

October 5. (Six men 36 lashes each for drunkenness.)

Sunday 6. . . . Aired beds two hours. . . . Performed divine service. Mustered at quarters. Fleet in company.

Tuesday 8. (Seven men flogged, 36 lashes, for drunkenness.)

Wednesday 9. . . . H.M.S. *Royal Sovereign* joined from England. . . . Employed picking the old bread, etc., and whitewashed the bread room, above the platform.

Sunday 13. At 6 (morning) out launch and down quarter boats. Sent them for water to the *Amphion*. Received on board 29 tons of water from H.M. ship *Amphion*.

Monday 14. H.M. Ship *Africa* joined from England. Condemned by survey, the outer best bower cable, 6,841 lbs. of bread, 499 lbs. of rice, 299 lbs. of cheese, and the foretopsail.

Tuesday 15. . . . Sent the condemned provisions to *Gibraltar* and *Albion* transports. . . . Out launch and down quarter boats. Sent them to the *L'Aimiable* for water. Received on board 19 tons of water from H.M. Ship *L'Aimiable* in launch.

(Note: entry for Sunday 13, gives H.M. Ship *Agamemnon* and *La Amiable* joined from England. On Wednesday, 16, she is written *L'Amiable*.)

Wednesday 16. . . . Exercised great guns and small arms.

Saturday 19. (10 seamen got 36 lashes each for drunkenness.)

Sunday 20. Cadiz bears N. 39 E., distant 9½ leagues,

and Cape St. Mary's N. 49 W., distant 26½ leagues. Light breezes and clear. At 12 do. weather. Tried for soundings every two hours with 100 fathoms line. No[1] Performed divine service. Squally with rain. Lowered the topsails on the cap. At noon fresh breezes and dark cloudy weather with rain. Fleet in company.

Monday 21. (For this and the next day or two the journal has become mixed somewhat, chiefly in the dating. Tuesday, 22nd, for example, is entered against the account of Monday's fight. This was owing to the fact that the two persons whose duty it was to take minutes, in succession, were killed early in the fight, and the entries were not made in the log until next day.) Winds, S.W., N.W. by W., N.W. At noon commenced action with the combined fleets. Cape Trafalgar bore E. by S., distant 5 leagues.

Light breezes and squally, with rain. At 2 taken aback. Came to the wind on the starboard tack. At 4 wore ship, and up topgallant yards. Lookout ships making signals of the enemy's position. At 8.40 wore ship. At 12 do. weather. At 4 wore ship. At 6 observed the enemy bearing E. by S., distant 10 or 11 miles. Bore up to the eastward. Out all reef topsails, set steering sails and royals. Cleared for quarters. At 8 light breezes and cloudy. Body of the enemy's fleet E. by S., distant 9 or 10 miles. Still standing for the enemy's van. The *Royal Sovereign* and her line of battle steering for the centre of the enemy's line—the enemy's line extending about N.N.E. and S.S.W. At 11.40 *Royal Sovereign* commenced firing on the enemy they having begun on her.

At 11.30—

Light airs and cloudy. Standing towards the enemy's van, with all sails set. At 4 minutes past 12 opened our fire on the enemy's van in passing down their line. At 12.20, in attempting to pass through their line, fell on board the 10th and 11th ships, when the action

[1] "Bottom" is evidently meant, but no word is written between "No" and "Performed."

became general. About 1.15 the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B., and Commander-in-Chief, was wounded in the shoulder. At 1.30 the *Redoutable* having struck her colours, we ceased firing our starboard guns, but continued engaged with the *Santissima Trinidada* and some of the enemy's ships on the larboard side. Observed the *Temeraire* between the *Redoutable* and another French ship of the line, both of which had struck. The action continued general until 3 o'clock, when several of the enemy's ships around us struck. Observed the *Royal Sovereign* with the loss of her main and mizzen masts and several of the enemy's ships around her dismasted. At 3.30 observed 4 sail of the enemy's van tack and stand along our weather line to windward. Fired our larboard guns at those they would reach. At 3.40 made the signal for our ships to keep their wind and engage the enemy's van coming along our weather line. At 4.15 the Spanish rear-admiral to windward struck to some of our ships, which had tacked after them. Observed one of the enemy's ships blow up, and 14 sail of the enemy's ships standing towards Cadiz, and 3 sail of the enemy's ships standing to the southward. Partial firing continued until 3.40, when a victory having been reported to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B. and Commander-in-Chief, he died of his wound. At 5 the mizzen-mast fell about 10 feet above the poop. The lower masts, yards and bowsprit all crippled. Rigging and sails very much cut. The ships around us much crippled. Several of our ships pursuing the enemy to leeward. Saw Vice-Admiral Collingwood's flag flying on board H.M. ship *Euryalus*, and some of our ships taking possession of the prizes. Struck topgallant masts, got up runners and tackles to secure the lower masts. Employed clearing the wrecks of the yards and rigging. Wore ship and sounded in 30 fathoms. Sandy bottom. Stood to the southward under the remnants of the foresails and maintopsail. Sounded from 13 to 19 fathoms. At 2 wore ship. At daylight saw our fleet and prizes—43

sail—in sight, still closing with our fleet. At 6 Cape Trafalgar bore S.E. by E., distant 4 or 5 leagues. At 6.30 saw 3 of the enemy's ships to leeward, standing towards Cadiz. Fresh breezes and cloudy. Employed knotting the fore and main rigging and fishing and securing the lower masts. Struck the foretopmast for a fish for the foremast, which was very badly wounded. At noon fresh breezes and hazy.

Wednesday 23. Fresh breezes and cloudy. Employed knotting and splicing the rigging and fishing the fore and main masts. Bent a foresail for a mainsail, the old mainsail shot all to pieces. At 11.30 wore ship. Moderate breezes and cloudy. Watch employed woolding the lower masts, etc., as necessary. Bent a maintop sail, old one shot to pieces. Got a jibboom up and rigged for a jury mizzen mast. Employed securing the masts, yards and rigging. Carpenters employed stopping the shot-holes, etc., as necessary. At noon Cape Trafalgar bore S.E. ½ E., dist. 10 or 11 leagues.

Thursday 24. Fresh breezes and cloudy. Employed clearing the wreck of the mizzen mast. Sounded every hour with 100 fathom line. No bottom. Strong gales and heavy squalls with rain and a heavy sea from the Westward. Do. gales and weather. At 4 more moderate. Sounded in 70 fathoms. Mud. Employed knotting and splicing the rigging. Mustered the ship's company. Carpenters employed stopping the shot-holes, etc., as necessary. At 11 H.M. ship *Polyphemus* took us in tow. Fresh breezes and cloudy.

Friday 25. Fresh breezes and squally, with rain. Employed setting up the fore rigging. Got up a jury foretopmast and a maintop gallant yard for a foretopsail-yard, and bent the mizzen-topsail for a foretopsail. Sounded in 60 fm. At 9.20 wore. Observed a ship on fire astern. At 9.45 she blew up. At 12 fresh breezes, and squally with rain. Carpenters employed as necessary. Strong gales and squally with rain at intervals. At noon do. weather.

Saturday 26. Strong gales and squally with rain.

At 4.15 heavy squalls. At 5.10 carried away the main-yard, split the maintopsail and mainsail all to pieces. Cleared away the wreck. Sounded every hour with 100 fm. line. No bottom. *Polyphemus* increased her distance from us, supposing the hawser had parted. Hard gales and a heavy swell from the W.S.W. Bent a foresail and set the mainstaysail. Hard gales and rain. Sounded every hour with 100 fm. line. No bottom. At daylight saw the *Royal Sovereign* in the N.E., with signal No. 314 flying. Made the signal to the *Polyphemus* with the *Royal Sovereign's* pendants. At 7 wore ship. At 8 more moderate. The ship laboured very much. Employed setting up the lower rigging. Got the maintopsail down. Employed fishing the maintop-sail-yard for a mainyard. Heavy squalls at intervals. Sounded with 100 fm. line. No bottom. Departed this life at 10 a.m. Henry Cromwell (S) of the wound he received on the 21st inst. *Africa* in the N.N.E. with the signal of distress, all her masts being gone. At noon moderate breezes and cloudy. A heavy swell from the S.S.W. Several ships in sight all round.

Sunday 27. Fresh breezes and hazy. Employed rigging the jury mainyard and fitting a maintopsail-yard. *Neptune* took us in tow. At 5 bent the mainsail. Got up a topsail yard, and bent the sail. At 9 sounded in 50 fm. Mud. At 11 sounded in 40 fm. Wore ship. At 12 do. weather. Saw the land bearing E. by N. pr compass. Departed this life Joseph Gordon (boy) of the wound he received on the 21st inst. Employed clearing and refitting the ship. Fleet E.S.E. At noon do. weather.

Monday 28. Moderate breezes and hazy. Committed the body of Joseph Gordon, deceased, to the deep, with the usual ceremony. Fleet in sight, E.N.E. At 9.40 carried away the tow-rope. Tried for soundings every hour. Sounded with 60 fm. line. No bottom. At 12 moderate breezes and cloudy. *Neptune* carried away her foretopmast. Sounded Cape Trafalgar shoals in 17 fm. Coarse sand and shells. Made and shortened

sail occasionally. *Neptune* anchored. At noon fresh breezes. Sounded in 29 fm. Sand and shells.

Tuesday 29. Fresh breezes and cloudy. Steering for Gibraltar. Made and shifted sail occasionally. At 7 anchored in Rosia Bay, Gibraltar. Sand and mud. Veered and moored with the whole cable service. Found riding here H.M. ships *Prince*, *Tonnant*, *Thunderer*, *Revenge*, and several men of war. Rear-Admiral Knight's flag flying on board the *Endymion*. A.M. light airs and cloudy. Employed as necessary. Departed this life Mr. Palmer, mid. Punished John Matthews, Robert Collins, William Stanford, John Walland, Charles Waters and Michael Griffiths with 36 lashes each for contempt and disobedience of orders. At noon light airs and cloudy.

Wednesday 30. Was employed in knotting and splicing rigging, and drying the sails.

On the 31st the carpenters were making jury topmasts and the crew were knotting and splicing, and on November 1st and 2nd the same work went on. On Sunday, 3rd, the crew were employed clearing the ship for sea, and the *Royal Sovereign* and other English ships and prizes anchored near the *Victory*.

Monday 4. Weighed and made sail out of the Bay. . . . Sent the large cutter, yawl and gig to the Mole for the wounded.

Tuesday 5. . . . Made sail to the W.S.W. At 6 shortened sail and sent a boat on board the *Weazel* brig. Up boat and made sail through the Straits to the Westward. . . . Saw the *Belleisle* and answered her lights. . . . Saw the fleet west. Answered the signal of recall. . . . Fleet W. six or seven miles.

Wednesday 6. Joined the fleet under Vice-Admiral Collingwood, H.M. ship *Queen*. Received on board 19 French prisoners from the *Leviathan*. . . . Mustered the ship's company per ship's books.

Thursday 7. . . . Saw a strange sail to the W.N.W. Performed divine service, conformable to order of Vice-Admiral Collingwood for a general thanksgiving for the

victory of the 21 ultimo. Mustered the ship's company and read the Vice-Admiral's letter of thanks to them.

Saturday 9. . . . Two strange ships in the N.W. quarter. Fired two guns and showed our colours to the strangers. (The ship's barber and other men were flogged for various offences.) . . . Employed stowing the wet provisions in the forehold.

Monday 11. . . . A heavy swell from the Westward. Sold the effects of the deceased seamen and marines which were killed in the action of the 21st ultimo.

Tuesday 12. . . . Light airs with a heavy swell from the westward. Shewed our number to a strange ship in the N.E. Aired beds and served slops.

Thursday 14, Saturday 16, Tuesday 19, Tuesday 26, Wednesday 27, and on Thursday 28, 23 seamen and marines—amongst them the ship's corporal—were flogged for drunkenness, disobedience of orders, insolence and quarrelling.

December Monday 2. . . . Made our number to H.M.S. *Warrior*. At ten *Warrior* took us in tow.

Tuesday 3. . . . At 5.40 passed through the Channel Fleet, consisting of 17 sail of the line, two frigates and a brig. (More men were flogged, one for quarrelling and fighting.)

Wednesday 4. Squally weather at intervals. Cast off the towing cable. *Warrior* N. by E. half mile. A.M. fresh breezes. Shortened sail and hove to. At 6 saw Needles Lights bearing N.N.E. five leagues. Standing for St. Helens. Hoisted the flag and colours of the late Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B.

On Thursday December 5th the *Victory* moored at St. Helens. On the following day she anchored at Spithead and received on board 50 butts of beer and 60 butts of water. On the 7th she received 15 bags of cheese and 10 firkins of butter, and on the 8th, Sunday, 60 butts of water. From the 6th to the 10th the *Victory* was moored at Spithead. On the 11th she made sail through St. Helens to sea. She signalled for

a pilot and got one on board from Dover. On the 13th she anchored in Dover Roads, where she remained for some days, receiving on board 40 butts of beer and ten butts of water from Dover and 2,611 lb. of fresh beef from Deal.

Monday 23. Moderate breezes and cloudy. At 1.40 shortened sail and anchored with the small bower in 12 fathoms of mud in the Swim. Moored ship. "Came alongside Commissioner Grey's yacht from Sheerness, and received the remains of the late Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B. and Vice-Admiral of the White. Got a pilot on board to take the ship to Chatham."

Tuesday 24. . . . Sent 100 men on board the *Minx* gun brig, being discharged to H.M. ship *Ocean*. At noon standing up the Medway.

Wednesday 25 (Christmas Day). . . . Got gun hoys and powder hoy alongside. Sent the powder out of the ship. Employed getting out the lower deck guns and shot.

Thursday 26. . . . Employed getting the guns out and returning gunner's stores. . . . Employed starting the salt water.

The 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th were employed in getting the guns out and returning empty casks, provisions, stores, etc.

Sunday 29. . . . Sent away all the guns and carriages and sundry boatswain's and gunner's stores.

1806. Wednesday, Jan. 1. The *Victory* was now in the Medway, and the purser's stores were being returned and the ship unrigged. "William Patterson was killed by a fall out of the foretop on the forecastle."

Until the 14th the crew were employed finishing the work of clearing the *Victory*, getting out the shingle ballast, and the lower masts. On the 14th, being then moored at Chatham, 250 men were discharged to other ships.

Now comes the last entry—"Wed. 15. Fresh breezes and cloudy. A.M. Sent the remainder of the ship's company on board the *Amy* and *Countess of Cardigan*,

tenders, to join the *Ocean*, and disembarked the marines to headquarters at Chatham—and hauled the Pendant down.

T. M. HARDY, Captain."

Such is the plain, unvarnished tale of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson, as the *Victory's* log contains it; but the account is far from perfect or complete, and must be supplemented briefly from other sources. Collingwood's letters and dispatches fill the gaps. It was to Collingwood that Nelson sent the last letter he ever wrote, dated *Victory*, October 19. "What a beautiful day!" said Nelson. "Will you be tempted out of your ship? If you will, hoist the Assent and *Victory's* pendants." Annexed to the letter is a note by Collingwood—"Before the answer had got to the *Victory*, the signal was made that the enemy's fleet was coming out of Cadiz, and we chased immediately." Collingwood, too, was the officer on whom the command of the fleet devolved when Nelson died.

In his dispatch from the *Euryalus*, off Cape Trafalgar, October 22, 1805, Collingwood said it was communicated to the Commander-in-Chief, from the ships watching the motions of the enemy in Cadiz, that the combined fleet had put to sea. As they sailed with light westerly winds, Nelson concluded that their destination was the Mediterranean, and immediately made all sail for the Straits entrance, with the British squadron, consisting of 27 ships, three of them 64's, where Nelson was informed by Blackwood that the enemy had not yet passed the Straits. On Monday, at daylight, when Cape Trafalgar bore east by south about seven leagues, the enemy was discovered six or seven miles to the eastward, the wind about west, and very light. Nelson immediately made the signal for the fleet to bear up in two columns. The enemy's line consisted of 33 ships, of which 18 were French and 15 Spanish, Villeneuve in chief command, and the Spaniards under the direction of Admiral Gravina.

The opposing fleets were as follows:

ENGLISH.

GUNS.	
100	*Victory* (Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson, K.B., Commander-in-Chief).
	Royal Sovereign (Vice-Admiral Cuthbert Collingwood).
	Britannia (Rear-Admiral the Earl of Northesk).
98	*Téméraire.*
	Prince.
	Neptune.
	Dreadnought.
80	*Tonnant.*
74	*Belleisle.*
	Revenge.
	Mars.
	Spartiate.
	Defiance.
	Conqueror.
	Defence.
	Colossus.
	Leviathan.
	Achille.
	Bellerophon.
	Minotaur.
	Orion.
	Swiftsure.
	Ajax.
	Thunderer.
64	*Polyphemus.*
	Africa.
	Agamemnon.
	27

Frigates: *Euryalus*, *Naïad*, *Phœbe*, *Sirius*. Schooner: *Pickle.* Cutter: *Entreprenante.*

FRENCH.		SPANISH.	
GUNS.		GUNS.	
80	*Bucentaure* (Vice-Admiral Villeneuve, Commander-in-Chief).	130	*Santissima Trinidad* (Rear-Admiral Cisreros).
	Formidable (Rear-Admiral Dumanoir).	112	*Principe-de-Asturias* (Admiral Gravina).
	Neptune.		*Santa Ana* (Vice-Admiral de Alava).
	Indomptable.	100	*Rayo.*
74	*Algésiras.*	80	*Neptuno.*
	Pluton.		*Argonauta.*
	Mont Blanc.	74	*Bahama.*
	Intrépide.		*Montanes.*
	Swiftsure.		*San Augustin.*
	Aigle.		*San Ildefonso.*
	Scipion.		*S.-Juan-Nepomuceno.*
	Duguay-Trouin.		*Monarca.*
	Berwick,		*S.-Francisco-de-Asis.*
	Argonaute.		*San Justo.*
	Achille.	64	*San Leandro.*
	Redoutable.		
	Fougueux		
	Héros.		
	18		15

Frigates (all French): *Cornélie*, *Hermione*, *Hortense*, *Rhin*, *Thémis*. Brigs: *Argus*, *Furet*.

The French and Spaniards wore with their heads to the northward, and formed their line of battle with great closeness and correctness. "But as the mode of attack was unusual, so the structure of their line was new; it formed a crescent convexing to leeward; so that in leading down to their centre, I had both their van and rear abaft the beam before the fire opened. Every alternate ship was about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern, forming a kind of double line, and appeared, when on their beam, to leave a very little interval between them, and this without crowding their ships." Villeneuve was in the *Bucentaure* in the centre, and the *Principe-de-Asturias* bore Gravina's flag in the rear; but the French and Spanish ships were mixed, without any apparent regard

to order of national squadron. "As the mode of our attack had been previously determined on and communicated to the flag officers and captains, few signals were necessary, and none were made, except to direct close order as the lines bore down."

Nelson, in the *Victory*, led the weather column, and Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, the lee. The action began at twelve o'clock, by the leading ships of the columns breaking through the enemy's line; Nelson about the tenth ship from the van, Collingwood about the twelfth from the rear, leaving the van of the enemy unoccupied, the succeeding ships breaking through in all parts, astern of their leaders, and engaging the enemy at the muzzles of their guns. "The conflict was severe; the enemy's ships were fought with a gallantry highly honourable to their officers; but the attack on them was irresistible. About three p.m. many of the enemy's ships, having struck their colours, their line gave way. Gravina, with ten ships, joining their frigates to leeward, stood towards Cadiz. The five headmost ships in their van tacked, and standing to the southward, to windward of the British line, were engaged, and the sternmost of them taken. The others went off, leaving to His Majesty's squadron nineteen ships of the line (of which two are first-rates, the *Santissima Trinidad*, and the *Santa Ana*), with three flag officers"—Villeneuve. Alava, and Cisreros.

After this modest description of the fight Collingwood stated how his heart was "rent with the most poignant grief" for the death of Nelson—that chief of whom he later wrote that his friendship for him was unlike anything that he had left in the Navy—"a brotherhood of more than thirty years." Being now in command Collingwood was told that Nelson's last wish was that he should anchor the fleet. "Anchor the fleet!" he exclaimed. "That is the last thing I should have thought of." He did not anchor; but that he meant to do so is shown by his dispatches. "When I made

the signal to prepare to anchor, few of the ships had an anchor to let go, their cables being shot."[1]

As soon as the battle ended the gales which did such vast damage to the prizes began to blow. After the action Collingwood shifted his flag to the *Euryalus*, which towed the crippled *Royal Sovereign* out to seaward. The whole fleet was now in a very perilous situation; many dismasted, all shattered, in thirteen fathoms water, off the shoals of Trafalgar; but the wind shifted a few points in the night, and drifted the ships off the land, except four of the captured dismasted ships, which anchored off Trafalgar, and which Collingwood hoped would ride in safety till the gales were over.

That gives a broad outline of the battle; but no details as to the achievements of individual ships. The *Royal Sovereign* was the first of the English ships to come into action. Her copper was quite clean, and she much outsailed the other ships of the lee division. Nelson had made the *Royal Sovereign's* signal to pass through the enemy's line at the twelfth ship from the rear, but Collingwood, seeing that ship to be a two-decker, and that the second astern of her was a first-rate, the *Santa Ana*, so far deviated from the order as to attack the first-rate, which carried Alava's flag. It was while the *Royal Sovereign* was running down to the Spanish admiral that Nelson signalled, "England expects that every man will do his duty." When Collingwood saw

[1] Correspondence and Memoir. On this much vexed point the author, G. L. Newnham Collingwood, stated that a distinguished admiral said to him, "No one can regard with higher admiration than I do the great qualities of Lord Nelson; but on a question of mere seamanship, it is no injustice to his fame to say that he was inferior to Lord Collingwood, who was considered by all the Navy to be a seaman of very uncommon experience and knowledge; and when we remember that at the time when the order to anchor was given, Lord Nelson had been lying for several hours wounded below, without any opportunity of knowing the state of the fleet, it is impossible to put the judgment of the two men at the same moment in competition."

the flags going up he observed to his flag-lieutenant that he wished Nelson would not make any more signals, as they all knew what they had to do; but when the meaning of the message became clear he was delighted, and made it known to the *Royal Sovereign's* company.

Forging magnificently ahead, with her men lying on the decks, ready to spring to the guns, the *Royal Sovereign* steered for the *Santa Ana*. "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action! How I envy him!" exclaimed Nelson, whose *Victory* had been outsailed. Almost simultaneously Collingwood remarked to his captain, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Villeneuve, too, had noticed the daring of the *Royal Sovereign* and *Victory* in leading their squadrons into action, and even then, before the firing of a shot, despaired of the issue of the contest.

The *Fougueux*, a French 74, which was astern of the *Santa Ana*, tried to prevent the *Royal Sovereign* from going through the lines; but Collingwood ordered his ship to steer immediately for the Frenchman and carry away his bowsprit. Seeing this intention the *Fougueux* allowed the *Royal Sovereign* to pass, and fired at her, thus opening the battle. Collingwood ordered a gun to be fired at her occasionally, to cover his own ship with smoke, and so conceal her movements as far as possible. There was no deviation from the *Royal Sovereign's* course. Her object was the *Santa Ana*, and to the *Santa Ana* she sailed with awful purpose. Passing the stern of the great ship of Spain, the *Royal Sovereign's* people shot a broadside and a half into her. Her first gun was fired from the port side of the forecastle. This was a 68-pounder carronade, loaded with one round shot and a keg of 500 musket-balls. Almost instantly the starboard carronade, loaded in the same way, was discharged at the *Fougueux's* bows; and then, deliberately, slowly, gun after gun, all double or treble shotted, was fired either into the Spaniard's stern or the Frenchman's bow.

Broadside to broadside, a few yards only separating them, the *Royal Sovereign* and the *Santa Ana* pounded each other with their guns. The appalling results of her gunnery were instantly apparent. The towering stern was shattered; the ship was torn through her length, 14 of her guns were disabled, and 400 of her crew were killed or wounded. But the Spanish admiral had not been caught asleep. He had seen the purpose of the *Royal Sovereign*, and he also crashed a broadside into his opponent, a broadside so telling and so heavy that it made the *Royal Sovereign* heel two streaks out of the water. But the Spaniard had had most of the fight beaten out of him by that terrific first discharge by Collingwood. The *Royal Sovereign* pounded him unmercifully; while the *Santa Ana* could not do more than fire a gun at intervals. But the neighbouring French and Spanish ships crowded round the *Royal Sovereign*, hoping to destroy her, isolated as she was, before her friends could get to her support and rescue. The *Fougueux* put herself on the *Royal Sovereign's* lee quarter, and another French two-decker got across her bow; two Spanish ships also were on her bow, so that the *Royal Sovereign* had no fewer than five opponents falling on her at once.

The situation of the *Royal Sovereign* was desperate indeed; but no danger daunted Collingwood. Ordering the marines to leave the poop, so that they should not be exposed unnecessarily, he went about encouraging his men, and urging them not to waste a shot. He himself looked along the guns to see that they were laid effectively, and commended the crew—in particular a black man who was afterwards killed, but who, while the admiral was beside him, fired ten times point blank into one of the *Santa Ana's* port-holes. So close was the *Fougueux* at one period of the action that she almost touched the *Royal Sovereign's* quarter. The English carronades were brought to bear upon her, and several of the double-shotted guns having beaten

directly into her forecastle, she dropped a little astern. Being then out of the reach of the *Royal Sovereign* she maintained a destructive raking fire until the *Tonnant* bore down and captured her. The gallant Tyler, captain of the *Tonnant*, subsequently declared that he was so astonished at the way in which the *Royal Sovereign* opened her fire that for a few minutes he felt as if he could do nothing but look on and admire. The English ships pressed on to the support of the beleaguered *Royal Sovereign*, doubting whether she could hold out against such overwhelming odds; but when the *Santa Ana's* fire had slackened they rejoiced to see that Collingwood's flag still flew amid the battle smoke. At half-past two the *Santa Ana* struck; and then Collingwood heard that Nelson had been wounded.

Nelson meanwhile had sent an officer to tell Collingwood that he was wounded, and to give him his love. The officer was directed to say that the injury was not dangerous, but Collingwood read in his countenance what he had to fear, and before the action finished Captain Hardy went to tell him of Nelson's death.

When the *Santa Ana* surrendered the *Royal Sovereign* had been beaten helpless; she lay inert upon the swell, and the *Euryalus* had to take her in tow. The Spanish admiral, believed to be at the point of death from wounds, was left in his ship; but a sword, supposed to be his, was delivered to Collingwood by his captain who, on entering the *Royal Sovereign*, inquired of one of the English sailors what her name was. On being told, he patted one of the guns, and in broken English said, with bitter admiration, "I think she should be called the *Royal Devil*." Later, when Collingwood wrote to Alava to say that he considered him a prisoner of war, the admiral replied that it was not his sword, but the captain's own, which had been surrendered; and that the captain's imperfect knowledge of English had caused him to be misunderstood. Collingwood was

The *Victory* at Trafalgar.

not satisfied with the explanation; but he was spared further trouble by the death of Alava from the wound he had received.

While the *Royal Sovereign* was in this way fighting against such heavy odds Nelson was doing work as hot and dangerous. The *Victory* went into action just as the *Royal Sovereign* had done, and it is a striking parallel that her opening fire wrought almost exactly the same havoc as the *Royal Sovereign*. As she passed under the stern of the *Bucentaure*, so near that her main-yard-arm fouled the Frenchman's vangs (ropes for steadying a standing gaff), each of the fifty guns on her broadside was fired, double and treble shotted too. This broadside dismounted 20 of the Frenchman's guns and killed or wounded nearly 400 of his crew. While the *Victory's* people listened to the fearful crash of this discharge they were almost suffocated by the clouds of black smoke that entered her port-holes. Nelson, Hardy and others who were walking the quarter-deck were covered with the dust which came from the crumbled woodwork of the Frenchman's stern.

The *Victory* had waited patiently, for she had fired no shot until 20 of her men had been killed and 30 wounded. The *Bucentaure*, the gigantic *Santissima Trinidad*—the largest ship then afloat—and other vessels clustered round the *Victory*; but her great fight was with the *Redoutable*, the French 74. The *Victory* drove the Frenchmen from their guns; but the Frenchmen had an enormous advantage over their foe—they had their tops full of men, whereas the *Victory's* tops were empty. Nelson, for fear of the sails being fired, and knowing from experience what an awful thing a burning ship in action was—he had seen the *Orient* blow up at the Nile, and the *Alcide* in the action off Toulon on July 13, 1795—had strictly ordered that no men should be in the *Victory's* tops.

The *Redoutable*, therefore, cleared the forecastle and upper deck of the *Victory*, and this success encouraged the Frenchmen to try and board her. They were crowd-

ing in the gangway when William Willmet, the *Victory's* boatswain, fired a carronade into their very midst and almost destroyed them. But the muskets from the Frenchman's tops still shot their bullets at the *Victory's* decks. Scott, Nelson's secretary, had been cut in two by a round shot; a double-headed shot had killed eight marines on the poop, and Nelson and Hardy had narrowly escaped being struck. The two were walking to and fro, and were just about to turn.

Nelson was on the very spot which was wet with the blood of his secretary when a musket-ball, fired from the mizzen-top of the *Redoutable*, struck him on the left shoulder, passed through the spine, and remained in the muscles of the back. He dropped on his left side on the red deck, his clothes being soiled by his secretary's blood. Sergeant Secker of the Marines and two seamen ran up to him and raised their chief. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," he said. "I hope not," replied the captain fervently. "Yes, my backbone is shot through," said Nelson. They covered the worn face with a handkerchief, so that the crew should not know that he had fallen, and tried to hide the lustreless stars which adorned the enfeebled breast.

But amid all the din of battle and the confusion of the fight, despite the fact that forty wounded officers and men were being carried below, the news of Nelson's wound was known throughout the ship immediately. Before many minutes had passed not a man remained alive in the mizzen-top of the *Redoutable*, from which the ball had been fired. Notwithstanding this a French marine, for long after Trafalgar, boasted that it was he who had slain the English admiral.[1]

The French still poured their fire into the *Victory*,

[1] The ball, which was fired from a distance of about 15 yards, was, until 1900, to be seen in the Upper Hall at Greenwich Hospital. In that year it was stolen, with other priceless Nelson relics. The coat and other garments worn by Nelson at Trafalgar are exhibited in the Hall, the torn hole made by the bullet being very clearly seen.

and Lucas, the brave captain of the *Redoutable*, had so far cleared her upper decks that he thought he might again try to board her. The effort was made, but the assailants, meeting with fierce opposition, and being prevented by the curve in the ships' hulls from gaining the *Victory*, had to retire to their own ship.

In this repulse exposure of the English brought on a fresh fire from the French, and Captain Adair, Lieutenant Ram and 18 men were killed, and 1 midshipman and 20 men wounded. Adair was struck by a musket-ball in the back of the neck while encouraging his men on the *Victory's* gangway. The lieutenant and midshipman and four or five seamen who were standing near them were killed by a round shot, or the splinters made by it, which had come obliquely through the quarter-deck, and must have been fired from one of the *Redoutable's* maindeck guns pointed upward. Lucas, undeterred, lowered his mainyard, and making of this a bridge between his own ship and the *Victory*, his men crowded together, ready for the boarding of the English flagship.

Even while the French were swarming for the assault the *Téméraire* came under the starboard quarter of the *Redoutable*, and with one terrible raking broadside killed or wounded more than 200 of her men. Crushed and torn, the *Redoutable* could make no effort to repel the *Téméraire* when that ship ran on board her on the starboard side. She struck her flag, but not until nearly five-sixths of her crew had been killed or wounded—522 out of 643. Very soon afterwards the *Téméraire* captured the *Fougueux*, which had also fought bravely, 400 of her people being killed or wounded.

While the last of the guns were booming Nelson in the dark and crowded cockpit of the *Victory* was dying. Tortured by pain and thirst, nothing could be done for him but to ease the passing of his spirit. "Fan, fan," and "Drink, drink," he murmured, and they fanned him and quenched his thirst. From time to time he heard the cheers which marked the capture of a ship,

and at each signal of triumph a smile passed over his face. But the noise of battle tried him sorely. "Oh! *Victory*, *Victory*! how you distract my poor brain!" he exclaimed; and after a short pause, "How dear is life to all men!" Repeatedly he called for Hardy, his friend and captain, but for a long time Hardy could not leave the deck. When at last he descended to the cockpit he took the dying chief's hand in silence. "How goes the day with us?" asked Nelson. Hardy told him that it went very well, and that they had about twelve of the enemy's ships in their possession. "None of ours have struck, I hope?" said Nelson anxiously; and was instantly assured that there was no fear of that.

"I am a dead man, Hardy; I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon," said Nelson, and his friend, unable to keep back his tears, hurried to the deck. Fifty minutes later he was again in the cockpit, and taking Nelson's hand congratulated him on a complete and glorious victory, saying he thought that fourteen or fifteen at least of the enemy's ships were taken. "That's well," said Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." In a stronger voice he added, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" Later he repeated the words, and begged Hardy to kiss him. The captain did so and left the cockpit. Soon afterwards Nelson murmured more than once, "I have done my duty; I praise God for it." With this summing up of his life's work at sea he died.

Trafalgar had been fought and won, and Nelson's greatest wish—complete annihilation of the enemy's fleet—had been fulfilled. The net result was this—

The French, out of 18 sail of the line, saved only 9.

The Spaniards, out of 15 sail of the line, lost all but 6.

Of 19 French and Spanish ships, including the *Rayo*, which the British captured, one, the *Achille*, was accidentally burnt; 14 were recaptured, wrecked, foundered or destroyed; leaving only 4 ships, 1 French and 3 Spanish 74's, as trophies with the victors.

Given in another form the result was as follows—

		French.	Spanish.	Total.
Combined Fleet:	On the day of battle. Present	18	15	33
	On the day of battle. Captured	9	9	18
	On the day of battle. Escaped	9	6	15
	Recaptured on the 23rd	2	2	4
	Wrecked and captured on the 24th	2	2	4
	Remaining to France and Spain at sea	4		
	Remaining to France and Spain in Cadiz			
Brit. Prizes.	Accidentally burnt	1	—	1
	Recaptured on the 23rd	2	2	4
	Wrecked or foundered	4	2	6
	Destroyed	1	3	4
	Sent to Gibraltar	1	3	4
	Total captured on 21st and 24th	9	10	19

Redoutable, foundered.
Fougueux, wrecked.
Bucentaure, wrecked.
Indomptable, wrecked.

(Of 1,100 or 1,200 souls on board, including the survivors of the crew of the *Bucentaure*, only about 100 were saved.)

San-Francisco-de-Asis, wrecked.
Rayo, wrecked.
Monarca, wrecked.
Santissima Trinidad, scuttled and sunk.
Aigle, wrecked.
Intrépide, burnt.
San-Augustin, scuttled and sunk.
Berwick, wrecked.

For some weeks the overwhelming disaster of Trafalgar was not made known in France. When at last concealment was no longer possible, Napoleon audaciously said of the defeat that "the storm has occasioned to us the loss of a few ships, after a battle imprudently fought."

Collingwood, who was now the Commander-in-Chief, had to fight against a continued series of misfortunes; "but they are of a kind that human prudence could not possibly provide against, or my skill prevent." A strong southerly wind blew on the 22nd, with squally weather,

but the manageable English ships got hold of thirteen or fourteen of the prizes, and began to tow them to the westward, where they were ordered to rendezvous round the *Royal Sovereign*, in tow by the *Neptune*. But on the 23rd the gale increased, and played havoc with the prizes. On the afternoon of that day, too, the remnant of the French and Spanish ships—ten—which had not been much engaged, stood up to leeward of Collingwood's shattered and straggling charge, as if meaning to attack them, and forced him to collect the least damaged of his ships and form them to leeward for the general defence. All this retarded the progress of the hulks, and Collingwood determined to destroy the most leeward of the prizes that could be cleared of the men. This was a hard task in the high sea which was running.

The great *Santissima Trinidad* was sunk, and three captains fresh from Gibraltar had the task of destroying four more. The *Redoutable* sank while in tow of the *Swiftsure*. Indeed the furious gale made it impossible to keep the prizes, and the English ships, infirm and torn, only just managed to escape destruction—they could hardly keep off the shore. Three of the prizes, amongst them the *Santa Ana*, with Alava on board, were driven to the harbour of Cadiz, and receiving help, got in.

In all, Collingwood sank, burnt or ran ashore fourteen ships. Four admirals were taken in the battle, Villeneuve[1] amongst them. "Of men, their loss is many thousands," wrote Collingwood, "for I reckon in the captured ships we took 20,000 prisoners, including the troops. . . . In the history of our Navy there is no instance of a victory so complete and so great."

[1] Villeneuve was brought to England as a prisoner of war. He remained in this country until April, 1806, when he returned to France. On his way to Paris he stopped at Rennes, so that he might learn how Napoleon would receive him. On the morning of April 22 he was found dead in bed, with half a dozen knife wounds in his heart—another victim to a master who showed no mercy to an unsuccessful servant.

Of the havoc done by the gales the cases of the *Redoutable*, the *Algésiras*, and the *Fougueux* are sufficient examples. At five o'clock on the afternoon of the 22nd the *Redoutable*, in tow by the *Swiftsure*, was sinking, and she hoisted a signal of distress. Instantly the *Swiftsure* sent her boats, which brought off as many of the prize crew and the French prisoners as they could hold—about 120 of the Frenchmen being removed. Five hours later the *Swiftsure* had to cut herself clear, because the stern of the *Redoutable* was by that time under water. The gale still blew, and every moment the shattered prize threatened to sink. At half-past three on the morning of the 23rd the *Redoutable's* people called again for succour from the *Swiftsure*. She sent her boats for the second time and rescued 50 more, making in all about 170. Of these 70 were wounded. Captain Lucas had been saved earlier and removed to the *Téméraire*. Those who were left on the *Redoutable*, amongst them 13 of the *Téméraire's* people and 5 of the *Swiftsure's*, perished with her. Only by making rafts from spars of the sinking ship during a terrible night of wind and rain and lightning did the survivors keep themselves afloat until the *Swiftsure's* boats came and rescued them.

The *Algésiras*, mastless, and her hull battered by shot, had on board some 600 Frenchmen, including 40 or 50 wounded. To guard all these prisoners only 50 British could be spared. The captives were ordered below and the gratings secured over them. The situation of the prize became one of extreme peril. All the British were needed to keep the prisoners below, and none could be spared to rig jury-masts and keep the ship from drifting upon a lee shore. There was no hope either of help from any of the British ships at hand, since they were almost as much damaged as the prize. In this crippled state the *Algésiras* was tossed about by the gale during the night of the 21st. On the following morning she separated from the British fleet and drifted bodily towards the rocks north of Cape Trafalgar. By night

she was only three miles to windward of the spot where the *Fougueux* was then going to pieces, and where she was totally wrecked, with the loss of all on board—English prize-crew and French prisoners—except about 25 persons. This was the rocky coast between Torre-Bermeja and the river Sancti-Petri.

Lieutenant Bennett, who was in command of the *Algésiras*, did the only thing that it was possible to do if he wished to save the lives of the 650 people on board. He ordered the hatches to be removed. Instantly the prisoners rushed on deck and made the lieutenant and his party captives in turn by confining them in the after cabin. After this the Frenchmen began to rig jury-masts, and having got some sail on the ship, they just managed to get her clear of the rocks and at last reached Cadiz. It was a fine performance, and the Frenchmen got further credit by allowing Bennett and his people to return to the British fleet.

The famous *Santissima Trinidad*, as we have seen, was amongst the ships which were destroyed after the battle. She was cleared, scuttled and sunk by the *Neptune* and the *Prince*. Every effort was made to save the wounded by lowering them down in cots from the stern and quarter-gallery windows; but 28 of them perished with the ship.

Dumanoir had escaped from the destruction which had overwhelmed his people at Trafalgar; but he was free for the time only. Within a few days his battle-ships and heavy frigates had been taken by an English squadron under Sir Richard Strachan. If Dumanoir did not do his duty in the fight with Nelson he at least bore himself bravely in this later contest. No love was lost between him and the other leaders at Trafalgar; and Dumanoir, "a dull, puzzle-headed sort of man, unequal to the position in which he was placed, and unable exactly to understand it," may have left Villeneuve in the lurch, to save himself if he could. Villeneuve had superseded him, and Dumanoir had this advantage over him at least, that he escaped, whereas Villeneuve

was crushed and captured. But Dumanoir was safe for the time only. His exultation at escaping from disaster —if as a survivor in such circumstances he could exult— was but short, for on the evening of November 2 he was seen by Strachan, who had a force about equal to the enemy's, and was determined to compel him to fight. But the Frenchman sailed away.

Throughout the night, by the light of the moon, Strachan kept up the chase. The enemy bore away in a line abreast closely formed, and when the moon set the pursuers lost sight of them, and were forced to reduce sail, as the *Cæsar*, Strachan's ship, was unsupported by her consorts. Hope returned with the morning, for at nine o'clock Dumanoir's battleships were seen in the north-east, under all sail. The English, too, had all their canvas showing, and came up fast with the enemy. But the chase was stern and long. Throughout that day the pursuing squadron hung on. The night also was spent in chasing, and it was not until the succeeding morning, at daylight, that the English were near enough to the French to begin the fight.

The *Santa Margarita*, one of Strachan's four frigates, began a gallant attack on the French rear, and was soon joined by the *Phœnix*, another English frigate. It was not before noon, when the French found that escape from battle was impossible, that they began to take in their small sails and form in a line, bearing on the starboard tack. Strachan did the same, and having told his captains that he should attack the centre and rear, the general fight began.

It was now noon. For three and a half hours the engagement continued, and then Strachan found himself complete master of the day, with Dumanoir's whole squadron as prizes. But the Frenchman had not yielded tamely. They "fought to admiration," Strachan wrote in a letter describing the action, and did not surrender until their ships were unmanageable. Dumanoir himself was wounded, and one of his captains was killed. Of the 700 men on board the *Mont Blanc*, 63 were killed

and 96 wounded—mostly dangerously—a far heavier total than Strachan suffered in the whole of his squadron. The *Scipion* lost 111 in killed and wounded. The entire English loss was 24 killed and 111 wounded—135 ; a total so small that Strachan could only account for it "from the enemy firing high, and we closing suddenly."

All the captured ships were added to our navy. The *Mont Blanc* and the *Scipion* retained their names ; the *Formidable* was altered to the *Brave*, and the *Duguay-Trouin* was rechristened the *Implacable*. The *Duguay-Trouin* was named after one of France's most famous privateers.

To-day, nearly a hundred years after her capture, the *Implacable* remains with us. She is one of the two old ships which form the *Lion* training establishment for boys at Devonport, and is described in the *Navy List* as being of "3,223 tons (late *Implacable*)." The name itself is actually borne by one of our twin-screw 15,000 tons first-class battleships.

Within no great distance of each other, therefore—the *Victory* at Portsmouth, and the old *Duguay-Trouin* at Devonport—are ships which fought in rival squadrons at Trafalgar. Nelson and Collingwood, inseparable friends in life, are buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Loot of Treasure-ships

NEARLY twenty years after Anson took the Spanish galleon another treasure-ship of Spain was captured, which so far as mere riches went lessened the fame of even his great haul. In 1762 war had been resumed with Spain. Unconscious of hostilities the *Hermione*, a register-ship carrying an immense quantity of gold, silver and valuable merchandise, was sailing peacefully from Lima to Cadiz. Her movements were known, and a British frigate, the *Active*, 28 guns, and a sloop, the *Favourite*, 18 guns, were cruising off Cadiz in the hope of intercepting her. On May 21 the treasure-ship was sighted, and instantly the *Active* and the *Favourite* bore down. Sawyer, the captain of the *Active*, hailed the Spaniard, told him that war had been declared, and requested him to strike.

Stunned by the news, and unprepared for action, the Spanish captain could do nothing but haul down his flag, and the British ships became possessed of a prize worth more than half a million sterling. She was taken to England and the treasure was landed at Portsmouth. So vast was it that twenty wagons were needed to convey it to London. The capital was reached on August 12, the day on which King George IV was born. The wagons containing the treasure of the *Hermione* entered St. James' Street on their way to the Tower just as Queen Charlotte was giving birth

to the child. The King and the noblemen who were with him went to the windows over the Palace Gate to see them and joined in the enthusiasm which greeted the treasure. That 12th of August was indeed a day of note—the guns of the Tower firing a salute to the new prince as the vast riches of the Spanish prize were going to the ancient fortress.

The procession was accompanied by a number of light horse, attended with kettledrums, French horns, trumpets and hautboys, and was brought up with an officer on horseback, carrying an English ensign, attended by another holding a drawn cutlass. Some of the wagons were covered and some were uncovered. Of the covered two at least were decorated with an English jack, with a Spanish flag underneath, dragging behind the wagon. In all there were twenty wagons, each of which was escorted by four marines, with fixed bayonets. When some of the chests were opened at the Bank they were found to contain bags full of gold —instead of silver—a discovery which made a great difference to the reward of the captors.

The disposal of the proceeds of this the richest prize ever brought into England at that time is worthy of special mention. The *Hermione* was condemned in the High Court of Admiralty on September 14, 1762, everything connected with her was realized, and after deducting certain charges was divided amongst the crews of the *Active* and *Favourite*. The sales were as follows, the round figures, exclusive of shillings and pence, being given :—

Hermione.

	£
550 bags of dollars, containing 476,518 oz., at 63½*d.*	126,078
1,346 do., 1,165,652 at 63*d.*	305,983
28 bags of gold coin to Bank of England, weighing 22,974 oz. 2 dwt. 18 gr., at 78*s.* 6*d.*	90,173
5 ingots of gold	2,484
34 ingots of silver and two of fine gold	5,192
Sundry trinkets	424

	£
427 serous and 306 bags of cocoa, by public sale	5,237
1,939 blocks of tin	5,038
Wool, canvas, and saddle cloths	151
61 barrels of gunpowder	102
A launch belonging to the ship	8
The *Hermione*, with all her guns, stores, furniture, etc., public sale	3,010
A bounty bill for 165 men	762
Total	544,648
Deduct total charges for duties, customs, commission, etc.	24,942
Net proceeds	519,705

These net proceeds were distributed in the following proportions :—

	£
To the Admiral and Commodore	64,963
Active's share.	
To the captain	65,053
Three commission officers, at £13,004 14*s.* 1*d.* each	39,014
Eight warrant officers, at £4,336 3*s.* 2*d.* each	34,689
Twenty petty officers, at £1,806 10*s.* 3*d.* each	36,130
158 seamen, etc., at £485 5*s.* 4¾*d.* each	76,132
Favourite's share.	
To the captain	64,872
Two commission officers, at £12,974 10*s.* 9*d.* each	25,949
Seven warrant officers, at £4,324 16*s.* 11*d.* each	30,273
Sixteen petty officers, at £1,802 0*s.* 4*d.* each	28,132
110 seamen, etc., at £482 2*s.* 5*d.* each	53,253
	519,705

The difference in the shares of the two ships was caused by the *Active* being entitled to the whole of the bounty money.

Another rich capture was made in 1799 by the frigates *Naiad*, *Ethalion*, *Triton* and *Alcmène*. On October 15 the *Naiad* saw and chased two Spanish frigates, the *Thetis* and the *Santa Brigida*. For many hours she kept up the pursuit. In the middle of the following

night the *Ethalion* joined her, and at daybreak the *Triton* and *Alcmène* hove in sight. At seven o'clock on the 16th the despairing Spaniards separated; but the *Ethalion* hurried after the *Thetis*, brought her to action just before noon, and forced her to surrender. The *Santa Brigida* tried to escape into Corunna followed by the *Triton* and *Alcmène*. Early on the morning of the 17th the *Santa Brigida* passed so close to the rocks of Monte Lora that the *Triton*, following her, struck heavily, but she got off and was able to join in the firing on the chase. The *Alcmène* was close at hand and the Spaniard had to haul down his colours. The loss on both sides was trifling. On the 21st the *Thetis* reached Plymouth, and the *Santa Brigida* arrived on the 22nd. Their cargoes were of immense value—sixty-three artillery wagons were needed to hold them—so that when the prize-money was distributed the captors benefited to the following extent:—

	£	s.	d.
Each captain received . . .	40,730	18	0
„ Lieutenant	5,091	7	3
„ Warrant officer . . .	2,468	10	9
„ Petty officer	791	17	0
„ Seaman and marine . . .	182	4	9

The first act of hostilities with Spain in 1804 resulted in the capture of three treasure-ships and the blowing up of a fourth. More than 3,000,000 dollars were taken in the prizes, which were laden also with precious merchandise. This triumph was scored by a squadron of four frigates: the *Indefatigable*, 44 guns, Captain Graham Moore; *Medusa*, 32, Captain John Gore; *Amphion*, 32, Captain Samuel Sutton; and *Lively*, 32, Captain Graham E. Hamond. They were sent from England to intercept a Spanish squadron, treasure-laden, which was expected from Monte Video. At six o'clock on the morning of the 5th, Cape St. Mary bearing N.E. nine leagues, the *Medusa* signalled that she saw four sail. Moore ordered a general chase,

Capture of Treasure-ships.

and at eight o'clock discovered the strangers to be four large Spanish frigates. On his approach they formed their line of battle ahead, and continued to steer in for Cadiz, the vanship carrying a broad pendant and the ship next to her a rear-admiral's flag. The *Medusa*, being the headmost ship, was placed on the weather beam of the Spanish commodore; the *Indefatigable* took a similar position alongside of the rear-admiral, and the *Amphion* and *Lively* each took an opponent in the same manner as they came up.

After hailing them, without effect, to shorten sail, Moore fired a shot across the rear-admiral's fore-foot, on which he obeyed the captain's orders. Moore then sent an officer to tell the admiral that he was ordered to detain the squadron, and that he earnestly wished to obey his instructions without bloodshed. He requested an immediate answer. After waiting for some time he signalled for the boat to return, and having received an unsatisfactory reply he fired another shot ahead of the admiral. The shot was returned, and immediately Moore made the signal for close battle which, he stated in his despatch, "was instantly commenced with all the alacrity and vigour of English sailors."

In less than ten minutes *La Mercedes*, the admiral's second astern, blew up alongside of the *Amphion*, with a tremendous explosion. It was a terrible catastrophe, but was not allowed to interfere with the action. Sutton cast off, and captured the admiral's ship, which surrendered in less than half an hour, as did the opponent of the *Lively*. Seeing the *Fama* making off, although she had struck her colours to the *Medusa*, and had now rehoisted them, and that she appeared to have the heels of the *Medusa*, which was hurrying after her, Moore ordered the *Lively*, a fast sailer, to join in the chase, and Hamond instantly went in pursuit. Long before sunset this, the only remaining ship, had struck to the *Medusa* and *Lively*.

As soon as the boats had taken possession of the

rear-admiral, Moore made sail for the floating fragments of the exploded ship, but found that all the crew had perished except forty who had been picked up by the *Amphion's* boats. It was found that the loss of the *Mercedes* had been more awful than was supposed. Returning in her from America was a Spaniard, with his wife and family, four beautiful girls, and five sons —all grown up—and the fortune he had amassed in twenty-five years. Just before the action began the Spaniard and one of his sons went on board one of the largest ships, and in a few minutes witnessed the destruction of his wife, his daughters and four sons, with all his treasure. The ruined and afflicted passenger reached Plymouth, "with the only remains of so many blessings in Captain Moore's cabin," a victim to the fortune of war whose fate was so cruel as to have few equals.

Moore won this victory with very trifling loss—his own ship did not lose a man. "The captains of the different ships," he said in his dispatch, "conducted themselves so ably that no honour accrues to me but the fortunate accident of being senior officer." The loss to the Spaniards was as follows :—

Ship.	Guns.	Men.	Killed.	Wounded.	
La Medée (flagship)	42	300	2	10	Taken.
La Fama	36	280	11	50	„
La Clara	36	300	7	20	„
La Mercedes	36	280	Blew up ; second captain and 40 men saved.		

The treasure on board the Spanish squadron amounted, according to the statement of the flagship's captain, to about 4,000,000 dollars, of which 800,000 were lost with the *Mercedes.* Other accounts stated the quantity of specie, public and private, to be much greater ; while in addition there was on board the prizes much valuable merchandise. In his despatch Moore gave the following statement of the "goods and effects" on board of the Spanish squadron :—

On account of the King.

1,307,634 dollars in silver.
1,735 pigs of copper.
4,732 bars of tin.
60 chests of cascarilla.
75 sacks of Vienna wool.
28 planks of wood.

On account of the merchants.

1,852,216 dollars in silver.
1,119,658 gold, reduced into dollars.
150,011 ingots in gold, reduced into dollars.
32 chests of ratania.

On account of the Marine Company.

26,952 sealskins.
10 pipes of seal oil.

On board the *Mercedes* were 221,000 dollars in silver, 1,139 bars of tin, 961 pigs of copper, 20 chests of cascarilla and 20 sacks of Vienna wool.

Another noted capture of treasure from the Spaniards was made at this period by Lord Cochrane, whose greater achievements are dealt with in the next chapter. Cochrane, after his wonderful performances in the brig *Speedy*, became captain of the *Pallas*, a new 32-gun fir-built frigate. Putting to sea in her he quickly captured four Spanish vessels bound to Cadiz from Havannah. One of these prizes had on board bullion of the value of 450,000 dollars, of which the captor, with eccentric generosity, restored 30,000 dollars to the Spanish captain and his supercargo. Returning to Plymouth, Cochrane—who had narrowly escaped capture by three French ships—indicated his triumph by sailing into the harbour with a gold candlestick, five feet high, displayed at each mast head.

A Famous Brig of Prey

IT is remarkable that the men who won for the British Navy two of its most brilliant minor victories should have been closely associated with the same ship—the *Speedy*. She was the queer little brig which, on October 3, 1799, under Commander Jahleel Brenton, destroyed a Spanish convoy near the Straits of Gibraltar by driving the vessels ashore; and a month later beat off twelve Spanish gunboats which had borne down to attack her, passing so closely amongst them as she fired her grape and musketry that she broke many of their oars; and which later, under the dashing Lord Cochrane, captured a formidable Spanish opponent—the *Gamo*. For the action with the dozen gunboats the naval medal was given, but not until June, 1847, when the survivors of the chief and some of the minor actions fought since 1793 received the decoration, with a clasp or clasps, a committee of flag officers examining the claims of applicants.

The *Speedy* was a craft so insignificant as to make her achievements almost incredible. She had done wonders under Brenton; but with Cochrane in command she did much more surprising things. It seemed indeed as if his reckless daring, his disregard of conventionalities, had entered into her and made her a sentient being, for she, like him, did things that had been unattempted by either ship or captain. For a year before he took command of her the *Speedy* had been the terror of the gunboats of Spain; Cochrane emphasized that dread. While he was her captain—and that was for only

thirteen months—she took and retook fifty vessels, mounting 122 guns, and with crews numbering in all 534. This record for a brig of 158 tons, mounting fourteen long 4-pounders, and with a crew of six officers and 86 men, had not been surpassed even amongst the unrivalled deeds of the British Navy.

At that period, however, little ships, manned by resourceful British crews, did some very fine and striking things. Boteler tells of a bomb vessel called the *Meteor* which was attached to their squadron in the Baltic in 1811. She was a converted merchant ship, and had a great power of deceiving the enemy, all who boarded her making certain that she would be a prize. She was, indeed, a clever fraud. She was made as little like a vessel of war as possible; her appearance being purposely most untidy. She had a half-deck that took off in gratings, and carried a 15-inch mortar below. Her own broadside carronades were hidden, and four quaker guns were secured to her sides. She captured more privateers and rowboats than all the squadron.

Lord Cochrane was appointed to the *Speedy* shortly after he had safely conducted to Port Mahon the 74-gun ship *Généreux*, captured by Nelson's squadron from the French. He went to her as prize master from the *Queen Charlotte*, Lord Keith's flagship, in which he was serving, and probably escaped being burnt in her when she took fire off Leghorn in 1800, and was lost with 673 of her officers and men.

Proud of his new command, Cochrane lost no time in adding to her reputation as the pest of the Mediterranean. She was a mere pigmy of a fighting ship. Cochrane in his autobiography says he once carried a broadside of her shot in his pocket; while she was so low between decks that when he wanted to shave he put his head through the skylight, and made the quarterdeck his toilet table. Success followed success. Wherever she sailed the *Speedy* wrought havoc, and added largely to the evil name her enemies had given her.

Cochrane's journal shows the sort of work she did and

the mischief she caused to her opponents. Not a week passed without a chase or a capture: "On the 10th May convoyed fourteen merchant ships to Leghorn, captured a 6-gun privateer, and recaptured her prize. On the 14th beat off five armed boats, which had gained possession of the prizes. June 16, captured a tartan, off Elba. 22nd, chased a French privateer, which had a prize in tow. The privateer cast off the tow and escaped, but her prize was captured."

So the *Speedy* and her captain went on, narrowly escaping capture or destruction, for the Spaniards were making zealous efforts to sweep her from the seas. Cochrane was as crafty as he was brave; no artifice was too absurd for him to adopt, so long as he could gain his end and maintain the honour and prosperity of his ship and company. On December 15, 1800, the *Speedy* engaged three privateers off Majorca; one she drove ashore, and another of 10 guns and 33 men she took. Four days before Christmas the commander was saved from capture or destruction only by the exercise of his untrammelled ingenuity.

A large ship, looking like a merchantman, was seen inshore. Instantly the *Speedy*, true to her swooping proclivities, was after the stranger. On reaching her she found that she was not a harmless vessel, but a strongly armed opponent, so strong, indeed, that even Cochrane was not rash enough to engage her. Seeing what she was, Cochrane fell back on a ruse. He had, he conceived, been tricked, and he retaliated with trickery. Knowing that there was at that time on the station a Danish brig, the *Speedy* had been painted like her. Cochrane had on board, too, a Dane, together with a Danish officer's uniform; and now, as his only hope of delivery, he hoisted Danish colours and had the Dane, in the Danish officer's uniform, ready to receive any Spanish boat which should come alongside. But Cochrane was not content with this. He also hoisted the quarantine flag, and primed the Dane with a plausible story of infectious disease on board the *Speedy*, the story

being that the *Speedy* was only two days out from Algiers, where the plague was raging. So successful was all this subterfuge that when the Spanish officer came alongside he was so well satisfied that the *Speedy* was the Danish brig, and that her crew were stricken with disease, as represented, that he did not board her, and after wishing her a good voyage, returned to the frigate.

The *Speedy* went from victory to victory, and became so glutted with success that she could not dispose of her prisoners. So greatly encumbered was she early in 1801, before sailing to Port Mahon to refit, that she had to send 25 prisoners adrift in one of their own launches. Soon she was back again, harrying the merchant vessels, and now herself harried by more powerful ships which had been sent out expressly to destroy her. One of these was the *Gamo*, a fast-sailing Spanish frigate. She fell in with the *Speedy* on May 6, 1801, about six weeks after Cochrane had escaped from a large Spanish ship in the darkness by lowering overboard a tub carrying a light, and then altering the *Speedy's* course.

The *Gamo* was infinitely superior in every way to the brig. She was of more than 600 tons, and had on board nearly six times as many officers and men as the brig, and to the puny 4-pounders of the *Speedy* she could oppose 32 long 12- and 8-pounders.

The odds were so hopelessly against the *Speedy* that she would have lost none of her fame if she had run away from her opponent. But there was no thought of turning from the *Gamo*. Cochrane's wish and will to fight her were the greater since some of his officers had murmured against him for not attacking the frigate which he had fallen in with just before Christmas, and from which he had escaped by hoisting the Danish flag. He now told them that they should have a fair fight, notwithstanding that his crew had been reduced to 54 by manning a couple of prizes.

All hands were piped to quarters, and the *Speedy*, cleared for action, made towards the frigate, which was now approaching under steering sails. At half-past

nine she fired a gun and hoisted Spanish colours. In return Cochrane, tightly cornered—for the *Gamo* had the little brig under her full broadside, and could have crushed her with one discharge—showed American colours, so that he could baffle the enemy until he was clear of the threatening line of guns ; then having got on the other tack, he ran up the English ensign.

Instantly the *Gamo's* broadside crashed, but the *Speedy* had been steered out of danger, and the shot plunged harmlessly into the sea. Very soon the Spaniards gave another broadside, also without effect. So far the *Speedy* had not fired. Cochrane, knowing the worth of every shot from his little guns, had ordered that not one should be fired until the brig was quite close to the *Gamo*, so that each ball could take effect, and it was not until he had run under the Spaniard's lee, and the *Speedy's* yards were locked amongst the *Gamo's* rigging that he returned the opening broadsides. Now he saw the wisdom of reserving his force. To have fired the 4-pounders at a distance would have been to waste the ammunition ; but in this close embrace the little weapons told with terrible effect.

Treble-shotted and elevated—it was Cochrane's purpose in locking with the *Gamo* to blow up her maindeck, and by sheltering under her towering side cause her own shot to fly harmlessly over the *Speedy*—the 4-pounders shattered the mainmast, and killed the captain, the boatswain, and some of the crew. The *Gamo* saw her danger. The order was given to board the *Speedy* ; but Cochrane heard it and ordered the brig to sheer off enough to prevent the movement from being made. At the same time he gave the frigate another broadside and a volley of musketry before the Spaniards could recover themselves. For a second time the *Gamo's* people tried the manœuvre ; then, finding they could not succeed, they abandoned the attempt to board, and stood to their guns. These were cutting up the *Speedy's* rigging from stem to stern, but did little further damage, for only two of her men were killed and four wounded after an hour's fighting.

It was clear that this sort of action could not last, and that the *Speedy* must either capture her great opponent or be herself taken. Cochrane told his crew that they must take their choice—adding significantly that the Spaniards would give no quarter; and that by a few minutes' resolute fighting the frigate would be theirs. The crew were as eager as he was to have the matter settled, and the captain got every man in readiness to try the last and desperate experiment of boarding. The doctor, Mr. Guthrie, volunteered to take the helm, and he was for the time left as commander and crew of the brig. With admirable skill he placed the *Speedy* close alongside the *Gamo*, and the Englishmen swarmed on to the frigate's decks, to the amazement of the Spaniards, who could not for the moment believe that a mere handful of men would dare to board them.

In preparing for this final effort Cochrane had not hesitated to fall back upon his strong inventive faculties. He determined upon an artifice which was as successful as it was grotesque. Knowing the superstitious nature of the Spanish seamen, he ordered some of his crew to blacken their faces, in the hope, doubtless, that when they reached the *Gamo's* deck the sable boarders would be looked upon as comers from regions other than the *Speedy's* hold and cabins. The trick proved a triumph, for on seeing the self-made fiends spring shouting from a cloud of battle-smoke the Spaniards were stunned with astonishment, and before they could stop the inrush the *Speedy's* crew had seized the deck.

Recovering themselves, the Spaniards rushed to the waist of the *Gamo*, where the fight raged furiously for some minutes. Cochrane saw that the Spanish colours were still flying, and knowing what the effect of their disappearance would be, he ordered one of his own people to haul them down. The flag fluttered to the deck, and the Spaniards, without troubling to consider by whose orders it had been struck, surrendered, and Cochrane and his audacious crew found themselves possessed of a fine, well manned, well armed frigate,

which, an hour and a half earlier, had looked upon the little, undermanned, punily armed brig as a certain prey.

The total loss of the *Speedy* in this most brilliant exploit was 3 seamen killed, and 1 officer and 17 men wounded; while the *Gamo* lost her captain, boatswain and 13 seamen killed, and 41 wounded, making her casualties actually more than the whole number of officers and men who fought the *Speedy*.

Not the least strange incident of that celebrated contest was the application which the surviving Spanish commanding officer made to the victor. He applied for a certificate that he had done his duty during the action. Cochrane ironically bore witness, on paper, that the officer had done his duty "like a true Spaniard." The recipient of the document was delighted. More than that, it was of substantial benefit; for to Cochrane's surprise the testimonial obtained for its holder further promotion in the Spanish navy.

The *Gamo* was sold to the Algerines for a trifle by the Government, to the bitter disappointment of Cochrane, who was "condemned to continue in the pigmy and now battered craft by which she had been taken. To have obtained command of the *Gamo*, even as a means of deception on the enemy's coast, I would scarcely have changed places with an admiral."

The *Speedy* did not long survive her greatest triumph. While convoying a slow mail packet from Port Mahon to Gibraltar she was captured off Alicant by a French squadron, but not without making a brave resistance, and until she had received several broadsides from the *Dessaix*, a line-of-battle ship. The French captain was so much struck by Cochrane's valour that he returned his sword, with many complimentary remarks. Such was the end of the *Speedy*, in 1802. She was launched at Dover in June, 1781, so that when she was lost she had served her country for twenty-one years. The British Navy never had a little ship which did more splendid service than the *Speedy*.

A Valiant Exploit

SINGLE-SHIP and light-squadron triumphs which have been won from time to time by British seamen make in themselves a formidable list. Amongst the exploits of this nature there are many which claim special recognition—such, for instance, as the single-ship action in 1747 between Captain George Walker, in the little *King George*, and the *Glorioso*, a Spanish ship of the line, in which the Englishman was the victor; the fight in 1779, off the Yorkshire coast, between the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, under Captain Pearson, and the *Bonhomme Richard*, the *Pallas*, and the *Alliance*, commanded by Paul Jones; and the action between the *Spartan*, frigate, commanded by Captain Jahleel Brenton, Cochrane's predecessor in the *Speedy*, and the French frigate *Cérès* and her consorts in the Bay of Naples, on May 3, 1810.

The *Spartan*, a 38-gun frigate, in company with the *Success*, was cruising off the island of Ischia, when she discovered four French vessels, the *Cérès*, a 40-gun frigate; *Fama*, corvette, 28 guns; *Sparvière*, 8 guns; and the *Achille*, a cutter. These were chased close into the Mole of Naples. Brenton, anxious for a fight, and feeling that the French would not again put to sea while a couple of British frigates were about, sent the *Success* to cruise off Capri. With the *Spartan* he stood in boldly towards Naples. Murat, the innkeeper's son, whom Napoleon had raised to the throne of Naples, had, however, seen the prowling frigates, and had determined that they should be attacked when they re-

appeared off the port. To this end he had ordered 400 Swiss troops to embark on board the frigate and corvette, and seven large gunboats to accompany them. Brenton knew how greatly superior the force was which Murat was sending out against him, but he suffered nothing to force him from his station and his purpose. Everything was in favour of the enemy—fresh ships, fresh stores and provisions, and the great advantage of feeling that the fight would take place within reach of the land and reinforcements.

Brenton did not allow his plan to be affected even by the fact that when an engagement by a far stronger enemy was certain one officer and eighteen of his men were absent in a prize which had been taken. Brenton, indeed, had a strong wish to get the better of his enemy, for three years before he had met with a heavy loss off Nice. The *Spartan* had all day long, on May 14, chased a ship, which seemed to be an unarmed merchantman. At sunset the two were becalmed, about five miles from each other. The boats of the *Spartan*, manned by seventy of the best members of the crew, pulled alongside the stranger, in two divisions, but the reception proved more terrific than the *Spartan's* people had expected. They found that the vessel was defended by a large crew, that she was protected by boarding nettings and other means, and had guns and muskets in abundance. The very first discharge from the stranger's guns and muskets killed or wounded mortally two officers and twenty-six men, while of the entire boats' crews only seven remained unhurt.

These few remaining hands had to give up the hopeless struggle, and take the boats back to the *Spartan*. It was a sorrowful return, and one that was marked by a strange occurrence. The coxswain of the barge, James Brodie, was missing, and his wife, a young woman who accompanied him on the *Spartan*, hastened with a lantern about the maindeck of the frigate to see if, amongst the corpses laid out there, she could find her husband. Her search was in vain, and the survivors

The *Spartan* moved slowly on.

assured her that her husband had perished, and that they had seen him wounded and fall between the frigate and the barge. The woman became delirious, and taking her husband's seat in the barge—which had been replaced on the booms—she was with difficulty removed from it. In a few days her grief had been soothed by the kindness of the officers and men, but she fell into a state of settled melancholy. A subscription of eighty guineas was raised for her, and she was sent to Ireland to her parents. Some weeks later the *Spartan*, in speaking a neutral vessel, learned that the stranger had arrived there, that when the boats had been beaten off a wounded Englishman was discovered, holding on by the rudder-chains, and that he had been taken on board. When his wounds were cured he was sent to Verdun as a prisoner of war. The captain, concluding that this was his coxswain, wrote and made inquiries, and discovered that it was Brodie who had been rescued. The coxswain was kept a prisoner for four years.

On May 3, at five in the morning, as the *Spartan* was standing in for Naples, with a light breeze, she discovered the French squadron, coming off shore, about midway between Cape Misano and the Island of Capri. The enemy in all mustered 95 guns and 1,400 men, including the Swiss soldiers, while the *Spartan* had only 46 guns and 258 men and boys. The French were obviously determined to bring the *Spartan* to a fight, and Brenton was as resolute in forcing an engagement. But three hours passed before the light wind enabled the opponents to get within pistol-shots. Then the *Cérès* opened fire from her port guns ; but the *Spartan* did not instantly reply. She did pretty much as the *Victory* had done five years earlier—moved slowly on until her chance came, refusing to be drawn by hostile fire. Not until she was abreast of the *Cérès* did she respond, then a treble-shotted broadside crashed into the French frigate. Having done that the *Spartan* passed on and took the *Fama* and the *Sparvière* in succession.

Meanwhile the gunboats had got to the eastward, and to these the *Spartan* gave her port broadside, firing her starboard guns on the *Sparvière* and the ships ahead of her—the *Fama* and the *Cérès*. The *Cérès*, leaving the gunboats to look after themselves, stood towards the batteries of Baia, followed by the *Fama* and the *Sparvière*, and chased by the *Spartan*. The fight had not lasted an hour when the breeze died away, leaving the *Spartan* exposed to the guns of the whole of the enemy. A heavy cross fire was opened on her, a fire which, properly directed, should have destroyed her or forced her to surrender. Brenton, standing on the capstan-head, encouraged his crew. A grape-shot struck him, embedded itself in his hip, and compelled him to leave the deck to Lieutenant Willes. Her sails, too, were badly torn, and the spars and rigging severely damaged, making her almost helpless. But a light breeze came up and showed that she was far from being beaten. She gave the *Cérès* and the *Fama* her broadside afresh, and drove them further inshore to the shelter of the batteries, her disabled state preventing her from cutting them off from the protection of the land. She was compelled to be satisfied with capturing the *Sparvière*, which surrendered at 10 o'clock, when the gunboats took the *Fama* in tow and saved her. Taking her prize in tow, the *Spartan*, after repairing her principal damages, stood triumphantly across the Bay of Naples, only three or four miles from the Mole, and within perfect view of the mortified King, who had meant that the *Spartan* herself should be towed in as a trophy.

In this skilfully and bravely won victory Brenton and his well disciplined crew suffered less severely than might be supposed. One master's mate, six seamen, and three marines were killed ; Brenton, Willes, fifteen seamen, and five marines being wounded ; a total of thirty-two casualties. The French admitted that they had thirty killed and ninety wounded, exclusive of the *Sparvière's* loss. Everybody fought that day on board

the *Spartan*—none better than the purser, who took charge of a division of guns, and Captain George Hoste, an Engineer officer, voyaging by the frigate as a passenger, who attended to the quarterdeck guns. Brenton himself received from the Patriotic Fund a sword of honour valued at a hundred guineas.

Exmouth's Bombardment of Algiers

THE flagships in two of Britain's modern naval triumphs have borne the same name—*Queen Charlotte*. Howe's flagship on the Glorious First o June, 1794, and the vessel which flew Exmouth's flag at Algiers in 1816 were alike named *Queen Charlotte*, Exmouth's ship succeeding Howe's brave old craft, which was destroyed by fire off Leghorn in 1800.

Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth, began his career an almost friendless orphan, and lived to rise to the summit of his profession. His biographer has pointed out that the paltry dispute concerning the Falkland Islands in 1770, when they were forcibly seized by a Spanish squadron, gave to the navy two such officers as Nelson and Exmouth, neither of whom might otherwise have had the opportunity, in the succeeding five years of peace, to join the service until he was too old.

Pellew, alert and bold from the hour he entered the navy, early distinguished himself. In 1775, while serving on board the *Blonde*, General Burgoyne was taken as a passenger to America. When he came alongside the yards were manned to receive him, and looking up he was astonished to behold the unusual and unofficial spectacle of a midshipman standing on his head on the yardarm. This was one of the future admiral's freaks. Even when he became a captain Exmouth was renowned for his personal agility. He would defy any man in his ship to race him to the masthead and down again, although he would allow his opponent to start at the maintop. Not long after his achievement on the yard-

arm Pellew sprang from the foreyard of the same vessel while she was fast slipping through the water and saved the life of a man who had fallen overboard. The captain reproached him for his rashness; but it is related that afterwards, when speaking of the affair to the officers, he shed tears and declared that Pellew was a noble fellow. This same captain, Pownoll, was subsequently shot through the body while his ship, the *Apollo*, of which Pellew was then First Lieutenant, was engaging the French frigate *Stanislaus*, near Ostend. "Pellew," said the captain, "I know you won't give His Majesty's ship away," and immediately died in the young man's arms Pellew drove the enemy on shore, beaten and dismasted. After Pownoll's death a musket ball, which had struck him in a previous fight, was found embedded in the muscles of his chest.

Pellew was made commander in 1780 and captain in 1782. In the following year, while in command of the *Nymphe*, he captured the French frigate *Cléopâtre*, a service for which he was knighted. This famous action was fought on June 18, and was contested by both English and French with the utmost stubbornness. The size of the *Nymphe* was 938 tons and the *Cléopâtre* 913. Each carried 20 broadside guns, but in weight the *Nymphe* had the advantage. In numbers however the advantage was on the side of the French, who had 320 against 240. The *Cléopâtre* had been more than twelve months in commission, but the crew of the *Nymphe* had been just got together in a haphazard way. The *Nymphe* had 23 killed and 27 wounded, while the total loss of the French was 63. Amongst them was their captain, Mullon. During the fight this brave officer had his back torn open by a round shot, which also carried away the greater part of his left hip. Mullon had in his possession the list of coast signals which the French had adopted, and even in the agonies of death he attempted to destroy them so that they might not fall into the hands of the enemy. With his little remaining strength he drew forth what he thought was the right

paper but which was his commission, and died in the act of biting it to pieces. Notwithstanding his devotion the list was secured by the victors.

In 1796 Pellew saved the crew of the *Dutton*, East Indiaman, an achievement which, with the destruction of the fortresses of Algiers, he regarded as the proudest work of his life. From 1796 to 1799 Pellew, then a baronet, performed a variety of splendid services while in command of the *Indefatigable*, 44-gun frigate. On January 13, 1797, the *Indefatigable* and the 36-gun frigate *Amazon* destroyed the French 74 *Droits de l'Homme*. This encounter affords one of the most awful stories in naval annals. For many hours the Frenchman had bravely defended himself against the two British ships, which at length had to sheer off in order to secure their masts. At this time the sea was so heavy that the men on the frigates' main decks were up to their middles in water. The motion of the ships was so violent that some of the *Indefatigable's* guns broke their breechings four times, and some wrenched the ringbolts out of the sides. On board the *Amazon* things were almost as bad, and both crews, having fought the guns and contended with the heavy sea for ten hours, were exhausted. The *Indefatigable* had four feet of water in her hold and the *Amazon* nearly three, while the masts and rigging of both vessels were badly damaged.

But terrible as the situation of the British was, that of the French was even worse. The battleship had on board some 1,800 souls, including more than 1,000 soldiers and 55 English prisoners. When the fight began she opened her first deck ports, but owing to the roughness of the sea she was compelled to close them, and thus fought the two frigates at a serious disadvantage. In the middle of the dreadful night which followed the beginning of the battle the French ship was lying at the mercy of wind and wave, her foremast shot away, her main and mizzen masts tottering, her rigging and sails cut to pieces, and her decks covered

with dead and wounded men. At half-past four in the morning the moon, which had been obscured, came out with greater brightness and revealed the awful fact that the combatants were close upon the land. The breakers could be seen by all. The *Indefatigable* was got clear of them, as well as the *Amazon*, but the shattered Frenchman, when day broke, went ashore, the battleship being broadside uppermost, with a tremendous surf breaking over her. It was impossible for the *Indefatigable* to help the *Droits de l'Homme*; every nerve was strained in saving herself. The *Amazon* had escaped for the moment only, for she took the ground very soon after the breakers were seen. Her company saved themselves by making rafts, except six men who stole the cutter and were drowned. The rafts conveyed the crew safely to land, where they were made prisoners. The Frenchman and the *Amazon* struck almost at the same moment, just after 5 a.m., the frigate first.

That long day went slowly past and the night came down; but the storm still raged, and when the second day broke the misery of the survivors was increased. Assistance it was impossible to give, and one after another the people were swept from the deck into the sea. At low water an English captain and eight seamen, part of the prisoners, hoisted out a small boat and reached the shore from the *Droits de l'Homme*. Encouraged by this success many of the Frenchmen launched rafts, but the torn waters destroyed the rafts and doomed the sailors. On the third day bigger rafts were made and the largest boat was launched, the intention being to put in the latter the wounded who survived, two or three women and children, and the helpless men; but all subordination was at an end. It was a case of every man for himself, a fierce and selfish struggle for one's own life. In defiance of everything the officers said 120 men jumped into the boat as an enormous wave swept in. For some time nothing could be seen of either the boat or her people. In a quarter of an hour however the dead bodies floating in

all directions told how they had paid for their selfishness with their lives. A French adjutant-general was so profoundly moved by the fate of his companions that he determined to get help from the shore or die in the attempt. He leapt overboard and was drowned immediately. When the fourth night came nearly 900 lives had been lost.

One of the British officers who was still on board, in a narrative of the horrors they endured, says that the survivors, weak, distracted, and wanting everything, envied the fate of the dead. "Almost at the last gasp, every one was dying with misery; the ship, which was now one-third shattered away from the stern, scarcely afforded a grasp to hold by to the exhausted and helpless survivors. The fourth day brought with it a more serene sky and the sea seemed to subside, but to behold from fore and aft the dying in all directions was a sight too shocking for the feeling mind to endure. Almost lost to a sense of humanity, we no longer looked with pity on those who were the speedy forerunners of our own fate, and a consultation took place to sacrifice some one to be food for the remainder. The die was going to be cast, when the welcome sight of a man-of-war brig renewed our hopes. A cutter speedily followed and both anchored at a short distance from the wreck. They then sent their boats to us, and by means of large rafts about 150 of nearly 400 who attempted it were saved by the brig that evening; 380 were left to endure another night's misery, when, dreadful to relate, above one half were found dead next morning." After the storm the French hoped that they would save both the *Droits de l'Homme* and the *Amazon*, but both ships went to pieces.

The saving of the *Dutton* is represented in the portrait of Exmouth which was painted in 1804 by James Northcote, R.A., and is in the National Portrait Gallery. The *Dutton* was conveying troops to the West Indies. She went ashore under the Citadel of Plymouth in January, 1796. Pellew by his great personal achieve-

ments managed to save the lives of the passengers and crew, and all England rang with the fame of it, although he generously tried to give the glory to his brave helpers.

The famous battle of Algiers crowned the stirring lifework of the admiral. The British Government had been moved to send an expedition to Algiers because of the manner in which Algerine corsairs had preyed upon commerce, and the outrages committed upon Christians at Bona by the Dey. To Exmouth was given the task of obtaining from the Dey either absolute submission or of punishing him and his people. The duty was an important and dangerous one, for Algiers was strong enough to be thought by some to be impregnable, the approaches by sea being defended by nearly 500 guns. Exmouth was offered any force he liked to have, but he asked only for five ships of the line in addition to smaller vessels, and to this number he adhered, although it was generally considered that the force was totally inadequate for the purpose for which it was intended. It was known that the service was one of the most severe and hazardous character, and it was thought that in view of this circumstance the vessels should be manned with volunteers. Hence Exmouth's difficulties were greatly increased, but he overcame them all, and within two months he had accomplished the heavy task of commissioning, fitting and manning a squadron, and fighting and winning a battle with it.

There was no backwardness in manning the ships. Exmouth's character was known throughout the service, and where he was prepared to lead many were ready to follow. Among those who volunteered were a number of smugglers who for their misdeeds had been sentenced to serve five years in the navy. These men were advised by Exmouth's brother to enter for the *Queen Charlotte*, the admiral's flagship, and at the same time he strongly urged them so to acquit themselves that they would have a claim to mercy for their wrongdoing. They entered ; and they fought and behaved so well that

Exmouth obtained their discharge, and they went their way rejoicing.

The fleet which sailed from Portsmouth on July 25, 1816, to attack Algiers consisted of the *Queen Charlotte*, 108; *Impregnable*, 104, Rear-Admiral Milne; *Superb*, *Minden* and *Albion*, 74's; *Leander*, 50; *Severn* and *Glasgow*, 40's; *Hebrus* and *Granicus*, 36's; and nine smaller vessels. When Exmouth arrived in Gibraltar Bay he found a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a corvette, under the command of Vice-Admiral Baron Von Capellan, who, on being told what the object of the expedition was, begged to be allowed to take part in the attack, and his request was granted. When Exmouth sailed he had already forced the Dey of Tunis to sign a treaty for the abolition of Christian slavery in his dominions, and had thus restored nearly 1,800 persons to freedom.

Never did fleet set sail with greater certainty than this of having to fight a long and bloody battle, and never a force departed that was more assured of victory. Since the victory of Trafalgar the British Fleet had suffered through neglect and over confidence. More than one hard blow had been dealt at its supremacy and prestige; but Exmouth was determined that the coming battle should show no sign of unpreparedness or of unwillingness to fight. The example of Nelson and the most illustrious admirals were fresh before him, and he was determined to repeat the greatest of the lessons they had taught—that of perfect readiness for conflict and of striking swift and hard. If it had not been his good fortune to share in any of the great victories in which so many of his contemporaries had taken part, he had at any rate received a fine fighting training during the most stirring and arduous period of the history of the modern British Navy.

From the time England was left until the attacking ships arrived off Algiers, officers and men daily, Sundays excepted, worked to the end that they might score a victory. Daily the crews were exercised at the guns,

and on Tuesdays and Fridays the vessels cleared for action, half a dozen broadsides being fired by each by way of rehearsal for the roaring tune that was soon to ring about the ears of the Algerines. Hearts beat high with hope and excitement, and such was the effect of the elation on the spirits of the crews that scarcely a man was on the sick list. When the *Queen Charlotte* was paid off on her return it was found that only one man had died, apart from casualties of war, of nearly a thousand who had joined her more than three months before. Dr. Dewar, physician to the fleet and surgeon on board the *Queen Charlotte*, said: "The crew of this ship consisted of nearly 1,000 men, thrown together hastily for the occasion. . . . No one died on board from disease, and no serious case existed on our arrival in England. This high state of health, I have no doubt, may in a great degree be attributed to the general state of mental excitement kept up previous to the battle, from the moral certainty of its taking place, the constant preparation for it, and the state of exhilaration resulting from the perfect success of the enterprise."

An officer who served on board the *Queen Charlotte* said, in considering the probable consequences if the Algerines had opened fire sooner than was actually the case: "My own idea, and that of dozens of other officers undoubtedly was, that we were going to an assured victory—that our opponents were outmatched in skill, that our chief's plans were infallible, and only required the exertions of his subordinates to insure success." No wonder, with a spirit like this prevailing amongst both officers and men, that Exmouth felt that victory to a certainty was his, even when the first shot flashed from the batteries of Algiers, and he gave that order "Stand by!" which was almost instantly followed by the thunder of the flagship's broadside.

When 200 miles off Algiers, Exmouth was joined by the *Prometheus*, ship-sloop, Captain Dashwood, which came direct from Algiers with the information that every effort was being made to repel the expected

attack. The old defences had been put into first-rate order, and new works had been built; 40,000 troops had been got together, and all the janizaries called in from the district garrisons, while the whole of the Dey's naval force—four frigates, five large corvettes, and thirty-seven gunboats—was collected in the harbour. Dashwood brought the wife, daughter and infant of the British Consul. The ladies had escaped disguised as midshipmen, but unluckily the child, although the surgeon of the *Prometheus* had given it a composing draught to keep it quiet, cried as it was being carried off in a basket, and this led to the arrest of all the parties who were then on shore. Next morning the Dey sent the infant off—an act which Exmouth put on record as "a solitary instance of his humanity." The Consul was kept a prisoner in irons at his house, and the surgeon, three midshipmen, and fourteen seamen were detained as prisoners, notwithstanding Dashwood's strong remonstrances.

When at last Exmouth was before Algiers he despatched a boat in command of a lieutenant, under a flag of truce, with the terms which had been dictated by the Prince Regent, and a demand for the instant release of the Consul and the people of the *Prometheus*. The boat was met outside the mole, or harbour, by the captain of the port, who promised a reply in two hours; but the answer was not sent. In the meantime the little band remained in their boat, knowing that at any moment the barbarians in the batteries a few yards away might in sober earnest fire the weapons which they now sportively presented at them.

When the boat signalled that no answer had been given, the *Queen Charlotte* instantly telegraphed to the fleet, "Are you ready?" Without a moment's delay the reply in the affirmative was shown by every vessel, and the whole fleet bore up to the stations which the Commander-in-Chief had allotted with the utmost care. It was almost like a game of chess, so carefully was the whole matter planned, and so minute and detailed

"It was line-of-battleship against battery."

were the arrangements. Everything was mapped out for every officer and man, and all that had to be done was to fulfil to the letter the admiral's orders. Not a single point was left to chance; every ship had her station, every captain his appointed duty. When therefore the *Queen Charlotte* led to the attack the subordinate commanders were ready for that long ding-ding muzzle-to-muzzle conflict which they knew must follow. It was line-of-battleship against battery. Exmouth had faith that the weapons from his wooden walls would smash the breastworks of the Algerines, and the Dey was just as certain that his people would blow the daring assailant from the seas.

The flagship silently proceeded to her station in the very teeth of the batteries on the molehead and the lighthouse. Not a gun was fired on either side. The thousand men on board the *Queen Charlotte* waited grimly for the order which should release the shot from her towering side and send it crashing among the curious troops who were crowding the parapet of the mole to see what manner of things these much talked of warships were. Exmouth, standing on the poop, seeing them, waved his hand in a splendid spirit of humanity, as a sign to them to get down and seek such safety as they could. Then the ship was placed exactly where the chief would have her, almost at the very muzzles of some of the guns; three long cheers were given by her crew, and the glad sound of deliverance was borne to prisons in which swarms of captives languished.

Scarcely had the hurrahs died out when the boom of the first gun from the enemy's batteries was heard. This being followed by a second and third in quick succession, Exmouth gave the order for the flagship to engage, and the crew put into instant practice that training which they had so rigidly undergone since leaving England.

When all the larger ships had got into position they bombarded the fortifications, the smaller vessels keeping under sail and firing when they got the chance.

The admiral had so disposed his forces that the larger ships commanded the strongest of the enemy's defences, while they themselves were exposed only to his weakest fire—a circumstance which increased, if possible, the confidence of officers and men in their commander. Under the fire of the flagship, pitiless, incessant and precise, the batteries on the molehead crumbled away, the last gun being dismounted just as it was being discharged. In their absolute conviction of success the gunners of the flagship sought amusement by making targets of the flagstaffs of the enemy.

Seeing that his land defences were being badly damaged, the enemy rashly but bravely tried to board the flagship and the *Leander* by means of his gunboats. For some time, owing to the smoke, the advance of the flotilla was unnoticed, but when they were seen they were fired upon with such effect, chiefly by the *Leander*, that 33 out of 37 were sunk.

The British and the Dutch had fired for an hour without producing any evidence of submission, and Exmouth resolved to destroy the Algerine ships. Soon laboratory torches, carcass-shells and other inflammable devices had done their work so well that both on land and sea flames were crackling and leaping everywhere, and Algiers was one great conflagration.

The fierce and bloody conflict raged unceasingly, and with growing force, as night approached. Milne in the *Impregnable* had lost 150 in killed and wounded, and at sunset he asked for a frigate to be sent, so that she might divert some of the deadly fire directed at himself. The rear-admiral's ship had anchored more to the northward than was intended, and had to endure the fire of the heaviest batteries; but he could not be helped by the admiral, who however sent an officer on board with permission to haul off. Of this permission the gallant second and his captain, Brace, did not take advantage, and she kept her dangerous post amid the shower of shot. To some extent nevertheless the rear-admiral

was helped. An explosion vessel, with 143 barrels of powder on board, was put at his disposal, and she did good service by blowing up on shore at nine o'clock.

The firing began at a quarter to three, and lasted with unabated fury until nine; it did not altogether cease until half-past eleven. By this time 6,000 or 7,000 Algerines were killed or wounded, and as for the British guns, the admiral said that their effects would be seen for many years to come, and remembered by the barbarians for ever. "The cause of God and humanity prevailed," he wrote in his dispatch, "and so devoted was every creature in the fleet, that even British women served at the same guns as their husbands, and during a contest of many hours never shrank from danger, but animated all around them."

There was a fit ending to that lurid day. When night came down the ruins of Algiers were illuminated by the flames of the burning ships and the store-houses which had taken fire from them. Batteries were crumbled to dust, guns dismounted, buildings burning, the dead lying thickly about, torn and mangled, and the wounded in their agonies crying in vain above the roaring of the fire for water and assistance. The flames were sweeping on destructively before the freshening breeze, and the storm clouds gathered in the sky. The cannonade had deadened the wind during the afternoon, but now it rose again, and an awful storm of thunder and lightning burst over Algiers, the rain falling in a deluge. This was a change indeed from that dead silence which prevailed before ever a shot was fired, when the flagship was sailing majestically to her appointed station.

Cromwell said of Marston Moor that God had made the troopers of Prince Rupert as stubble to the Round-heads' swords. Exmouth might have said the same of Algiers, for the proud Dey, defeated beyond all hope of renewing the battle, could only wait through that long night of lamentation until the morrow broke and he could submit unconditionally to the victors' terms.

As a fight Algiers is famous for the unparalleled expenditure of ammunition by the fleet and the very heavy loss of life. In no previous general action were the casualties so great in proportion to the force employed. The British loss was 128 killed and 692 wounded, and the Dutch lost 13 killed and 35 wounded. On board the *Impregnable* alone 50 men were killed, and after her the frigates suffered most. Exmouth had a very narrow escape more than once, being struck in three places, and the skirts of his coat being torn away by a cannon ball.

The following is a detailed list of the losses :—

Ship.	Killed.	Wounded.
Queen Charlotte	8	131
Impregnable	50	160
Superb	8	84
Minden	7	37
Albion	3	15
Leander	17	118
Severn	3	34
Glasgow	10	37
Granicus	16	42
Hebrus	4	17
Infernal	2	17

SUMMARY.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Total Killed and Wounded.
British	128	692	820
Dutch	13	52	65
Grand Total	141	744	885

An amazing quantity of powder and shot was used. The fleet fired nearly 118 tons of powder and 50,000 shot, weighing more than 500 tons, and in addition 960 13-inch and 10-inch shells were thrown by the bomb-vessels, and shells and rockets from the flotilla. This was one of the most tremendous cannonades on record. Exmouth said of the fire that it was "as animated and well supported as I believe was ever witnessed."

The immediate result of the victory was the liberation by the Dey of more than 1,200 slaves, of whom 18 were

English, 2 French, 28 Dutch, and 226 Spaniards; but the great majority were Neapolitans and Sicilians. The first clause in the conditions of peace was "The abolition of Christian slavery for ever." To have accomplished that was a fitting termination to the active career at sea of Exmouth. He received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for the work, was raised to the rank of Viscount—having been made Baron Exmouth in 1814, with a pension of £2,000 a year, for his long and eminent service—and the countries to which the liberated slaves belonged showed their gratitude by conferring upon him various orders of knighthood. He became Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth in 1817, and Vice-Admiral of England in 1831.

Exmouth died in 1833, one of the last to go of the fighting admirals who had done so much to cover the British Navy with glory and to gain for England her naval supremacy.

The Last Great Fight With Wooden Ships

AT the beginning of 1827 Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, newly appointed to the Mediterranean command, hoisted his flag on H.M.S. *Asia*, 84 guns, and sailed in her on a voyage which was to end in the battle and victory of Navarino. Of that historic triumph, the last general action to be fought with Britain's wooden walls, there remain with us of the ships the *Asia* and of the victors an officer—then a midshipman, now one of the most distinguished of Great Britain's retired flag-officers—Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, C.B.

Codrington was then a man of fifty-seven years, an officer who had gained his training and experience under some of our greatest admirals, and whose services included two of our most famous fights at sea—the Glorious First of June and Trafalgar. He had fought often, during many years, against the French; now he was to fight with them and command them. One and a half centuries earlier Rupert had fought with Frenchmen and had found them wanting. Codrington himself had doubts of the loyalty of an enemy who had become an ally; but he was to learn that his distrust was groundless, and that the French were to fight as well with the British as they had ever fought against them.

Codrington sailed from Spithead on February 1, having all his family on board, amongst them his eldest son, a captain of the Guards, on leave of absence, and

his youngest son, a midshipman of eighteen years, subsequently an Admiral of the Fleet. This practice of taking wives and families to sea was soon afterwards stopped, and for a very curious reason. At Lisbon some English ships, amongst them the *Genoa*, Captain Bathurst, which was the heaviest sufferer at Navarino, greatly helped the King of Portugal at a crisis. He went on board the *Windsor Castle* and claimed the protection of Sir Charles Dashwood. Grateful to the English for their protection—His Majesty said he owed his life, and perhaps his throne, to them—he held a court on the quarterdeck of the *Windsor Castle*, a throne being sent for, and the quarterdeck decorated. It was a magnificent ceremony, and presents on a suitable scale were made to Sir Charles and Lady Dashwood. Of her ladyship it was illnaturedly said that she was disposed to greed, and coveted the portrait of His Majesty, which could be set only in diamonds. The story reached the British Ambassador, and the result was the issue of an Admiralty order forbidding captains having their wives and families on board ship. But for long captains got the better of the order by taking each other's wives as passengers. When appointed to the Lisbon station one of the captains was refused permission to take his wife, and a strained feeling arose between him and a colonel who wished to have his wife on board. His first act, when he could do it, was to bundle Lady Dashwood and a captain's wife on shore. Her ladyship, who was a daughter of Lord Kinsale, was well known at that time in some of the British ships of war. One foggy day she was leaning out of a front cabin window when a disrespectful naval officer went on board the *Windsor Castle*. Seeing her ladyship he observed, "I thought I'd lost myself; but it's all right—I see the Old Head of Kinsale."

In May Codrington took his family to Leghorn in the *Asia*, so that he could leave them in Italy, while he prepared to suppress piracy in the Levant, where it had been growing rapidly amongst the Greeks. The flag-

ship went through a gale in which the cook prayed for his safety, and in the same breath swore that he would never go to sea again; while the master of the band went aft to implore the captain to take in all sail, throw overboard the guns, and shut down the windows, being reassured only by the spectacle of the Codringtons on the poop enjoying the lively motions of the *Asia*. On reaching the Mediterranean Codrington found that amongst the difficulties he had to deal with was a feeling of great irritation which had been caused in Turkey by Lord Cochrane, the Admiral commanding the Greek Navy—he had been driven out of the British Navy—and others in the Greek service; and that affairs were rapidly bringing serious results.

The Greeks had in 1820 successfully revolted against Turkish oppression, and for several years had gained advantages by land and sea. Navarino, amongst other places, was in their possession. But their successes waned, and in July, 1826, a treaty was made in London between Great Britain, France and Russia to pacify the Levant by intervention between Turkey and Greece, and so save Greece and stop piracy. It was a strange and burdensome position for a British admiral to occupy. France and Russia were as yet scarcely reconciled enemies, while the wars, long and devastating, between Great Britain and France were too recent to allow of thorough friendliness between the nations. But Codrington had his instructions, and obeyed them with ready tact.

The three admirals—English, French and Russian—were to offer the proposed mediation to the Greek Government, while the ambassadors of the three countries were to submit them to the Porte. If Greece accepted and Turkey refused, the admirals were to enter into friendly relations with Greece, and unite their forces to prevent the Turks from getting help in any way; but this was to be done only in an extremity. If, on the other hand, the Porte consented and the Greeks refused, the squadrons were to try and maintain the

armistice without joining in the hostilities between the Greeks and Turks. Codrington's task was made the harder because he had to preserve harmony between the French and Russian admirals, who were mutually jealous and distrustful, and both of the same rank—rear-admirals. It was to Codrington's advantage that his own position in this respect—the position of a vice-admiral—was such as to make him their senior in rank beyond the possibility of causing jealousy. Circumstances however justified the admiral in saying in a letter that every now and then he dropped his pen and "quarterdecked" his cabin—that is, paced to and fro—thinking he had more upon his hands than fell to the share of any one man; and yet not a day passed without some addition to his load. Sometimes, when overcome by the heat and worry, he almost despaired.

The armistice proposed was accepted by the Greeks and refused by the Turks. It was to Codrington's relief that he heard from the British Ambassador in Constantinople that while the Allied governments wished to avoid anything which might bring on war, yet the prevention of supplies was ultimately to be enforced, if necessary, and, when all other means were exhausted, by cannon shot. Instantly he set about his preparations for a fight, with the help of the French and Russians, if they were within reach, without them if they were not. By this time the Turkish and Egyptian fleet had anchored in the port of Navarino, and Codrington placed himself, with the ships of the line, off Hydra, in a position to see the movements of the enemy.

On September 16 Captain Fellowes, of the *Dartmouth*, counted the numbers of the Turco-Egyptian fleet, which included 4 line-of-battle ships, 15 frigates, 17 corvettes, and 24 brigs and transports. The Egyptian ships were in excellent condition, with accommodation ladders, and one corvette had scrubbed hammocks triced up at the yardarms. A brig was spoken—"one of the prettiest things possible, mounting 18 guns, and 8 brass swivels on each side, in beautiful order. The men were at

quarters, tompions out, and all the brasswork as bright as any ever seen, with bright copper aprons for the locks of the guns." This smart state of things was due to the French officers of the Egyptian ships, which they entirely managed. At this time neither the French nor the Russian ships were with Codrington, and his letters show that he distrusted both the co-operating admirals, though his later correspondence fully recognized the cordial support of Rear-Admirals de Rigny and Heiden when he saw and came to know them.

Even while waiting for and expecting battle Codrington had to complain of want of men and stores. On September 17, writing to the Duke of Clarence, he referred to the inefficiency of the *Asia's* crew for her increased arming, and for manning two tenders also, and said she was short of forty of her allotted peace complement, which there was no chance of making up. He complained of the failure of all the ironwork and the inferiority of his cordage. "I fear the Navy Board imagine that, in this nominally fine climate, we have no bad weather. On the contrary, I know of no country in which there is more wear and tear of every material in a man-of-war, animate or inanimate. The variety of winds, and having sometimes three little gales of wind and three calms in the same day, keeps the work always going; officers and men are exposed to more wear from sciroccos and such changes. We have had burning winds off the land of a temperature of 95°, which has cracked the panels of the bulkheads, and has twisted our furniture to pieces."

Matters were very critical when the French appeared off Navarino on September 21. The Russians were still absent, but Codrington and de Rigny instantly began proceedings with the enemy. They went ashore, and informed Ibrahim Pacha, the head of the Turco-Egyptian forces, that the Allies were determined to carry out the treaty, and that the admirals were compelled to enforce the armistice. At this conference, which showed

Codrington that he could place full confidence in the French, he made it clear to the pacha that if he tried to leave the harbour he would be driven back, and sunk if necessary; and having done that his ships were free to refit and make ready for battle. Again the admiral had to complain of the *Asia*, saying she was as inferior in the quality of her men as she was deficient in number for the guns she had to fight. Fortunately however the *Asia's* appearance in battle array, he added, with the danger of passing such a broadside, and the bold and determined countenance of her supporters, the *Dartmouth*, *Talbot* and *Zebra*, awed the enemy into a submission which was entirely beyond his most sanguine expectations, but which he hoped he might now consider as a presage of future success.

That success was not enjoyed. On October 1, during thunderstorms, with rain, the *Dartmouth*, at about 4 a.m., signalled that the Turkish fleet was putting out to sea from Navarino. Codrington directed Captain Spencer, of the *Talbot*, to tell the Turkish admiral that this was a breach of parole, that he would not allow the enemy to come out, and that if a single gun were fired at the British flag he would destroy the whole fleet if he could. The threat checked the movement and kept the Turks inside the harbour, and for the time prevented hostilities. It was a bold and fine performance, for the English ships—*Asia*, *Dartmouth*, *Talbot* and *Zebra*—were unsupported, and the force which Codrington obliged to comply with his demand numbered fifty-three.

The enemy made a second effort to escape, and the British admiral repeated his threat to destroy them if he could. Again he was successful, but not until he had used his guns. This incident, known as the affair of Patras, was never published, "either from ministerial fear, or from some anti-professional influence at the Admiralty," until Codrington's daughter, Lady Bourchier, made it known in her father's *Memoirs*. Having failed to escape, the pacha began a brutal war of extermina-

tion ashore, and it was clear that the Allies would have to make war upon him.

A battle was now inevitable, and the Russians having joined on October 9, Codrington was ready for Navarino. The Allied force consisted of 12 English ships (3 of the line, 4 frigates, 4 brigs and 1 cutter)—the *Asia*, *Genoa*, *Albion*, *Dartmouth*, *Cambrian*, *Glasgow*, *Talbot*, *Rose*, *Musquito*, *Brisk*, *Philomel and Hind* (tender); 7 French (3 line-of-battle ships, 1 double-banked frigate, 1 frigate, 2 cutters); 8 Russian (4 line-of-battle ships and 4 frigates)—a total of 24 ships of war.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of October 20, 1827—almost exactly twenty-two years after the day on which Codrington had taken the *Orion* into action at Trafalgar—the *Asia* led the combined squadrons into the port of Navarino. Before Boteler sailed for Navarino a ship came in, which had communicated with the Russian squadron, and asking the men what sort of ships they were the only answer was, "*Lumps* of ships, sir." The English squadron, while cruising in the night some distance from Navarino, suddenly came upon and passed right through the Turkish and Egyptian fleets. "All were at quarters, a light showing at each port—it was a very fine sight. We glided silently past, all perfectly still—no sound beyond their boatswain's pipes, and they were rather loud." Boteler records that while the English, French and Russian ships were in company the English gave evidence of superior handling and sailing. The Allies were in two columns, the British and French forming the weather or starboard line, and the Russians the lee line. The Turkish ships were moored in the form of a crescent, with springs on their cables, the larger ones presenting their broadside guns towards the centre, the smaller ones, in succession, within them, filling up the intervals. The *Asia* was followed by the *Genoa* and *Albion*, and anchored close alongside a ship of the line which bore the flag of the Capitana Bey, another ship of the line, and a large double-banked frigate, so that each had her proper

English.
French.
Russian.
Turks.
Line of Battle Ships.
\+ *Fire Ships.*
Dotted line, the Track of the Albion.
The blue and green dots, shew where the French and Ruſsian lines Anchord as they got in.

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

opponent in the front line of the Turkish fleet. Four ships to windward, part of the Egyptian squadron, were allotted to the French; those to leeward, in the bight of the crescent, were to mark the stations of the whole Russian squadron, the ships of their line closing those of the English line, and being followed up by their own frigates. The *Armide*, a French frigate, was directed to place herself alongside the outermost frigate on the left hand entering the harbour, and the *Cambrian*, *Glasgow* and *Talbot* next to her, and abreast of the *Asia*, *Genoa*, and *Albion*. The *Dartmouth*, *Musquito*, *Rose*, *Brisk* and *Philomel* were to look after six fire vessels at the entrance to the harbour. This was a fine and comprehensive plan of battle, and the dispositions of the Commander-in-Chief were carried out, except with regard to the *Cambrian* and *Glasgow*, which did not enter Navarino until hostilities had nearly ceased, and took but little part in the action.

Codrington had ordered that no gun should be fired unless the Turks fired first, and as the enemy did not open, the *Asia*, *Genoa* and *Albion*, stately and silent, passed the batteries to their moorings, with loaded guns and men at quarters. The English ships of the line were sailing into a vast gun-trap, for on the left were batteries, on the right were batteries, and circling in front was the crescent of warships. So far as mere numbers of guns and their position went the English ships should have been destroyed or seriously damaged as they made for their anchorage. Though no shot was fired as the ships sailed in, yet it was seen that the enemy was active and alert, both on board the ships and in the batteries. It was not however until the *Dartmouth* sent a boat to one of the fire vessels, and she was assailed with musketry, that the fight began. The boat had gone either to unmoor the ship or order the Turks to unmoor her, and as the crew thought that her mission was probably hostile they opened fire. The lieutenant and several of the boat's crew were killed or wounded by the Turkish fire. The *Dartmouth*

answered with musketry and the French flagship, *La Syrène*, joined her. A cannon shot from de Rigny followed, and this being returned from one of the Egyptian ships the action became general.

The *Asia* had been placed alongside the ship of the Capitana Bey, chief ship to chief ship, after the style of many of our greatest fights at sea. She was even nearer to the Egyptian flagship, Moharem Bey's, but the Egyptian did not fire at the *Asia*—indeed, Moharem sent a message saying that he would not fire at all. For some time there was no hostility between the *Asia* and the Egyptian, so that Codrington and the Capitana were left to each other. Meanwhile the admiral had sent his pilot, Peter Mitchell, to Moharem, to interpret his wish to avoid bloodshed. The pilot was killed in the boat by Moharem's people, who immediately fired into the *Asia*.

That treachery removed all cause for further clemency or delay, and the *Asia* set herself with deliberate purpose to destroy the two flagships that were opposed to her. Her steady fire, destructive in spite of the deficiencies of which Codrington had complained, was turned upon them both, and at last she drove them from her, utter wrecks, one on each side. These ships being put out of action, the *Asia* was exposed to a raking fire from vessels in the second and third line, and suffered heavily. Her mizzenmast was shot away by the board, some of her guns were disabled, and many of her crew were killed or wounded.

By this time one of the fiercest of modern seafights was raging—a combat which was in some respects a repetition of Algiers, and with an enemy whose fanatic ferocity made him a very different foe from the French and Spanish crews with whom for so many years Great Britain had waged war. They at any rate had recognized that a time must come when it was imperative that they should haul their colours down, but the sullen Turk refused to yield on any terms. If it became his fate to be defeated, he blew up with his ship or escaped

The Battle of Navarino.

if he could, but he refused to deliver himself into the hands of his enemy. For his own part he showed no mercy to an opponent, and he did not expect that an enemy would give quarter to him.

The battle had been long in opening, but now that hostilities had begun they were carried on with single purpose. There were no side issues; the only object of the Allies was to crush the enemy, and British, French and Russian fought with stern determination to destroy him. Most of the other ships of the fleet were doing as the *Asia* had done, destroying opponents and silencing the batteries. The *Genoa* and the *Albion* were behaving grandly.

For four hours a furious, bloody and destructive battle raged between combatants who were chained to one spot and had nothing else to do but pound each other with their guns. The port of Navarino was filled with ships destroyed or burning, the air was thick with smoke of guns or muskets, and over all was the crash of artillery, the great bursts which told of exploding vessels, and the fearful cries of combatants. The water itself was strewn with wreckage, corpses and drowning or dying men, many of them shackled prisoners, for great numbers of chained Greek slaves were forced by the Turks to work their ships, and when the end came were doomed. The Turks took no quarter for themselves, and did not give their hapless captives any chance of getting freedom.

The ships fought at their moorings, with bare masts and yards, and modern actions have given no more striking battle scenes than that which was presented by the *Asia* smashing, at point blank range, the Egyptian flagship on her left and the Turkish flagship on her right, and the trio looming in the fog and fire of strife. So thick was the smoke that the people at the British guns could not see even the nearest of their opponents, and had only confidence that they were firing at the enemy from seeing the mastheads, and knowing that the guns were run out in the same position as at the beginning of the action.

When the Turkish flagship was driven from the *Asia's* side 650 men of her crew of 850 had been killed, and so terrible had been the English fire upon her that Codrington described her hull as having the appearance of being tasted by the adze prior to going into dock. Such a result was inevitable when guns were worked, as the *Asia's* were, "with a precision which looked like mere exercise." When Codrington, anxious to learn whether he was firing at a friend or a foe, tried to signal upon seeing the masts of the Turkish admiral fall, either the men who endeavoured to signal were killed or the signals themselves were shot away. He then attempted to send a boat, but there was not one left that was not so shot-shattered that it would not swim; nor could he get one from the *Genoa*. The admiral had no choice, and things had to take their course.

One by one the ships of the enemy were disabled; but they did not surrender. When hope was lost the fanatic crews who still lived set their ships on fire, and even when their vessels were almost knocked to pieces they would fire a parting shot. Explosion followed explosion, and so frequent and awful were these outbreaks that it was marvellous that the ships of the Allies escaped destruction from the flames. So perfect was the fire of the British guns that no opponent could bear it and survive. Each ship that came within reach of a broadside was destroyed or became a total wreck. Of the Turks who were not killed or blown up some managed to get ashore, and many of them were seen crawling in a zig-zag line up the face of the rocky cliffs of Old Navarino. By early evening the Allies had conquered, and the enemy was not merely beaten—he was annihilated.

The ship which suffered most severely in the battle was the *Genoa*, which began to fight at about the same time as the *Asia*. Even when, late in the evening of the 18th, a general telegraph was made "Prepare to enter," it was not thought that there would be a fight.

The *Genoa* at any rate did not prepare for battle, for on the 19th when the *Albion* bore up for the harbour she passed through a continual wreck of men's mess tables, cabin bulkheads, partitions, and other things which had been thrown overboard from the *Genoa*, as she had not until that time cleared for action. She had to endure a heavy cannonade and the fire of smaller weapons. So great was the loss caused amongst the marines on the poop by the Turks, who fired high, that the survivors were removed to the quarterdeck. Early in the action the captain, Bathurst, who was the Commodore of the fleet, was wounded by a splinter, which struck off his hat. A second shot carried away the tails of his coat; a third, passing through his body, and entering the opposite bulwark, mortally wounded him. The brave Commodore lived until the early morning. Before he died he was visited by Codrington, who had great difficulty in getting on board the *Genoa*, because of the havoc wrought among the small boats of the fleet. The two quarter boats of the *Albion* were both swamped astern, but a pinnace of the *Genoa* floated alongside, and after dark Lieutenant Boteler went in her to the flagship to report the *Albion's* state, with a hurried account of that ship's killed and wounded, and to ask for any orders. "And a perfect job I had to find my way," wrote Boteler in a letter to Admiral Ommanney, fifty-one years after the battle. "Alongside the *Asia* I found Sir Edward Codrington in the act of getting into a two-oared boat belonging to the *Hind* cutter to go to the *Genoa* to see his old friend Captain Bathurst, who was mortally wounded and dying. I of course offered my boat and took him. I had an interesting talk with him respecting the battle and cause of commencement"—a notable conversation it must have been too, when one remembers the lurid circumstances in which it took place. The admiral saw his friend the Commodore and praised his gallant conduct; but Bathurst, unselfish to the end, earnestly inquired about the welfare of his officers. At his own request his body was brought to

England, and was buried at Plymouth with military honours on December 27.

After the *Genoa* and *Asia*, the *Albion* suffered most. Amongst her crew that day was Erasmus Ommanney, midshipman, acting as aide-de-camp to his uncle, Captain Ommanney, of the *Albion*. He saw the fight from first to last, and two days after the action wrote to his mother, Lady Ommanney, a letter in which he said:—

"I have taken this opportunity of telling you to say that I am quite safe after our action the day before yesterday with the Turks, 120 sail of them. We began the action fifteen minutes to three, and left off fifteen minutes to six. We scarcely had time to anchor before the action begun, and we made a frigate surrender and set them on fire in less than two minutes. We had two sail of the line and one frigate at us all at once. The action was very warm. We had ten killed and fifty-two wounded. The slaughter among the Turks was a shocking sight. We had one of our mess killed, two middies wounded. One had his arm shot off. I received your letter the day before the action. There are not more than fifty ships left out of 120, and they (are) all to be burnt. You cannot imagine what a beautiful sight the explosion of the Turkish ships (was) after the action. This will be a great loss to the Turks, as this is nearly all the ships they have got.

"Here is as correct a list as I can give you—

Turks.

2 ships of 84 guns, 1,000 men killed.
1 „ 76 „ 850 men each.
15 „ from 48 to 50 guns, 450 men each.
18 „ „ 18 „ 24 „ 200 „
4 brigs.

Egyptians.

4 ships of 64 guns, 500 men each.
8 ships of 18 to 24 guns, 200 each.
8 brigs, 19 guns, 130 to 150 men each.
55 vessels.

English.	Guns.	French.	Guns.	Russian.
Asia	84	*La Syrène*	60	4 of 74 guns
Genoa	74	*Scipion*	80	2 of 46 „
Albion	74	*Breslau*	80	1 of 20 „
Dartmouth	42	*Trident*	74	
Talbot	28	*Armide*	46	
Rose	18	Schooner	16	
Philomel	10	do.	10	
Brisk	10	do.	10	
Musquito	10			

All the Turks are not all down.

"We attacked a 60-gun ship, one of 76 and one of 84, which was the admiral's ship. We shot his arm off. After the action the 76 was a complete wreck; out of 850 men 200 were left. She was pierced with shot in every direction; all her masts shot away. Captain Bathurst has died of his wounds. The action began by the exploding of one of the fire ships. The English came first, the French next, and then the Russians, all in a line of battle, which was a beautiful sight. We have got off better than any ship. All our masts are wounded. The *Genoa* is in a sad condition. I believe she has thirty killed.

"I went to a Turkish ship this morning; it was a most shocking sight. I dare say there were fifty men lying dead and cut about in all directions. The bodies stunk so I could hardly stay below. I looked about but I could not find anything worth taking. Everything was broke—as if it had been done on purpose, that we might not get them. She was quite deserted. There was only one man that had any life in him, and he was half dead.

"It is not the custom for the Turks to strike their colours in action, but they all deserted their ships and swam on shore. The Turks use the Greeks most shamefully. We took some of them on board which were slaves, and took their chains off. We left Malta ten days ago. I suppose we shall go there again to be repaired. Excuse a scrawl. I have been obliged to write part of it on the deck, as we have just got

our table up. We sent everything below when we cleared for action. The captain of marines was killed at the commencement of the action. My uncle is quite safe. Remember me to all, I remain

"Your affectionate son,
"E. OMMANNEY.

"As your boy has written a full account it will save my writing to Frank, which is fortunate, as I am very busy. He behaved well.

"Yours affectionately,
"T. A. OMMANNEY.

The letter to the admiral which was written by Boteler has been referred to. It is long and detailed, and contains many striking incidents relating to the battle and the *Albion*. When written at Penzance in February, 1882, at the request of Sir Erasmus, Boteler, who was then a retired captain, said that his recollection of Navarino was exceedingly accurate and vivid, and that he made notes of many interesting occurrences during the action, as well as the events of a day or two after, in addition to pen and ink sketches. "First, I must bring you in," he wrote. "Soon after the blowing up of the frigate we had boarded and cut adrift, I ran on deck for a minute to try and get a general view of the state of the action. I shook hands with the captain, who was frowning, shaking his head, touching his nose, where one or two drops of blood were falling. There was Commander Campbell, his head bound round with a bloodstained handkerchief—no great harm; then Johnny Drake, and last, as also least, your own small self, your hands on your knees, looking with strained eyes through the spare quarter-deck port—and I don't know why it should be on my memory, but I never think of that hasty visit that I do not see you."

In the course of his long letter the writer, who, it must be remembered, was at the time of the battle an experienced officer who was able thoroughly to

understand everything that he observed, says that early next morning he was again sent to the admiral with other reports. He told Sir Edward that he had observed some officers, apparently of rank, judging from their fur-trimmed cloaks, on board the Turkish admiral's ship. Codrington thanked Boteler and told him to direct Captain Ommanney to send for the officers and bring them to his ship. Accordingly Boteler was sent in the barge, with Lieutenant Anderson and a party of marines, taking the Greek pilot to interpret. They boarded the Turkish admiral, which was foul of another 80-gun ship. Each had only one mast standing, and was a pitiful wreck. The two ships between them had 1,040 killed and wounded. "Your recollection of the corvette you boarded with me was nothing to be compared to the perfect shambles of this ship between decks," continued Boteler. "They held red ropes as we mounted the sides by an accommodation-ladder which was almost cut to pieces. . . . The Turkish officers were seated in a ring, cross-legged, none moving, only rolling their eyes at us. I was ushered into the cabin, walking through the bulkheads, half standing, and was put on a sofa, two Turks with cushions to put under me as I turned from side to side. L——, with the Turkish admiral and first captain, had got away, but I brought on board the second captain, the secretary, and his three assistants, brothers. I also brought away a large ensign, two or three smaller ones, and several flags, with four pair of large silver-mounted pistols, which Langtrey slung across his shoulders for me; and, last, a hanging compass from the admiral's cabin, a gorgeous thing, crimson and gold, prismatic colours. By the way, as this compass was taken across the deck by Anderson most of the Turks bowed and salaamed it. This large ensign, which I gave to the captain, I imagine to be the one you named. The flag of the frigate we boarded was not brought away, for by the time our men got aft as far as the companion flames sprung up from the cabin, where preparations

were made beforehand for firing the ship to escape capture. One of the Turks told me this was arranged in most of the ships. . . .

"One strange circumstance I often relate of the recklessness of men-of-wars' men. At my quarters there was a squabble among the powder boys waiting at the fearnought screen for their powder. 'What's all this row about?' 'Please, sir, it's big Knight getting all the powder'—he had already three cartridges in his box. I gave his ear a pull and told him to be off. Two minutes after, coming back, there was Knight and another boy fighting, and the best part of the crew of two guns standing round and encouraging them! Would any one dream of such a freak? To the captain of the gun—'What can you be about, sir?' 'Beg your pardon, sir, we could not help it,' and away they went to their guns. . . .

"Another case of the reckless mischief of one of the men. The six after guns, 24-pounders, are inclosed in officers' cabins, their partitions or bulkheads, composed of light frames with canvas panels, hung on hinges and bolted to cants and screwed on the deck, so that when orders are given to clear for action carpenters unbolted them, removed the cants, and hooked the partition overhead. I had a gun in my cabin, and on a brass hook over it, on a beam, I had hanging a valuable fowling piece. I had been moving about at my quarters, desiring the captains of guns to fire at particular ships, when coming near my cabin I found a stupid fellow squatted on his hams and snapping my gun (a flint lock) over some loose powder scattered on the deck, running a great chance of an explosion—the smoke between decks was so densely yellow and inflammable—as also spoiling my gun. An involuntary kick *en derrière* sent him sprawling, and the captain of the gun, looking round, gave him a staggering box on the ear as he was getting up on his legs, and the second captain bestowed another that almost floored him again. . . .

"I have before said that on anchoring we had just manned the rigging to furl sails when the action unexpectedly began, and it was 'Down, men, to your guns!' Our anchor did not immediately hold, and we drifted on to a double-banked Turkish frigate, her spritsailyard crossing our poop hammock nettings before the mizzenmast. Over this the first division of boarders scrambled, led by the First Lieutenant. She was soon mastered, and directly after was found on fire, and our boarders forced to a hasty retreat. The boatswain, a fine fellow, lost his arm while on the bowsprit by a shot from the Turk's foretop; then, notwithstanding the hurry to get back to our ship, three of our men ran up her fore rigging, stormed the top, and threw two Turks headlong over the top rail."

Boteler mentions several acts of pluck, one in particular by a man who was so simple and goodnatured that he was the butt of all the mischievous boys, who used to lead him about the decks by the forelock. This goodnatured fellow was amongst the first and boldest of the boarders, while another gallant fellow, an Irishman, seized a musket, and swinging it from side to side with shouts of "Make a lane there!" literally cleared a road through the opposing Turks. Alert and courageous was one of the midshipmen named Hinds. Many of the boarders had omitted to take their pistols, and as they overlooked the main deck of the frigate from the *Albion's* gangway the youngster exclaimed to the First Lieutenant, "Give them cold shot, sir." The Turks' shot, as in the British ships, were in semicircular holes round the combings of the hatchways, so that they were ready to hand to hurl down amongst the Turks. The little fellow's suggestion was acted upon, and the cold shot was hurled upon the Turks with great effect. Afterwards the First Lieutenant spoke in high praise of the smartness of Hinds. It was only with great difficulty that the boarders cleared the frigate from the Turks as she was moored. One cable was easily cut at her own hawsehole, but the other, hanging

slack, could not be so readily divided. The only person at work on this was Mr. Langtrey, a past midshipman, and he had very little footing, as he stood in one of the cutters, which was swamped and flush with the water. Boteler lowered an axe to him from the ward-room windows and encouraged Langtrey to persevere. The brave fellow held on until the cable parted, when he was nearly exhausted. It was a splendid performance by him, for the frigate was little more than her own length from the *Albion* when she blew up. Those who were at the guns of the *Albion* felt no effects of this, but below the concussion was so great that the gunner in the magazine thought the explosion was on his own ship, and that she might be on fire. He and his men rushed out, locking the door. Before the magazine was a light room, and three lamps in a glass case gave light to the men filling powder, and so on. The shock shook two of the panes from the sash, but most providentially those panes were not on the magazine side, or the powder dust would have ignited and the *Albion* would have been inevitably blown up. The *Albion* indeed had wonderful escapes. She was twice on fire, and twice the firemen were called to put out the flames. Amongst them was the ship's chaplain, a fine fellow who was himself wounded and left the cockpit when he heard the call for boarders, so that he could help in the fighting as well as in attention to the dying and injured.

The *Albion* herself afforded proof that friendly ships fired into each other in the impenetrable atmosphere. She was mostly engaged with her port guns, but at one time a few of the guns on the other side were directed at a frigate which was sunk by a single broadside of the *Breslau*, a French 74, which was passing near the *Albion* as she went into action. The shot of this ship seemed so surely to be fired at the *Albion* that the *Albion's* people called the *Breslau* their "chum." Lieutenant Ramsay, who had the foremost guns of the maindeck, found on going aft that the mate of his

quarters was firing into the Frenchman. He reprimanded him. Almost immediately afterwards he caught the mate firing into the *Breslau* and angrily lectured him. Angrily also the young man replied that the *Breslau* was firing into the *Albion*. Subsequently it was proved that there was no doubt in the matter, for some of the shot bearing the *Albion's* mark was found sticking in the *Breslau's* foremast, and one of the French officers told Boteler that they thought some of the shot came from the *Albion*. "Our captain never knew of this, or it would have been a decisive reason for passing him over among those recommended for promotion. Two were made lieutenants, one of them Langtrey, his junior. He had not conducted himself over well prior to the action. He became ill on arriving at Spithead and was sent to Haslar Hospital, and there died, poor fellow, I have little doubt, from a broken heart."

Supplementing the details of the letter Admiral Ommanney, referring to his log of the *Albion* and other documents relating to the battle, said that when the *Dartmouth* was fired upon the signal to engage the enemy was made and the guns opened. Immediately the cannonade was so heavy and the smoke so thick that they seldom saw beyond the length of the ship, and frequently it was almost impossible to tell whether friend or foe was near. For an hour and a half the *Albion* was very hotly engaged; then the French flagship came up and took the fire off her. The guns ceased firing at about five o'clock, but the action did not cease till midnight, for the crews—they were so greatly exhausted that they were with difficulty roused up from sleeping at their guns—remained at quarters and were ready instantly to renew the fight, although shot and powder had run short in the fleet. Of the Greek slaves no fewer than fifty, shackled, were saved by and taken on board the *Albion*. Amongst them was the secretary, or some such official, of the Turkish admiral, who had an arm badly injured. The limb was amputa-

ted, and Captain Ommanney took the Turk to Malta in his cabin.

The Admiral describes the blowing up of the Turkish ships as the finest yet most terrible sight he ever witnessed. At daybreak on the morning after the battle there were scarcely more than a couple of dozen of the enemy's ships that were seaworthy. The Turks, rather than yield, sought self destruction, considering it more honourable to bring about their own end than to fall into the hands of the enemy. For a considerable time after the victory was certain intense anxiety prevailed on board the British ships, because so many of the shattered hulks were drifting about, burning, and threatening to destroy the conquering fleet. The Admiral said that on board the *Albion*, as well as on other ships, were Greek pilots, who were stationed on the poop, and it was one of the most interesting features of the battle to watch them "potting" the Turks. Wherever they saw a chance of hitting a Turk "they let fly at him."

One of the strange stories of Navarino is told by Admiral Ommanney. The captain of marines on board the *Albion*, Stevens, had said farewell to Boteler. He shook hands with him on the poop, and asked him to see that his little property should be sent to Canterbury, where they both at that time lived. Stevens had always a conviction that he would be killed in battle, and his premonition was fulfilled. A shot came and cut him in two, carrying away one of his hands. A young marine picked up the hand and put it in his forage cap, keeping it in security on his head until the action ceased. Then he took the hand to Lieutenant Anderson, and holding it up by a finger asked what he should do with it. The body had, of course, been thrown overboard at once, and the strange relic of his officer which the young man had preserved, and which he obviously wished to keep as a memento, went over the side also.

No ship that day won greater glory than the little *Hind*, a cutter of 160 tons, tender to the *Asia*. She

mounted eight light carronades, had a crew of 30, and was commanded by Lieutenant John Robb. She had just returned from a mission as the Allied Forces were entering Navarino, and conducted herself in a way that was to be repeated in most respects by the gunboat *Condor* at Alexandria more than half a century later. She was ill fitted to take part in such an engagement, but Robb determined to share in the battle, and he and his cutter and the people who manned her did some wonderful work. When her appetite had been whetted, the *Hind* became entangled with a large Turkish frigate. Repeatedly the Turks attempted to board; time after time they were driven back. On one of these occasions, when the surgeon was below, preparing for an amputation, there was a call "All hands to repel boarders!" and the doctor, obedient to the urgent cry, rushed on deck and bore a hand in driving back the Turks. When at last, driven to desperation, the Turks manned a large boat, it seemed as if the *Hind* was doomed. But a couple of carronades were loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, and when the boat came up the guns were discharged, and smashed her to atoms with her people. Soon afterwards the cutter got clear of the frigate, after most valiant behaviour. As her share in the battle she was struck by 23 round shot, and acquitted herself so well throughout the action that she gained the nickname of "His Majesty's line-of-battle cutter." Of her small crew the mate and 3 men were killed, 2 midshipmen each lost a leg, and 9 men were wounded, being just half of her crew killed or wounded. These losses were included in the return for the *Asia*.

The total loss of the Allies at Navarino was :—

	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
British	75	197	272
French	43	144	187
Russian	59	139	198
	177	480	657
	299		

The details for the British ships are :—

Ships.	Killed.	Wounded.
Asia	19	57
Genoa	26	33
Albion	10	50
Dartmouth	6	8
Glasgow	—	2
Talbot	6	17
Cambrian	1	1
Philomel	1	7
Rose	3	15
Brisk	1	3
Musquito	2	4
	75	197

The killed on the side of the British included 16 officers, amongst them Captain Bathurst of the *Genoa*; and in the list of wounded were 28 officers, making 44 officers killed or wounded.

The French ship which suffered the heaviest loss was the *Syrène*, 21 killed, 45 wounded; the Russian, *Azoff*, 24 killed, 67 wounded.

It was a crushing victory. Of the ships which composed the Turkish fleet, 60 were entirely destroyed, and the rest were driven ashore in a shattered state, except the *Leone*, which was dismasted, 4 corvettes, 6 brigs and 4 schooners. These alone remained afloat after the battle. Some of the ships which were driven ashore and got off were so much damaged that they could not be repaired. The enemy's loss, as given by the French Instructor of the Egyptian Navy, was 3,000 killed and 1,109 wounded. It has been said that the return is obviously wrong, and that the figures ought to be reversed; but it must not be forgotten that the slaughter was out of all proportion to the average casualties of a naval battle, since the Turks refused to yield. Out of a fleet of 60 men of war, Codrington stated in his General Order four days after the battle, there remained only 1 frigate and 15 smaller vessels in a state ever to be again put to sea.

Navarino was described by Lord Burghersh, British

Ambassador at Florence, as "one of the great things in the annals of the country." It certainly was a great and memorable victory, and, as we have seen, had many strange incidents associated with it. Not the least was the working together of English and French ships twenty years after Trafalgar, under the command of one of the Trafalgar victors; the letter from Codrington to de Rigny in which he said that having had him under his orders in that bloody and destructive fight would be one of the proudest events of his whole professional life; and the well known story that so bitter was the enmity which still existed between the French and the Russians that instead of uniting their fire for the destruction of the foe they turned their guns upon each other. But there is nothing in Codrington's dispatches or letters to show that he knew of or believed in that statement; and when asked what his opinion of the story was, Admiral Ommanney replied that he thought the correct explanation could be found in the fact that, as he had already said, the battle smoke was so dense that the ships of the Allies at times fired into each other simply because they could not distinguish friend from foe.

The Turks from first to last maintained the fight with savage courage. They held their own against the Russians and the other Allies then just as fiercely as they fought later in the Crimea, and again half a century after Navarino. It was with them a choice between death and victory, and as they did not achieve triumph they met their fate with sullen resignation. On their ships no surgeons were carried, and the wounded were left to die. Large numbers of helpless men were left in the foundering and exploding ships to sink with the dead; and of the Greeks, whom they used as galley slaves, and did not hold as prisoners of war, numbers were purposely abandoned in company with the dead and the dying, previously to the whole being blown up together.

On October 25 the combined fleets left Navarino, and arrived at Malta on November 3. The Russians too

went to Malta, also the *Breslau*, the *Albion's* "chum." The rest of the French squadron sailed for Toulon. Afterwards, as the quickest way of refitting, the British squadron was sent to England, Malta being put at the disposal of the Russians, some of whose officers got on very friendly terms with the English.

It was again a critical time when the victors left the scene of battle. Before the open sea could be gained the batteries had to be passed, and these were still manned by Turks. The crippled ships, with masts hurriedly fished and rigged, started in a light air, so that they were becalmed between the batteries. The extraordinary appearance of the ships under their jury rigging, said Codrington at a later period of his life, contrived according to their different necessities, and the means they had of providing for their voyage, all heaped together too in the very entrance of the harbour, and the anxiety lest the forts should open their fire upon them in that condition, made it an extremely trying moment. But the Turks saw that the conquerors were at their guns again, prepared for the worst, and allowed them to go. The ships, with the help of all the boats that could be spared the fleet, cleared the harbour and gained the offing before dark, sailing into a night of heavy rain and squalls, with thunder and lightning and a contrary wind—all of which made it hard to keep the ships together and uninjured; but the morning showed that they were still in company, unharmed.

Until recently there was living, at Bangalore, India, at a residence appropriately named "Navarino," a survivor of the *Asia's* crew. This was Mr. John O'Sullivan, who communicated with the author four years ago, as "probably the only survivor, except Admiral Massey, of the *Asia's* crew of October 20, 1827," and gave a few interesting details from memory. Mr. O'Sullivan was then in his eighty-fourth year. "On the passage from Navarino to Malta," he wrote, "I was detailed as messenger boy at the Admiral's cabin door, and walked there with the sentry during my two hours. The Admiral had

not then left the ship. On our arrival at Malta, the *Asia* having to be sent home, the Admiral's flag was, on her departure, transferred to the *Talbot*, 28. I had been transferred to that ship as a volunteer, but cannot remember to what ship the flag was transferred on our leaving Malta."

To understand the foregoing it is needful to explain that immediately after the battle Codrington was recalled and superseded. He was not allowed to take the *Asia* to Malta, but had to shift it to the *Wellesley* at Zante. The Admiral was misrepresented by a hostile Government, the head of which was the Duke of Wellington, who described the battle as an "untoward" event, and with whom the Admiral had a stiff and not too pleasant interview—one in which, if the stories concerning it are to be depended upon, the sailor scored distinctly over the soldier. The Admiral asked why he had been superseded, and the Duke replied, because he read his orders differently from the Cabinet. Codrington, remarking that if he could not get a simple answer to a simple question it would not be necessary to trouble his grace further, took up his hat and left.

Since the *Asia* is still with the British people as a survivor, like the *Victory*, of the last great battle fought by British wooden ships at sea, some of Codrington's anecdotes relating to her may be given. She was one of the earliest of the ships to be built on the new model designed by Sir Robert Seppings, having a round, instead of a square, stern. The change gave rise to a bitter controversy amongst naval men, but experience showed that the designer was right. On this subject Codrington, in a note written in his copy of the *Life of Howe*, already referred to, says: "Towards the conclusion of the long French war the stern galleries were taken away on account of the weakness of the stern frames of the ships. The adoption of the round stern system by Sir Robert Seppings, giving great additional strength to the whole after body of the ships, enabled him to restore the stern walks. There is hardly a ship

of the line either built or repaired under the direction of Sir Robert Seppings, but which has one of these stern walks at this very period, when the Under Secretary of the Admiralty is stating the very contrary. The square stern ships still remaining in the service *have no stern walk*."

After the fight at Navarino the *Asia* had no fewer than 176 shot in her—8 in the bowsprit, 18 in the foremast, 25 in the mainmast, and 125 in the hull, besides innumerable bullets, grape and canister shot. She narrowly escaped destruction from the exploding ships around her. Some burning fragments from a double-banked frigate, which had blown up only a cable's length away, fell all about her; but the decks and booms had been wetted and the *Asia* did not take fire. Later in the afternoon a blazing Egyptian frigate was coming right down upon the *Asia*, completely enveloping her in smoke, so much so indeed that to the onlookers the flagship seemed to be on fire, and boats were got ready to assist her. When the frigate exploded and the *Asia* was seen to be uninjured there was cheering all along the line, and some of the ships which, believing the *Asia* to be in peril, had ceased fire resumed the working of the guns. Firebrands and other pieces of wood, and even of men, fell on different parts of the *Asia's* deck. When the flagship's mizzenmast was shot away there were two men in the top. One was badly hurt, and he, like his comrade, fell overboard; but both scrambled back again by means of the rigging. Being at one time the only person on the poop and quarterdeck, and wishing to send an important message to the captain, Curzon, Codrington inquired aloud if there was no one within hearing who could take a message for him. An unknown man, limping and with bloody face, appeared and said that he could. He went and returned, and was sent with a fresh message. So well did he do his duty that next morning the Commander-in-Chief inquired of Curzon who the helper was that had come to his assistance at a time of serious need.

The captain answered that the man was his new clerk, Cyrus Wakeham, and Codrington at once ordered the brave civilian to be sent for, so that he could thank him for his conduct.

The *Asia* is the guardship of reserve and flagship of the Admiral Superintendent at Portsmouth. She is of 3,594 tons and classed as a second rate. She was built of teak at Bombay seven years before the action which gives to her the only battle honour she possesses. To-day she is a mere hulk, but all the same she is a noble relic of a splendid triumph.

The Advent of Steam Warships

THE year 1840 gave us a naval triumph at St. Jean d'Acre, on the Syrian coast, in which, for the first time in the history of the British Navy, steam had a share. Steamers had for some time been included in the vessels on the *Navy Lists*, the first, the *Lightning*, having been put into commission ten years previously, despite much opposition by old seamen, whose service had been entirely in sailing ships, and who could not bring themselves to believe that steam would be of use in warfare. Writing of 1822, Captain Boteler says he was sent to the Nore, to wait there, with the *Royal Sovereign* and two or three men-of-war, for the *Royal George* yacht, with the King on board, coming down the Thames in tow of a steamer. "It was a dark and very still night, and the measured strokes of the paddle-wheels was a new and most peculiar sound to us. Steam then was in its very infancy."

That victory of Acre was the first sea fight to follow Navarino, and like Codrington's battle it was fought close to the shore, with a fanatic and courageous enemy. Algiers, Navarino and the bombardment of Acre had much in common as engagements, and must remain of special interest for all time as being the last great fights at sea under sail alone, or sail helped very little by steam. Navarino was the final triumph of the wooden ships and canvas; Acre was the period of transition from wind to steam. That great change was

made in the Near East; it was in the Near East too that Britain's newborn fleet of iron won its first success.

The operations of 1840 brought together England, Russia, Austria and Prussia for the subjugation of a common enemy. These four great powers, under a quadruple alliance, agreed to reduce Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, who had practically thrown off his allegiance to the Sublime Porte by retaining possession of the Turkish Fleet at Alexandria. Success was imperative, since it was known that the Pacha was encouraged in his opposition by France, and that in case of even the slightest reverse to the allied forces she would have brought her Mediterranean fleet into action. The success of the operations averted a war with France—a war which she could have opened well, whatever the result might have been.

Though four Powers were combined, yet the brunt of the work fell on England, through her Mediterranean fleet, which was then commanded by Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, a strong experienced officer who had had his training under Rodney, Howe and Nelson, who had shared in the glories of the First of June and the hard work before Trafalgar, which battle he missed because he was detached under Rear-Admiral Lewis. Stopford, as Commander-in-Chief, flew his flag in the *Princess Charlotte*, and his ships had this disadvantage compared with the French—they were on what was then called the peace establishment, whereas the French fleet was in admirable condition and might attack the English at any time. Stopford however was not the man to shrink from danger or responsibility, or to waste an opportunity. Besides, his whole training and experience had led him to regard the French as opponents who could not successfully match themselves with the English.

War having broken out, Stopford was reinforced on the coast of Syria by ships under Commodore Charles Napier, and in that historic region he conducted a short, fierce and perfectly successful campaign. Sidon was

occupied ; Beyrout followed, and Acre fell on November 3 after a terrible bombardment. The fleet which Stopford had at this time was as follows:—

Ships.	Guns.
Princess Charlotte	104
Rodney	92
Powerful	84
Asia	84
Ganges	84
Thunderer	84
Bellerophon[1]	80
Vanguard	80
Cambridge	78
Revenge	76
Implacable	74
Edinburgh	72
Hastings	72
Benbow	72

2 36-gun frigates ; 3 26-gun frigates ; 3 corvettes ; 6 steamships ; 3 brigs, etc.

The Admiral was joined on September 9 by three Austrian and five Turkish ships of war, the latter commanded by Rear-Admiral Walker Bey, a captain in the British Navy, but lent to the Turkish Government to command their fleet. A landing was made in Djournè Bay without opposition, and afterwards Gebail was bombarded, but with little effect. The castle there had walls of immense thickness, some of the blocks of stone being twenty feet long and twelve feet thick ; and was strong enough to have withstood the guns of the whole of the Mediterranean fleet. Stopford tried to close matters by communicating with the Commander-in-Chief of the Pacha's forces, but this had no further result than a singular exchange of courtesies.

In the midst of the firing which followed the refusal a white flag was hoisted in the town of Beyrout, which was then being bombarded. Firing was instantly stopped, and a boat's crew sent ashore to see what the meaning of the signal was. The officer in command

[1] One of the *Victory's* guns, used at Trafalgar, and by the *Bellerophon* at Acre, is at Greenwich Hospital.

found that there was not, as might have been supposed, a wish to surrender; what he received was not submission, but the Indian mail, which had arrived by way of Bagdad, and which the Commander-in-Chief sent to the Admiral with his compliments. Stopford immediately returned a letter of thanks to the Pacha, accompanied by a package of foreign wine which had been seized in an Egyptian vessel directed to the Commander-in-Chief. These civilities having been exchanged firing was resumed.

There was a landing at Tortosa, and the ancient cities of Tyre and Sidon were stormed and captured. Sidon was taken after a five hours' bombardment. The capture of this city was a brilliant act by a brilliant man—Napier, known to the mountaineers as the "Great Commodore." It was he who proposed to Stopford the attack upon Sidon, which was then a strong town, protected by a fort and a citadel, and a line of wall defended by 2,700 men. "If you wish," said Napier, "I will go down and take it, and be back again in forty-eight hours." Permission was given, and he started and kept his word. The Commodore took the *Thunderer*, *Cyclops*, *Gorgon* and *Hydra*, with 500 marines and 300 Turks. On the way to Sidon he met the *Stromboli*, from England, with 200 marines. These he added to his force, making it 1,000; and after a two hours' bombardment he made a breach and landed at the head of his men.

A fierce struggle followed, a struggle in which the Egyptian commander was killed, and nearly 3,000 Egyptians surrendered. Napier had largely helped to bring about that series of rapid successes of the fleet of which he wrote:—"I believe history does not record such unexampled successes gained in so short a time by so small a force. We landed on the 10th September at Djournè, with 3,500 Turks, 1,500 marines, and about 100 Austrians. By the 10th October we had managed to get possession of 10,000 men; we had freed all the Lebanon, and forced Ibrahim Pacha to withdraw his troops from Tripoli and Latakia, abandon the passes of

the Taurus, and concentrate the whole of his army at Zachle and Damascus."

There was also a smart little boat affair, one which showed that British seamen had lost none of their old dash and courage in risky expeditions. On October 2 the boats of the *Hastings* and *Edinburgh* rowed ashore, and the crews landed. Guided by a couple of deserters from the Egyptians they found and severed a powder train which had been laid to blow up a magazine, removed thirty-one barrels of powder to the boats, and threw sixty or eighty into the sea.

In a very short time the whole of the Syrian coast, except the fortifications and town of St. Jean d'Acre, had fallen. Acre remained—the best and strongest of the enemy's defences. The task of reducing it was a heavy one. The season was unfavourable, strong gales from the north-west usually visiting the coast at that time, and a French squadron was closely and jealously watching the progress of the British, while in France the Ministry were hard at work, with dubious diplomacy, to gain their ends.

So far successes had been brilliant and effective, but the end had not been reached. Acre was the key of Egypt, and commanded the passage to India; it had not yet fallen, and its possession was essential to the Allies. A few years before this time Ibrahim Pacha had spent eight months in reducing the city, from the walls of which Napoleon himself and his victorious troops, at the opening of the century, had been driven defeated. While there was still doubt as to what should be done, the subterfuge of France precipitated zealous action. The Cabinet, of which Thiers was then the head, resolved to make such terms with the Sultan as would leave France still a power in Egypt. A secret mission was despatched to Constantinople—a mission of which the Allies were to be kept in ignorance until the treaty with the Sultan had been made. If the mission had succeeded it might have ranked as a great diplomatic triumph; but the secret was made known to the Eng-

lish Premier, Palmerston, and orders were at once sent to the Mediterranean that Acre was to be stormed and taken.

St. Jean d'Acre was a formidable place. In its sea batteries 147 guns were mounted, besides many mortars, and there was ammunition enough for a ten years' siege, with abundant victuals and stores. When the bombardment began the garrison was estimated at 4,500, exclusive of 800 cavalry who were posted outside the town.

The surrender of the fortress having been refused, the attacking force got under weigh on October 31, having 3,000 Turkish troops on board. The squadron was composed of the *Princess Charlotte*, *Powerful*, *Bellerophon*, *Revenge*, *Thunderer*, *Edinburgh*, *Benbow*; *Castor*, *Carysfoot*, frigates; *Gorgon*, *Vesuvius*, *Stromboli* and *Phœnix*, steamships. Austrian frigates, 2; Arabian corvette, 1; and a Turkish 74, with a name—*Mookad-dimoy-i-hire*—meaning "the days of yore," bearing Walker's flag. On the afternoon of November 2 the allied fleet—seven line-of-battle ships, six frigates and four steamers—anchored at some distance from the fortress, towards Mount Carmel.

The Admiral's original plan was to have the ships of the line towed in by the steamers, but Napier pointed out that if this were done the ships would be subjected in detail to the enemy's fire before they were able to bring their own full force against the fortifications. He proposed that as soon as there was a favourable breeze the fleet should sail into the harbour, in two divisions, and bombard the fortress on the western and southern sides. His suggestion was adopted, and the ships anchored in quick succession abreast of the seawall, in six and a half fathoms of water. As they did so the forty guns by which the wall was defended opened a heavy fire on them; but the fire was so high that only the spars and rigging of the ships were damaged, whereas the vessels' cannonade was resistless.

Very soon a breach was made, but before advantage

could be taken of it the great powder magazine in the citadel blew up, exploded probably by the ceaseless rain of shells from the steamers. By that explosion a whole battalion of Egyptians perished, the total loss of life from the catastrophe being estimated at 2,000. It was a heavy casualty list, and disheartened the enemy so much that little further stand was made. The city was surrendered at the small cost to the assailants of 14 English and 4 Turks killed and 48 wounded.

This short, decisive campaign forced Mehemet Ali to abandon Syria, and France to drop her threatening attitude; while it added to Stopford's personal glory and advantage, and gave to many of his officers that promotion which a long spell of peace had prevented them from winning.

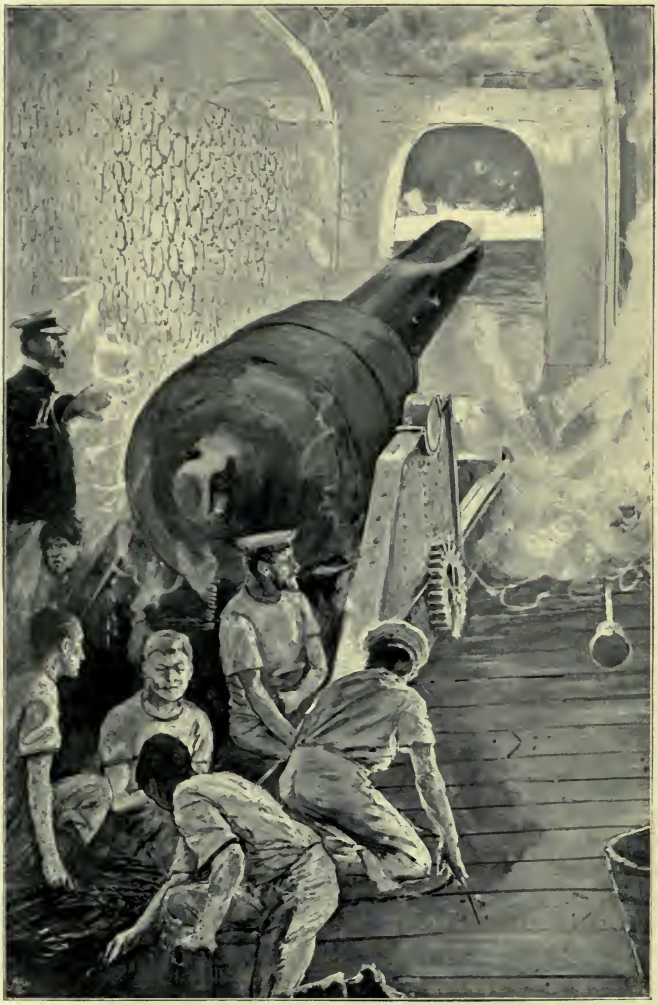
A Modern Bombardment

IT is almost twenty years since a British squadron was in action. From the time of the Crimea until the Egyptian campaign of 1882 the Fleet was not required to spend its strength in war; but when the ships were called upon it was seen that there was no change in the old spirit of dash and daring. The bombardment of Alexandria was a performance fit to rank with the earlier actions of the British in the Mediterranean. The Near East, as we have seen, had given Great Britain the last of her naval triumphs with wooden ships; it was now to add to the long list of victories the first of her fights to be won with ironclads.

The bombardment of Alexandria began early on the morning of July 11, 1882. Eight of our ironclads were engaged — the *Inflexible*, *Téméraire*, *Superb*, *Sultan*, *Alexandra*, *Invincible*, *Penelope*, and *Monarch*, representing a strength of 3,539 men and 66 guns; while the gunboats *Condor*, *Beacon*, *Bittern*, and *Cygnet* formed a chain of attack along the defences of the city. The *Alexandra* was the flagship, but the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, was on board the *Invincible*. The ironclads were skilfully disposed to the best advantage, while the gunboats hovered in their rear in readiness to do anything that might be needed of them. Before the battle ended one of them, the *Condor*, performed one of the most celebrated acts of modern warfare.

It had been an impressive night and morning. Foreign ships of war and merchant vessels had been in the neighbourhood of Alexandria in large numbers, but when it was known that an ultimatum had been sent by Admiral Seymour to the Egyptian ministry these vessels got away, so that they should not in any way impede the operations of the British ships of war. The fight was to be one entirely between Great Britain and Egypt. The ultimatum allowed twenty-four hours for the surrender of the forts for disarmament, and if the terms were not complied with bombardment was to follow. The ultimatum was not accepted.

At four o'clock in the morning the ships were cleared for action; two and a half hours later the men were at the guns and everything was in readiness to destroy the city. The *Alexandra* at four minutes past seven fired the first shell, and within a few minutes the action had become general. Very soon the *Téméraire* got aground, and the *Condor* was ordered to assist in floating her. The *Condor* carried only three guns—one 7-inch rifled Woolwich gun and two 64-pounders, and she was under the command of Lord Charles Beresford, now the second in command of the Mediterranean squadron. The *Téméraire* was safely towed off. Whilst she was thus employed the Marabout Fort was seriously annoying some of the bombarding ships. Marabout was a formidable obstacle, being furnished with two 18-ton and two 12-ton guns, twenty 32-pounders, and five mortars. It occurred to her commander that the *Condor*, being small and of low freeboard, might get through the zone of fire and under the fort. The task was most dangerous, since a single shell striking the gunboat fairly would have utterly destroyed her. But the *Condor* was easy to handle, and when once she was on the angle of the fort and under it she was secure from further mischief, or at least in comparative safety. Her commander's object was to throw a couple of missiles into the fort at a time, and then back or fill as the case might be. In this way the *Condor* would



"Shell oh!" On board H.M.S. *Condor*.

be able to get out of range just when the enemy would believe that he had got her well within reach.

For an hour this unequal combat between the gunboat and the fort continued. It was a splendid and rash performance; but the *Condor* was so cleverly handled that she managed to silence the great artillery of Marabout, and later, with the help of the *Cygnet* and the *Bittern*, totally to subdue the fort. For this brilliant and hazardous achievement the gunboat was rewarded with the signal of "Well done, *Condor*," as she passed the *Invincible* at twenty minutes after eleven. The crew of the ironclad waved their caps and cheered the *Condor* with enthusiasm as she steamed past, while the triumphant crew of the *Condor* hurried to the side and into the rigging and returned the greeting, adding cheers for their own commander and groans for the leader of the enemy. The men had behaved splendidly —"Upon my word," the proud commander of the gunboat said in speaking afterwards of the battle, "I don't think they have their equals." During her attack on the fort the *Condor* fired 200 rounds, and made fine practice too. Each shot was keenly watched. The successful ones, when their effect could be seen—which was not always, because of the thickness of the smoke —were loudly cheered, while the gunner who missed his mark was ironically encouraged to do better.

The battle continued, and the 81-ton guns of the *Inflexible*, as well as the lesser ordnance of the British ships, did very serious mischief. The *Inflexible* at that time was a very famous ship—indeed she was considered the most formidable fighting ship afloat. This fight took place during her first commission. The *Inflexible* lay nearly 4,000 yards from Fort Mex, which was very strongly fortified. Two of her 81-ton guns commanded the Lighthouse Fort, while the pair in the other turret were brought to bear on a fort nearer the city. It was said of her terrible 16-inch shells that their heavy rumbling sound was like the noise of a distant train.

The shooting with these monsters, which were worked by hydraulic power, and the shells from which weighed 1,700 lb., was exceptionally good—a result which was due in no small degree to the quick and clever way in which Mr. Hardy, a midshipman who had been sent by the Admiral to the maintop of the *Invincible*, signalled the results of the firing. He reported each shot, being the better able to do this as the firing was very slow, of necessity. By half-past ten the *Inflexible* had subdued the Lighthouse Fort, although other ships had shared in the cannonade, and by half-past one her shells had blown in the entire seaward face of Fort Ada.

During the *Inflexible's* firing the Gunnery Lieutenant performed an act of exceptional service, and one requiring the greatest courage. This was the late Commander Younghusband, R.N. The vent of one of the 81-ton guns became so much choked that the weapon was made entirely useless. Anxious that the gun should be brought into action again Younghusband volunteered to get into it, a most dangerous proceeding, as it involved great risk of suffocation. He was forced up the bore of the gun by the great hydraulic rammer as far as the powder chamber, and there he cleared the vent. He was pulled safely out by a rope which had been fastened to his feet, and had the satisfaction of finding that his extraordinary act had enabled the gun to resume its firing.

The *Inflexible* had one man killed, one wounded, and Lieutenant Jackson mortally wounded. A 10-inch shell struck her outside the citadel, below the water line, passed through the deck, and after killing a carpenter mortally wounded Jackson. The fatal missile was afterwards mounted on mahogany, bearing a brass plate with an inscription, and was preserved as a memento of the battle. The *Inflexible* had done splendidly, and she shared with the *Condor* the honour of receiving a congratulatory signal—"Well done, *Inflexible*!" When the firing ceased she had only ten rounds each remaining for her monster turret guns.

On board the *Alexandra* too a gallant act was performed. A 10-inch spherical shell lodged on the main-deck, and but for the valour of Gunner Israel Harding would have done terrible mischief. He rushed up from below, seized the shell, plunged it into a bucket of water, and by extinguishing the burning fuse prevented an appalling explosion. For this act he was rewarded with the Victoria Cross, mentioned in dispatches, and promoted to Chief Gunner.

Within eleven hours the British ships had reduced the city to a mass of ruins, the distances at which the guns had fired varying from 1,000 yards to nearly 4,000, so that the shot told with dreadful effect. When the bombardment ceased Alexandria had been demolished, with the loss on the Egyptian side of 2,000, and scarcely any casualties on board the British ships. Our killed indeed numbered only 5, while 26 of our men were wounded. Amongst the latter was a young sailor of the *Invincible* who had been wounded in the leg, Soon after amputation had been performed he hopped about with his severed limb and proudly exhibited it to his comrades.

Before the fighting ended there was a little attack which required great skill and courage, and formed one of the events of the day. This was the landing of a dozen officers and men from the *Invincible* to spike the guns of Fort Mex. The party, under Lieutenant Barton R. Bradford, Flag-Lieutenant the Hon. Hedworth Lambton—who afterwards, 1899–1900, commanded the Naval Brigade during the defence of Ladysmith—and Major Tulloch had to swim through the surf before they could land, but under the *Condor's* covering fire they safely reached the shore. The party destroyed some of the guns with dynamite, spiked the rest, and then returned in safety to their ship.

When the firing closed it had lasted ten and a half hours. The day had been eventful, and a memorable night was to follow. In this respect the bombardment of Alexandria closely resembled Algiers and Navarino.

When darkness gathered it was seen that the shattered city was on fire in many quarters. At first it was thought that the British shells had caused these outbreaks, but subsequently it was known that the fires were due to incendiaries. While the city burned the British ships took up their positions for the night, keeping, with the help of their searchlights, constant watch for the enemy's boats and torpedoes.

The Egyptians however were too much crushed to undertake offensive operations. Their unburied dead were lying in the forts and streets, and events ashore had become so chaotic that there would have been no chance for the Egyptians to secure success by water. The night was followed by a dull and cloudy morning, a melancholy dawn in which the British dead, who had been collected by the gunboats, were buried. This solemn ceremony was conducted with all honour ; then the flags, which had been flying at half-mast, were lowered, and the fighting flags were run up and the ships prepared afresh for action.

A heavy sea was now running, and it was not until ten o'clock that the *Inflexible* and *Téméraire* opened fire upon some batteries near Fort Ada, in which the enemy had been seen. But the Egyptians disappeared at once, and a flag of truce was noticed. Lieutenant Lambton, with the *Bittern*, was despatched to parley. From the Military Commandant, by whom he was received, he demanded the surrender of several forts. The Commandant replied that he could not consent until he had communicated with the Khedive and the Ministry at Ramlea ; but he was told that no time would be allowed for negotiations, and that unless he yielded at once the bombardment would be resumed. Until four o'clock in the afternoon everything was quiet. Then the *Invincible* fired a single shot. A second flag of truce was hoisted at once, and again a gunboat was despatched to negotiate. By this time however no one was left to talk with, and very soon it was found that the city had been totally abandoned, and that the

flag of truce had been used only as a device to get the Egyptian army safely out of Alexandria.

By this time the city was a mass of flame. Before withdrawing the Egyptian soldiers had plundered the houses, having fired the city in different parts so that it should be utterly destroyed ; and in order that their work might be complete, they had let wild Bodouins loose and had released the prisoners from the gaol, so that they might roam at large and destroy and pillage as they wished.

When, early on the morning of the 13th, several of the British ships had entered the harbour, bluejackets and marines were landed to restore order. Not until then was it seen how distressing the state of the city was. Buildings were burning, the dead were lying in heaps, and the streets were filled with refugees, Arabs run riot, and starving animals. It was then learned that the beginning of the bombardment was followed by total panic in the city. Arabi Pasha drove through the streets to restore confidence, but the panic-stricken people refused to accept the comfort which he offered, and as the shells screamed over the town or burst in it they fled. When the firing ceased in the afternoon the Egyptians recovered their spirits to some extent, and in this they were greatly encouraged by officers who announced that two of the British ironclads had been sunk and five disabled. The populace however streamed out of the town, and the soldiers and the rabble did all the havoc they could before the troops departed from the ruined city.

During that terrible night, that nothing might be wanted to complete its horrors, butchery and outrage were prevalent, the pillagers sparing neither man, woman nor child. Stern measures were needful before the British, helped by a small number of American marines, organized a naval police force, and, under Beresford, restored order. Of this police work it was said at the time by a capable authority that no such task had ever been accomplished with such complete

absence of violence. The Egyptians had left their helpless wounded unattended, some of them to die of sheer want, others, helpless from wounds, to perish in the flames. But the restoration of order in Alexandria and the completion of the work of destroying the city as a place of defence did not complete the duties of the British. It became necessary to give assistance even to the enemy, the Khedive, who was in great danger, Arabi having sent troops to kill him. The Khedive however managed to communicate with Admiral Seymour, who enabled him to escape and take refuge in the ruined palace of Ras-el-Tin.

The Loss of H.M.S. "Victoria"

A GENERATION that has passed was trained to look upon the sinking of a British ship with British troops—the *Birkenhead*—as a catastrophe which gave to the country its noblest type of courage. In all the annals of the sea there was no story which more deeply stirred the people than the story of the foundering of the transport—of her striking on the rocks, of the saving of the women and children, not one of whom was lost; and of the steadfast falling in of men who took their places on their last parade, and who, knowing that death was certain, stood unbroken in their ranks and sank with the ship. It was an act of courage which moved the world and caused a foreign king to order a report of it to be read at the head of every regiment of his army, so that his troops might know how other troops had stood firm and true in the presence of a cruel death.

The *Birkenhead* was lost in 1852. Forty-one years later other Englishmen were called upon to face the same end. This time they were sailors, not soldiers; but the spirit of the sea was the spirit of the land. The seamen of the *Victoria* fell in on deck as the troops on board the *Birkenhead* had fallen in, and they, like them, went down, steady to the end.

Eighteen months before the catastrophe the *Victoria* grounded, and was saved for her country—for the time only—by the resolute exertions of her admiral and crew. The ship had gone to Platea, a lonely little harbour on the western shores of Greece, for her annual submarine

mining and other torpedo practice. Snipe Point, near the harbour, was known to be a dangerous spot, and Captain Bourke, who was in command, Sir George Tryon being absent, had taken every precaution to avoid accident. But in spite of care and vigilance the *Victoria*, going at about nine knots, ran on to the point and stuck fast. The ship was badly damaged and in a dangerous position. She had been forced so high up on the shoal that the fore part of her was in seven feet less water than she was drawing when she went on shore; the bottom was ripped by the rocks, three compartments were full of water, and there was a depth of sixty-six feet of water under her stern. The *Victoria* grounded on January 29. On February 1 the Admiral had arrived from Malta, and on the evening of the 4th the battleship was floated, having been ashore six days and five hours—six days of such incessant toil that the ship's company did not go to bed during the whole time. The entire crew—it was not that of which the greater part was lost with the flagship—worked energetically and unselfishly. There was no thought of either regular rest or regular meals; the sole object of her people was to get the flagship afloat again, and so that this might be done even the sick insisted on doing such work as their state of health allowed. Before the *Victoria* could be pulled off by the ships which were summoned for the purpose, her own engines helping, she had to be lightened by 1,253 tons, including 475 tons of coal thrown overboard. She was taken to Malta and repaired, and by the end of May was in readiness for her summer cruise.

The story of the *Victoria* is the saddest that is told of any British ship of war. Heavier calamities there have been, and many of them. There was, for instance, the loss of the *Victory* in 1744, with her entire crew of 1,200; but that, like nearly all the rest of our catastrophes, was unpreventable by skill of man. The *Victory* went on the rocks in a gale, but the *Victoria* sank in broad daylight, on a calm sea, in perfect weather

—not from stress of storm or hidden rocks or a lee shore, nor from any fault of construction, but simply from the mental error of a man whose judgment was considered faultless.

The *Victoria*, flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, was at that time the finest battleship in the world. She was the flagship of the Mediterranean Squadron, the other ships of which were the *Camperdown*, Rear-Admiral Markham, second in command; *Nile*, *Dreadnought*, *Inflexible*, *Collingwood*, *Phaeton*, *Edinburgh*, *Sans Pareil*, *Edgar*, *Amphion*, *Fearless* and *Barham*. The Rear-Admiral's proper flagship was the *Trafalgar*, but as she was then being repaired at Malta his flag was temporarily hoisted in the *Camperdown*.

On the morning of Thursday, June 22, 1893, the squadron left Beyrout, on the coast of Syria, for Tripoli, about sixty miles to the northward, going at about eight knots in single line abreast. This was the order of sailing until a little after 2 p.m., when the Admiral said to Captain Bourke, of the *Victoria*, and Staff-Commander Hawkins-Smith that he intended to form the ships into two divisions, line ahead, and when far enough past the line of bearings for anchoring, he would invert the course of the columns by turning inwards sixteen points, leaders together, the rest in succession; and when back again on the line of bearing, alter course together eight points to port. Also he would place the columns six cables apart for this manœuvre. "It was then remarked," continues Staff-Commander Hawkins-Smith, the Navigating Officer of the *Victoria*, "that the least distance the columns should be apart was eight cables (the *Victoria's* diameter of turning circle with full helm being just three cables). To this the Admiral replied, 'Yes; it shall be eight cables.'"

The Staff-Commander, having heard this, went on deck; but as soon as he had left the cabin the Admiral ordered the usual signals to be made to "form columns of divisions in line ahead, columns disposed abeam to

port, and columns to be six cables apart." In this way he was guilty of the fatal mistake to which the Staff-Commander had just called attention, and extraordinary as it seems, the Commander-in-Chief gave to the Flag-Lieutenant, Lord Gillford, a slip of paper on which the figure 6 was written, so that there should be no mistaking the number.

The Flag-Lieutenant also went on deck, the order with him. As soon as the signal was made the Staff-Commander went to the after-bridge and asked the Flag-Lieutenant if a mistake had not been made, adding that the Admiral had said that the distance was to be eight cables, and not six. Lord Gillford replied, "No, I think not," and showed the written figure to the Staff-Commander. But he was not satisfied even with this assurance, and going as far in his remonstrance as the etiquette of the Service allowed, said that the Flag-Lieutenant had better return to the Admiral and make certain. Accordingly Lord Gillford went down and delivered the message to the Admiral, who was then sitting with Captain Bourke in the stern walk. The Captain confirmed the message, and reminded the Admiral that he had certainly said that the distance was to be more than six cables. But the Commander-in-Chief replied, "Keep the six cables up," and the Flag-Lieutenant had to return to the deck. Even now the Captain called the Admiral's attention to the fact that the flagship could not turn in less than 800 yards. Again the Admiral kept to the half-dozen, saying sharply, "That's all right; leave it at six cables."

The disastrous signal was therefore made—there was no alternative, since the order had been so definitely given. Whatever the result was there must be obedience. But it was not to be carried out without some delay by the *Camperdown*. As soon as it was reported to Admiral Markham he observed that the manœuvre was impossible and impracticable, and as an indication that the signal was not understood he ordered it to be kept at the top, where it was being repeated. Walking

forward Admiral Markham met Captain Johnstone, who, like him, was at a loss to understand the flagship's signal. Having told the Captain not to do anything, and that he had not answered the signal, the Rear-Admiral returned aft, and ordered his Flag-Lieutenant to semaphore for clearer orders; but immediately the *Victoria* signalled to know why the *Camperdown* was waiting. The Rear-Admiral was about to repeat that he did not understand the signal when it struck him that the Commander-in-Chief was about to perform one of those smart evolutions for which he was famous, and in the safe and perfect execution of which every officer and man under him had perfect confidence. His character indeed was well summed up by Captain Brackenbury, of the *Edinburgh*, in a private letter written a fortnight after the disaster to Rear-Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald, and given by him in his admirable *Life of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B.* "The signal, considering the distance of the columns apart, was difficult to understand, and impossible to execute if opposite ships turned simultaneously inwards. However, you know how accustomed we were to brilliant manœuvres, which afterwards the Commander-in-Chief would explain, and generally show the exact calculations he had made; and I must say I never saw him do a risky thing: it was against all his teaching; and, master-hand at tactics that he was, and magnificent seaman, it was the most unlikely thing in the world that he of all men should make a mistake, or miscalculation of distance on turning circles. . . . My idea was, that as the distance between the columns was too little to allow of both divisions turning inwards, the Commander-in-Chief was going to circle outside the second division, and as he himself led the first division in the *Victoria*, I had no misgiving."

Admiral Markham, to whom the same thought had occurred, after hastily consulting Captain Johnstone and the Flag-Lieutenant, signalled that he understood. The helm of the *Camperdown* was put hard-a-port, and

she and the flagship began to turn. Now came the certainty of an appalling collision, for, as it proved, there could be no such reading of the signal of the Commander-in-Chief as Admiral Markham and other officers had hoped for. The signal flew unchanged, Admiral Tryon, even as the ships were turning, talking and joking with Captain Bourke. The captain reminded his chief that they would be very close to the *Camperdown*, but although the Admiral looked aft and saw the battleship turning, he did not reply. The captain became intensely anxious, and ventured to say that they had better do something, as they would be very close to the *Camperdown*. Again there was no answer from the Commander-in-Chief. The captain at this terrible crisis did not hesitate himself to make a suggestion. He asked if he might go full speed astern with the port screw, but he had to repeat the question before the answer "Yes" was given. Instantly the port telegraph signalled "Full speed astern," followed almost at once by the starboard telegraph, for it was seen now that if a collision was to be averted both screws must be reversed.

It was too late. Already the engines of the *Camperdown* were going astern, though they were only working at three-quarters speed. But even with her engines going astern, and those of the *Victoria* reversed also, the collision could not be prevented. It needed even more than the 14,000 horse-power of the *Victoria* and the 11,500 horse-power of the *Camperdown* to check the enormous momentum which even a moderate speed gave to the colossal structures of 10,470 tons and 10,600 tons respectively. Irresistibly the great battleships came towards one another, and in less than four minutes after the turning movement began the *Camperdown's* stem struck the *Victoria* on the starboard bow, about ten feet abaft the anchor, and drove deep into her side.

When it was seen that nothing could prevent a collision orders were given to close the watertight doors and get out the collision mats. Before the accident

occurred the Admiral and Captain Bourke had gone forward on to the top of the chart-house. Immediately upon seeing what had happened Sir George ordered the captain to leave the top of the chart-house and see to the watertight doors. This could be done. The doors were shut; but as soon as the stem had entered the flagship's side she began to sink, and nothing could be done to help her with the mats. The first things to be done were to bring the sick on deck and release the prisoners from the guard-room. The only people then left below were the engineers and the stokers. Captain Bourke had already rushed from the deck and gone below to see what could be done to save the ship. He saw that everything it was possible to do had been done; that doors had been closed, scuttles shut, and all things made as tight as possible. The starboard engines were still working, and Mr. Deadman, one of the engineers, reported that all his doors were closed, and that the engine-room contained no water. The Fleet Engineer also, whom the captain met, reported that as far as he could tell, everything was tight abaft the foremost boiler-room. This, as far as it went, was encouraging, and the captain returned to the deck, to find that the *Victoria* had a very dangerous list to starboard. She was indeed doomed, for the *Camperdown* had crushed in a huge hole, through which the water poured in overwhelming volume.

The *Camperdown* after the collision backed astern, and efforts were made to get the collision mat over the hole; but the *Victoria* settled down so quickly by the head that this could not be done. The Admiral asked the Staff-Commander what he thought as to the chance of the *Victoria* keeping afloat. He replied that as she was struck so far forward she ought to keep afloat for some time, and asked if she should be steered in for the land. The nearest shallow water was about 4½ miles distant. The Commander-in-Chief consented, but it was found that the helm would not work, as the hydraulic pressure had been taken off by the accident. "I can't move the

wheel ; the pressure is off," replied the quartermaster, when the order to right the helm was given. Already Sir George had turned to Lord Gillford, who was standing beside him, and had said, "It is my fault, entirely my fault."

Some ten minutes after the collision the Chief turned to the Staff-Commander, who was also with him, and said, "I think she is going." "Yes, sir, I think she is," was the answer. Then the Admiral turned to order the signal to be made that the other ships should "send boats." He had previously signalled not to send boats ; and this undoubtedly saved many lives, inasmuch as if the boats had been near the *Victoria* many would have been close alongside, because no one expected her to capsize so suddenly as she did. If the boats had been alongside, the ship, in turning over, would have smashed or sunk them and killed or injured their crews. In the very act of turning Sir George spoke what were probably the last words he ever uttered—words which were in keeping with the splendid life that he had led until the great disaster came. Seeing one of the midshipmen standing near the standard compass, he said in a kind voice, "Don't stop there, youngster, go to a boat."

As the Admiral uttered these words the *Victoria* lurched heavily on her wounded side, turned completely over, and sank in deep water—70 to 80 fathoms—her screws as she shot down, bow first, revolving at a terrific speed, clear as they were of the sea's resisting force, and destroying many of the crew who were then either falling or leaping overboard.

The flagship took down with her most of her people, amongst them the Commander-in-Chief and the Staff-Commander, who were still on the top of the chart-house. The Flag-Lieutenant had been sent to the Captain with a message, and both were returning to make their reports when the ship overturned. At that moment they were on the ladder leading from the deck to the fore-bridge. "It seems almost certain," wrote the Staff-Commander, "that the Admiral was taken down

with the ship by being entangled with some of the numerous obstacles, the top of the chart-house being a comparatively small space, with the usual pattern rails round it, an awning spread over it about 7 feet 6 inches high, and three masts, one on the fore-end and one on either side, with a yard across these two latter, on which were worked the speed-cone and flags : these, with their stays, shrouds, and backstays were almost like a net."

The Staff-Commander, foul of some of these obstructions, was taken down some way ; and even when clear of them, and rising, was drawn down again by the suction of the ship. He then saw a dark shadow over him, which he believed to be the *Victoria* ; but striking out away from it he rose to the surface—so much exhausted that he would certainly have been drowned if he had not found a small spar and an oar, which he placed under each arm. On coming up he saw that the ship had disappeared. In her place was a line of white foam, which shortly reached and broke over him. This line was fatal to many of the survivors who were not able to support themselves on wreckage, but the Staff-Commander held on to his oar and spar until he was rescued.

The Staff-Commander's watch stopped at 3 h. 44 min. 30 sec., giving an outside time of 13 m. 45 secs. from the time the helm of the *Victoria* was put over to execute the fatal turn to the time of capsizing. Assuming that the collision took place at 3 h. 34 min., this would give an extreme time of 10½ minutes for the flagship to float after she was struck ; but as it would take a little time for the water to stop the watch, the period is likely to be less.

Admiral Fitzgerald has pointed out that it was only by the promptness and ability of the captains of the *Nile* and *Edinburgh* that the country was spared a double, if not a triple, disaster. The *Edinburgh* was the second ship in the second division, immediately astern of the *Camperdown* ; and the *Nile* was the second in the first division, immediately astern of the *Victoria*.

These captains, when they saw that a collision was inevitable, were placed in an extremely difficult position. The distance between the ships in column was only two cables. Both the *Nile* and the *Edinburgh* had not only begun to turn, but had turned through a considerable arc when they saw their leaders going astern with both engines; and almost at once the collision followed. One moment's indecision or hesitation now would have heightened the disaster. One did one thing and the other the other—one went inside, and the other outside.

"Captain Noel, of the *Nile*, appears from the first to have looked upon the signal as a mistake, and to have made up his mind to turn short, or, in other words, in a smaller circle than the *Victoria*, by using full helm, and finally by reversing his inner screw, and thus keeping clear of his leader whatever happened. His ship was a good turner, better than the *Victoria*, and so also was his next astern, the *Dreadnought*.

"On the other hand, Captain Backenbury, of the *Edinburgh*, appears to have made up his mind that the *Victoria* was about to circle round, and thus lead her line round outside the *Camperdown* and the second division. His ship was a particularly unhandy one—in fact, the worst turning battleship in the fleet—so that when a collision between the leaders became inevitable, he had very little time left for thinking. He righted his helm and passed outside his leader."

The total loss of life caused by the accident was 22 officers and 350 men. It is strange that for at least a fortnight after the disaster none of the bodies were found except those which were taken up immediately after the capsize. Captain Brackenbury, in the letter referred to, states that for a fortnight after the *Victoria* went down they remained in the "sad waters of Tripoli," patrolling the coast and waiting in case any bodies should be cast on shore. "But the sea gave up none of the *Victoria's*. For some miles along the shore there were bits of wreckage, small fragments of boats and spars, etc., everything smashed to pieces."

Of the catastrophe itself he said: "The collision to look at was terrible, and the *Victoria* was done for. However, the *Camperdown* soon backed off, and the *Victoria* turned right round and headed for the shore, five miles off, signal flying from her masthead to 'open' ('This means,' Admiral Fitzgerald explains, 'that the other ships of the squadron are to get farther away from her—to get out of her way, in fact'); and as we were all preparing our boats, and some in fact had shoved off, signal was made not to send boats, but to have them ready. The bows of the *Victoria* rapidly immersed; then she heeled over quickly to starboard, turned completely over, with her propellers still revolving in the air, and plunged head first into the deep. The boats dashed after the heads bobbing into the water, and the survivors were soon picked up and taken to the nearest ships. It seemed too dreadful to realize. It seemed impossible such a thing could happen; and yet there we were, all motionless round the spot, where a few broken pieces of wood marked the place where the *Victoria* was. And the *Camperdown*, with her nose down in the water, and her stern cocked up, looked as if a similar fate awaited her. Minutes went by, and I was hoping to see the flag hoisted somewhere, but no; and at last, with the most bitter sorrow, one had to realize that the Commander-in-Chief, that brilliant Admiral who so ably led us, whose personality had won our admiration and affection, was resting far under those glancing waters with the wreck of his flagship and 400 men—gone down absolutely in the midst of his squadron, which ten minutes before he was leading without a thought of danger. . . . The implicit confidence we all had in him, and which he so justly merited, undoubtedly led to this most lamentable and unlooked-for disaster."

The Court-martial sat at Malta from the 17th to the 27th of July. It acquitted Captain Bourke of all blame for the loss of his ship, and found that the collision resulted from the order given by the Admiral to turn

the two divisions of the fleet sixteen points inwards when the columns were only six cables apart—that is to say, the Court confirmed the opinion held by many of the officers when the signal was made that the safe execution of the order was an impossibility.

Mingled with the sorrow which arises from the memory of the disaster is a feeling of the deepest pride because of the noble conduct of the crew. Captain Bourke told the Court, before whom he was the chief witness, that there was absolutely no panic, no shouting, no rushing aimlessly about. The officers went quietly to their stations, everything was prepared, and the men were all in their positions for hoisting out the boats or performing any duties they may have been ordered to carry out. The men on the forecastle worked with a will until the water was up to their waists, and it was only when ordered aft that they left their work to fall in with the remainder of the ship's company. Of the men below in the engine-rooms the Captain spoke in terms of no less praise. "In all the details of this terrible accident one spot especially stands out, and that is the heroic conduct of those who to the end remained below, stolidly yet boldly, at their place of duty."

The finest display of all was the last. As the ship was going over the men were drawn up, four deep, with their backs to the sides. Some one, just before the end, ordered "Right about turn," so that they were brought with their faces to the bulwarks. Now, when the inevitable end was seen, the voice of the chaplain of the flagship, the Rev. Samuel Morris, was heard saying, "Steady, men, steady." The chaplain set the example of steadiness himself, for he was one of the officers to go down with the ship.

Conquering a Hurricane

IN the middle of March, 1889, there blew a storm at Apia Harbour, in Samoa, which caused "a disaster unprecedented since the introduction of steam—the total loss of four foreign men-of-war out of seven, with the loss of 130 lives, and the stranding of two others." That is a sentence from the report of Captain H. C. Kane of the way in which the ship he commanded —the *Calliope*—was saved from destruction. It gives at a glance a mental picture of the long, stern struggle with the wind and sea; of the skill and courage of the officers on whom the safety of the ship depended; of the undaunted engineers and stokers penned in the vitals of the cruiser; of the iron-nerved helmsmen who steered her through the turmoil; and of the crew whose unflinching fortitude and obedience made it possible for the captain to keep her up and save her in the end.

The seven ships of war were crowded together in a harbour the capacity of which is four large ships, and the difficulty was the greater because in addition to them there were half a dozen merchantmen of varying size and small craft. All these were imprisoned in a limited space exposed to the enormous power of an enraged Pacific sea, the only hope of escape being to force a passage into the open waters. Failing that, nothing remained in a storm except to be driven on to the reef of the harbour or sunk by collision. The harbour, to use a simile of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, is in shape that of a high-shouldered jar or bottle with a funnel mouth, with sides of coral almost

everywhere, for the barrier reef formed the neck and mouth of the bottle and also skirted the beach and formed the bottom. Just as in "the bottle of commerce the bottom is re-entrant," so at Apia the shore reef runs out into the enclosed anchorage and makes a dangerous cape opposite the fairway of the entrance. That entrance, only three cables wide at the narrowest, is formed "in part by a recess of the coastline at Mantantu, in part by the slim peninsula of Mulinuu, and in part by the fresh waters of the Mulivai and Vaisingano."

Political trouble only was the reason why so many ships lay in Apia Harbour—Great Britain, the United States and Germany having sent them to protect their interests. An acute crisis had been reached, so acute indeed that the officers commanding the ships felt it their duty, at whatever cost, to stick to their moorings and refuse to put to sea. This they did when it was perfectly clear that the safety of the ships depended upon their being got to sea and given plenty of room without delay. The storm which caused such havoc did not come without giving plenty of warning, for the barometer had fallen steadily and very low. Of the seven ships one only, the *Calliope*, was British; three, the *Adler*, the *Olga*, and the *Eber* were German; the remaining three were American, the *Trenton*, bearing Rear-Admiral Kimberley's flag, the *Vandalia*, and the *Nipsic*.

The hurricane was preceded by bad weather in the middle of February, when three small merchantmen were driven ashore and wrecked. Again, on March 7, the wind and sea compelled the men-of-war to steam to their anchors, so that they might hold their own. It was on the afternoon of the fifteenth that the great danger of the position of the warships was made clear to everybody, not only in the harbour itself, but also ashore. If there was to be salvation at all it would have to be secured now, while there was a chance of forcing a way out to the open sea. But even at this time of peril no one led

the way. The American admiral, who as senior officer present should have led the way, held his place, and the rest felt that they had no alternative, but must do the same. This they did, although the danger was so palpable that Captain-Lieutenant Wallis, of the *Eber*, some hours before the great disaster came, spoke frankly of the necessity of getting away from the neighbourhood of the harbour and the land, and deplored the peril in which the ships were placed so needlessly.

Torrential rain was falling at night, with a rising wind. By midnight a dangerous gale was blowing, which speedily developed into a hurricane. When the day broke it revealed an appalling spectacle. Huge seas were sweeping into the trap-like harbour and working havoc everywhere. The anchorage was a scene of hopeless turmoil. Already death and destruction had been caused. The *Eber*, the screw of which had been damaged a month earlier, had dragged her anchors, and after twice striking with terrible force on the reef had foundered. Her destruction was so complete that only four out of a crew of nearly eighty were saved by being cast upon the beach. The *Trenton*, the construction of which was not such as to give much promise of surviving a storm like this, held her own in the entrance to the harbour; but the rest had dragged their anchors and were in violent motion near the shore. They were huddled together in a hopeless, helpless crowd, three having been in collision—the *Olga*, the *Adler*, and the *Nipsic*. Of these the *Nipsic* was a wild and piteous sight, for her funnel had been torn away, and as she was thrown about by the seas the spark-laden smoke was swept in a line level with her deck.

It was a time of terrible anxiety and hopelessness. So far as man could see there was no chance of any of the work of his hands outliving the battle with the hurricane, imprisoned as these ships were in a little harbour into the mouth of which the waves were driven irresistibly, and from which escape was only possible by charging into the enormous seas. The

Nipsic had at seven o'clock been lucky enough to escape the reef, and had been thrown ashore upon a space of sand. An hour later the *Adler* lay, with a broken back, on the top of the reef. She had been picked up by an immense wave, thrown upward bodily and then dropped on the top of the rock. "Conceive a table," wrote Stevenson: "the *Eber* in the darkness had been smashed against the rim and flung below; the *Adler*, cast free in the nick of opportunity, had been thrown upon the top. Many were injured in the concussion; many tossed into the water; twenty perished."

A tremendous fight was now to begin between the work of man and the greatest force of nature, and it was to be a contest in which man's work, a ship-of-war, should win. The *Trenton* was still gallantly holding her own in the entrance to the harbour, but it seemed as if nothing could save the *Calliope*, the *Olga* and the *Vandalia*, which were huddled together near the reef. Of these three the *Calliope* was in the greatest peril, and hemmed in as she was on every side by danger, the only hope of saving her was to give her every ounce of engine power that she could raise, and drive her through the overwhelming waters out to the open sea. To do this it was necessary that the construction of the cruiser should be faultless, that there should be no flaw in either hull or machinery, and no deviation by her officers and crew from one inflexible purpose.

When the captain resolved to try and save his ship in this way she was within an ace of being destroyed upon the reef which had already proved so fatal. By this time the *Calliope* had been fighting so sternly to hold her own, with the engines going and anchors down, that some of the machinery was dangerously hot. In ordinary circumstances such badly fatigued metal would have had a rest; but this was not the time to think of rest for either man or ship. Both were in the throes of a struggle in which defeat meant almost certain death. The captain signalled to the engine-room to put on every ounce of steam the boilers could pro-

"The fight between the cruiser and the storm began."

duce. The spirit which prompted him possessed the engineers also, and never was a gallant order more courageously obeyed.

The fight between the cruiser and the storm began. It continued throughout the day, and was and is of a kind without a peer. It was necessary to keep her clear of the *Vandalia*, and this was done by marvellous skill; it was needful too that the *Trenton*, which was still in the entrance, should be avoided. This also was done. But for long it seemed as if the *Calliope* made no headway whatever; indeed, steaming to the very utmost of her power, she was more than two hours in forcing herself through less than 8,000 yards of sea, and so fearful was the contest that she was not able to bore through the hurricane at any time during the day at the rate of more than one knot an hour.

At last it began to appear that the *Calliope* would be saved if she could avoid the *Trenton*. The American flagship was by this time in a hopeless state, signalling that her fires were extinguished, which meant that she was completely at the mercy of the seas. She could neither steam against nor charge through them. Her decks had been swamped, her fires put out, her wheel wrenched off and her rudder broken, so that although her anchors still held she was a helpless wreck, torn and fiercely tossed. It was between her dangerous bulk and the reef that the only passage for the British cruiser lay. Captain Kane made for it, and his splendid effort was rewarded by success. He escaped both the reef and the wreck, although each threatened almost sure destruction.

It was at this period of the hurricane that the most famous and affecting incident of the fight took place. Moved to admiration of the noble handling of the *Calliope*, the American crew, as she fought her way past, hailed her with a cheer to wish her luck, the admiral himself leading. The British seamen also answered with a cheer, the mingled greetings dying as the cruiser, in comparative safety at last, got out into

the open sea and slowly—very slowly—left the fatal harbour behind. She was sorely bruised by the buffeting; four boats had been destroyed, anchors and cables lost, spars and rigging damaged, and the ornamental work at her bow and stern defaced or torn away; but the vital parts of her remained intact, and she found it no hard task in open water to maintain her own.

Captain Kane returned to Apia four days after the hurricane, and he then found that of the thirteen ships which were in the harbour his own alone survived. The disabled *Trenton* had been driven ashore, but although her position had been of the most hopeless description, she had lost only one of her crew of 450. "The morning of the seventeenth," to use the words of Stevenson, "displayed a scene of devastation rarely equalled: the *Adler* high and dry, the *Olga* and *Nipsic* beached, the *Trenton* partly piled on the *Vandalia*, and herself sunk to the gundeck; no sail afloat, and the beach heaped high with the débris of ships and the wreck of mountain forests."

That wonderful achievement thrilled the world as much as any hard-won battle could have done. Praise on every hand was lavished. The Lords of the Admiralty expressed their deep admiration of the captain and his crew; an enthusiastic Frenchman, the Marquis de Leuville, in addition to composing some verses to be recited on a night in April, 1889, for the first time—and of which the diligently curious may peruse a copy in the archives of the nation—struck a medal in gold, "expressly for presentation to this Brave British Officer." All these were honest tributes to a daring deed; but none rang more truly than that which came from those who, like the company of the *Calliope*, had passed through the great peril. "You went out splendidly," wrote Kimberley. "We all felt from our hearts for you, and our cheers came with sincerity and admiration for the able manner in which you handled your ship. We could not have been gladder if it had been one of our ships, for in a time like that I can truly say with old Admiral Josiah Latnall, that 'blood *is* thicker than water.'"

Appendix

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF SEAMEN

ANSON, Admiral GEORGE, first Lord.—Born, 1697. In the years 1740–4 he circumnavigated the world in the *Centurion*, capturing during the voyage, which was one of exceptional difficulty and disaster, a galleon bound from Manilla to Acapulco, and carrying an enormous amount of treasure. In 1747 Anson defeated a French squadron off Cape Finisterre, for which he was made a peer. He became Vice-Admiral of England in 1749, and died in 1762.

AYSCUE, Admiral Sir GEORGE.—A splendid fighter of the period of the Dutch wars. Charles I knighted him, and in 1646 he became a Captain. In the fight with the Dutch in 1666 he was made a prisoner. The time and place of his death are not known.

BLACKWOOD, Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir HENRY, Bart.—Born, 1770. Saw much service, including the "Glorious First of June." Captain of the *Euryalus* at Trafalgar, and brought to England the news of the victory. Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies and at the Nore, and was made a baronet in 1814. Died, 1832.

BLAKE, ROBERT, Admiral and General.—Born, 1599, and performed many brilliant services on land and sea. Fought against Tromp in the first Dutch war in 1654; reduced the States of Barbary; destroyed a squadron of galleons at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, and was returning victorious to England when he died, August 17, 1657. The body was landed and buried in Westminster Abbey, being afterwards reinterred in the churchyard.

BOWEN, Rear-Admiral JAMES.—Born, 1751. Distinguished himself as master of the *Queen Charlotte* on the "Glorious

First of June." Saw much further service before the end of the century. Died, 1835.

CALDER, Admiral Sir ROBERT, Bart.—Born, 1745. Was first Captain of the *Victory* at the battle of St. Vincent; first knighted, and afterwards made a baronet for his services. Fought with a superior French and Spanish force before the action off Trafalgar, and took two of the enemy's ships. Died, 1818.

CODRINGTON, Admiral Sir EDWARD.—Born, April 27, 1770; died, April 28, 1851. Buried in the vaults of St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, London. He entered the Navy in 1783; was Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Queen Charlotte* in the battle of June 1, 1794; Commander of H.M.S. *Babet* in the action of June 23, 1795; Captain of H.M.S. *Orion* in the battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805; Captain of H.M.S. *Blake* in the Scheldt and on the east coast of Spain, 1809–13; Commodore and Captain of the Fleet on the coast of North America, 1814; Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Fleets of Great Britain, France and Russia in the battle of Navarino, October 20, 1827.

CODRINGTON, Admiral of the Fleet Sir HENRY JOHN.—Third son of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington. Born, 1808. As midshipman he was dangerously wounded at the battle of Navarino, 1827. Captain of H.M.S. *Talbot* at the siege of Acre, 1840, and of H.M.S. *Royal George* in the Baltic during the war with Russia, 1854–5. He became Admiral of the Fleet in 1877. Died, 1877. Buried in Woking Cemetery.

COLLINGWOOD, Vice-Admiral CUTHBERT, Lord.—Born, 1750. Was present at the battle of Bunker's Hill; Flag-Captain to Rear-Admiral Bowyer on the "Glorious First of June"; Captain of the *Excellent* in the battle of Cape St. Vincent; second in command under Nelson at Trafalgar. For his services at Trafalgar he was made a peer, with a pension of £2,000 a year. Remained in command of the Mediterranean until his death on board the *Ville de Paris* in March, 1810. His body was brought home and buried in St. Paul's Cathedral near Nelson's.

DEANE, RICHARD, Admiral and General.—One of the three Generals-at-sea under the Commonwealth. He was killed in the fight with the Dutch in June, 1652, when Monk, who was standing near, threw his cloak over the body so that the seamen should not be discouraged by the sight of the fallen leader.

DRAKE, Sir FRANCIS, Kt. — Born in 1545, and became celebrated as the first Englishman to circumnavigate the world. He was one of the chief commanders of the English fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada. He led a busy and most adventurous life, and was in active service when he died in 1596.

DUNDONALD, Rear-Admiral the Earl of; better known as Lord COCHRANE.—One of the most extraordinary and brilliant officers who ever served in the British Navy. Born, 1775, at Annsfield, in Lancashire. His finest achievement at sea was the capture of the *Gamo*. Cochrane had many quarrels with his superiors, became a member of Parliament, giving the corrupt electors who returned him a supper for which he was charged £1,200; and finally he was dismissed from the Navy, having been fined £1,000 and sentenced to a year's imprisonment for alleged complicity in a stock jobbing swindle. He was expelled from the Order of the Bath, his banner being kicked out of the Chapel of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey. For many years Cochrane served in foreign navies—Chili, Brazil and Greece—and for thirty-nine years never again trod the deck of a British man-of-war as her Commander. His name, erased from the *Navy List* in 1814, was restored in 1837; and ten years later Queen Victoria gave him the highest Order of the Bath, and afterwards the appointment of Rear-Admiral of England. Cochrane was the inventor of the famous "secret war-plan," a system which a committee, consisting of the Duke of York and Admirals Lords Keith and Exmouth, agreed with Cochrane would destroy any fleet or fortress in existence. But the plan was rejected on the ground that it was inhuman, and remains a secret still. Cochrane died, aged 85 years, in 1860, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. On the day before the burial Queen Victoria had his banner restored to its place in the chapel. On June 28, 1901, the Captain and officers of the Brazilian warship *Floriano* visited the Abbey and placed some beautiful wreaths on the tomb of the earl, who was their first Admiral.

DURHAM, Admiral Sir PHILIP. Born, 1763. Shared in the relief of Gibraltar and Rodney's victory in 1780 over the Spaniards. In 1782 was rescued when the *Royal George* capsized at Spithead. Received the thanks of Parliament and a medal for services against the French. Was Captain of the *Defiance* in Calder's action before Trafalgar, and at Trafalgar.

Captured two French frigates in 1814. Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, 1836–9. Died, 1845, at Naples.

HARDY, Vice-Admiral Sir THOMAS MASTERMAN, Bart.—Born, 1769. Was at the Nile and Copenhagen, and Captain of the *Victory* at Trafalgar. Was made a baronet in 1806, became Vice-Admiral in 1833, and was appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital in 1834, holding the office until he died in 1839.

HAWKE, Admiral EDWARD HAWKE, first Lord HAWKE.—Born, 1705. Defeated a French squadron in 1747, destroyed a French squadron in 1758, and in 1759 fought a battle in Quiberon Bay, in a heavy gale, on a lee shore, and won a splendid victory. For this he received a pension of £2,000 a year, but was not made a peer until 1776. Died, 1781.

HAWKYNS, Sir JOHN, Kt.—Born 1520. He was the originator of the slave trade, and founder of the Pension Chest at Chatham, to provide gratuities to the maimed and wounded. Like Drake, Hawkyns commanded a squadron under the Lord High Admiral at the defeat of the Armada. He died in 1595.

HOWARD, CHARLES, Earl of Nottingham, K.G., Lord High Admiral.—Born 1536. Three years before the defeat of the Armada he became Lord High Admiral of England. In 1588 he commanded the English Fleet which defeated the Armada. In 1596 he commanded the expedition to Cadiz, and in 1599 became Lord-Lieutenant-General of all England. He died in 1624. Queen Elizabeth said of Howard that he was born to serve and to save his country.

HOWE, Admiral Earl.—Born, 1725. His most famous service was the victory over the French on June 1, 1794. Lord Howe also did much to suppress the mutinies at Portsmouth and Spithead in 1797. He died in 1799.

MONK, GEORGE, Duke of ALBEMARLE, Admiral and General.—Born, 1608, and before going to sea served in the army. He, like Blake and Deane, was one of the Generals-at-sea under the Commonwealth, and fought on several occasions against the Dutch. He subsequently commanded the army and brought about the restoration of the King. For his services he was created Duke of Albemarle. Died, 1670.

NELSON, Vice-Admiral HORATIO, Viscount NELSON.—Born, 1758. His life was a continuous record of adventure, fighting and suffering. He was on several occasions severely wounded,

at one time losing an eye and at another an arm. He went from victory to victory, the greatest of his triumphs being St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar. In his crowning battle he was wounded mortally, and died after receiving an assurance of the victory of the British ships over the combined squadrons of France and Spain. The body was brought home and received a public burial, on a magnificent scale, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

OMMANNEY, Admiral Sir ERASMUS.—Born, 1814. Present, as a midshipman of the *Albion*, at the battle of Navarino, 1827. Subsequently searched in the Arctic Seas for the missing Franklin Expedition, and was the discoverer of the first traces ever found of Franklin's ships. In the Russian War commanded the naval force in the White Sea. In recognition of his services to Greece the King of that country conferred upon him the Cross of Grand Commander of the Royal Order of the Saviour.

RODNEY, Admiral GEORGE BRYDGES, first Lord RODNEY.—Born, 1718, and gained great distinction as an admiral. In one year he twice defeated the French. In 1782 he gained a brilliant victory over the French in the West Indies—a battle in which he performed the celebrated manœuvre of breaking the line. For this service he was made a peer, with a pension of £2,000. Died, 1792.

ROOKE, Vice-Admiral Sir GEORGE.—Born, 1650. His brilliant work at sea included the burning of the French ships at La Hogue, in 1692, and destroying, in 1702, the Spanish plate fleet and its convoy, in Vigo Harbour. Captured Gibraltar in July, 1704. Died, 1709.

SAUNDERS, Admiral Sir CHARLES, K.B.—Born, 1720. Was one of Anson's captains in the voyage round the world. Commanded the *Yarmouth* at Hawke's victory in 1747. Commander-in-Chief of the naval forces at the capture of Quebec in 1759, when Wolfe was killed. Became successively Lieutenant-General of Marines, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean, First Commissioner of the Admiralty, and Admiral. Died, 1775, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Wolfe's monument.

TROMP, MARTIN HARPETZ.—One of the most skilful and courageous admirals the English ever fought at sea. He was born in 1597 at Brill. His sea service began when he was ten years old, with his father, who commanded a ship of war in

the Dutch fleet. For nearly half a century Tromp was gaining maritime experience, and when the English were suddenly called upon to meet him in battle he was one of the ablest sailors in the world. In 1638 he was rewarded by the French King with the Order of St. Michael, and a coat of arms for taking several Spanish ships before Dunkirk. In 1642 he was knighted by Charles I at Dover, and in the same year received from that monarch an augmentation of his armorial bearings. His gifts claimed for him the admiration of many Englishmen, amongst them Clarendon, who said that "Tromp's discipline at sea is to be commended," and that he admired his Ciceronian style as much as any man. Tromp was killed in action in 1653.

WARSHIPS' BATTLE-HONOURS

THE following table of ships, all of which are in the British Navy, is taken from *Lean's Royal Navy List.* The names of the battles, Colonel Lean explains, are those of acknowledged victories, in which the opposing forces have been equal, or the preponderance in favour of the enemy. Boat and cutting-out expeditions are not entered; the honours especially represent the war services of the ships.

The letters N.D. after the indicated horse-power (I.H.P.) denote natural draught. The forced draught power is represented in brackets.

AGAMEMNON. *Twin-screw battleship, 2nd class. Armoured* 8,660 *Tons. I.H.P.* 4,500 *N.D.*

Rodney's victory over the French, under De Grasse	1782
Hotham's victory over the French	1795
Bombardment of Copenhagen and destruction of the Danish fleet by Nelson and Parker	1801
Calder's victory over the French and the Spanish off Ferrol	1805
Trafalgar	1805
Duckworth's victory over the French off San Domingo	1806
Bombardment of Copenhagen and capture of the Danish fleet by Gambier	1804
Bombardment of Sebastopol (Flag)	1854

ANTELOPE.—*Twin-screw torpedo gunboat, 1st class.* 810 *Tons. I.H.P.* 2,500 *N.D.* (3,500 *F.D.*)

Defeat of Spanish Armada	1588
Duke of York's victory over Dutch	1665
Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
Leake's defeat of French off Cabrita Point	1705
Destroyed *L'Aquilon*	1757
Captured *Le Belliqueux*	1758

ARETHUSA.—*Twin-screw cruiser, 2nd class.*
4,300 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 5,000 *N.D.*

Warren's victory over French	1794
Action with three French frigates	1794
Captured Spanish frigate *Pomona*	1806
Capture of Island of Curaçoa	1807
Bombardment of Odessa	1854
Bombardment of Sebastopol	1854

BARFLEUR.—*Twin-screw battleship, 1st class. Armoured.*
10,500 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 9,000 *N.D.* (13,000 *F.D.*)

Rooke's victory over Spanish off Vigo	1702
Rooke's victory over French off Malaga	1704
Byng's victory over Spanish off Messina	1718
Captured four French ships	1782
Rodney's victory over De Grasse	1782
Howe's victory over French, 1st of June	1794
Hotham's victory	1795
Bridport's victory over the French	1795
Jervis's victory over Spanish off Cape St. Vincent	1797
Calder's victory off Ferrol	1805

BEDFORD.—*Twin-screw cruiser, 1st class. Armoured.*
9,800 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 22,000 *N.D.*

Vigo	1702
Cape Spaetel	1703
Rooke's victory off Malaga	1704
Capture of Louisburg	1758
St. Vincent	1780
Dominica	1782
Hotham	1795
Camperdown	1797

BELLEROPHON.—*Screw battleship, 3rd class. Armoured.*
7,550 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 4,000 *N.D.*

1st of June	1794
Cornwallis's action with French	1795
Nelson's victory over the French at the Nile	1798
Trafalgar	1805
Bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre	1840
Bombardment of Sebastopol	1854

CAMBRIDGE.—*Gunnery ship.*
4,971 *Tons.*

Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
Duke of York's Victory over Dutch	1672
Holmes' action with Smyrna fleet	1672
Victory over French off La Hogue	1692
Rooke's victory over French off Malaga	1704
Capture of Gibraltar	1704

CENTURION.—*Twin-screw battleship, 1st class. Armoured.*
10,500 *Tons. I.H.P.* 9,000 *N.D.* (13,000 *F.D.*)

Duke of York's victory over Dutch	1665
Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
Bombardments of Tripoli and Algiers	1676–78
La Hogue	1692
Rooke's victory off Malaga	1704
Captured the Acapulco galleon	1743
Anson's victory over French off Finisterre	1747
Capture of Dutch East Indian settlements	1795
Beat off Linois squadron at Vizagapatam	1804

DEFIANCE.—*Late screw. 2nd rate.*
5,270 *Tons.*

Spanish Armada	1588
Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
Bombarded Algiers and Tripoli	1676–77
La Hogue	1692
Captured *L'Embuscade*	1746
Hawke's victory off Ushant	1747
Anson's victory over French off Finisterre	1747
Captured *Le Lys*	1755
Hawke's victory in Quiberon Bay	1759
Copenhagen	1801
Calder's victory off Ferrol	1805
Trafalgar	1805

DREADNOUGHT.—*Twin-screw battleship, 2nd class. Armoured.* 10,820 *Tons. I.H.P.* 6,500 *N.D.*

Defeat of Spanish Armada	1588
Capture of Brest by Sir M. Frobisher	1594
Capture of Cadiz	1596

DREADNOUGHT (*continued*).

Duke of York's victory over Dutch	1665
Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
Victory over French off La Hogue	1692
Byng's victory over Spanish off Messina	1718
Forest's action with the French off Cape François	1757
Trafalgar	1805

EAGLE.—*4th rate. Drill ship for Royal Naval Reserve.* 2,340 *Tons.*

Duke of York's victory over Dutch	1665
La Hogue	1692
Capture of Gibraltar	1704
Rooke's victory over French	1704
Hawke's victory over French off Finisterre	1747
Actions in East Indies	1782

ESSEX.—*Twin-screw cruiser, 1st class. Armoured.* 9,800 *Tons. I.H.P.* 22,000 *N.D.*

Duke of York	1665
Monk	1666
La Hogue	1692
Vigo	1702
Capture of Gibraltar	1704
Malaga	1704
Messina	1718
Quiberon Bay	1759
Capture of Belleisle	1761

GRAFTON.—*Twin-screw cruiser, 1st class.* 7,350 *Tons. I.H.P.* 10,000 *N.D.* (12,000 *F.D.*)

La Hogue	1692
Capture of Gibraltar	1704
Rooke's victory over the French	1704
Byng's victory over Spanish off Messina	1718
Pocock's action with d'Aché (French)	1759
Byron's action with d'Estaing (French)	1779
Rodney's victory off Cape St. Vincent over Spanish	1780

KENT.—*Twin-screw cruiser, 1st class. Armoured.*
9,800 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 22,000 *N.D.*

Duke of York	1665
Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
La Hogue	1692
Vigo	1702
Cape Spartel	1703
Malaga	1704
Captured *Superbe*	1710
Messina	1718
Captured *Princesa*	1740
Hawke's victory	1747
Capture of Calcutta	1757

LION.—*Training ships for boys.*
The establishment consists of two Ships,
1, *of* 3,223 *Tons* (*late* "*Implacable*"),
2, *of* 3,842 *Tons* (*late* "*Lion*").

Defeat of Spanish Armada	1588
Capture of Cadiz	1596
Duke of York's victory over the Dutch	1665
Monk's victory over the Dutch	1666
La Hogue	1692
Action with French ship *Elizabeth*	1745
Hawke's victory	1747
Byron's action with d'Estaing (French)	1779
Captured Spanish frigate *Santa Dorotea*	1798
With *Foudroyant* captured *Guillaume Tell*	1800
Capture of Java	1807

LONDON.—*Twin-screw battleship, 1st class. Armoured.*
15,000 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 15,000 *N.D.*

Duke of York's victory over Dutch	1665
Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
Solebay	1672
Captured *Scipion*	1782
Bridport's action	1795
Captured *Marengo*	1806
Sebastopol	1854

MONARCH.—*Screw battleship, 3rd class. Armoured.*
8,845 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 6,500 *N.D.* (8,000 *F.D.*)

Rodney's victory off Cape St. Vincent over Spanish	1780
Rodney's victory over De Grasse	1782
Hughes' actions in East Indies	1782
Capture of Cape of Good Hope	1795
Duncan's victory over Dutch off Camperdown	1797
Copenhagen	1801
Navarino	1827
Bombardment of Alexandria	1882

MONMOUTH.—*Twin-screw cruiser, 1st class. Armoured.*
9,800 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 22,000 *N.D.*

La Hogue	1692
Vigo	1702
Capture of Gibraltar	1704
Rooke's victory off Malaga	1704
Anson's victory	1747
Hawke's victory	1747
Captured *Foudroyant*	1758
Captured *Belleisle*	1761
Byron's action	1779
Hughes' action in East Indies	1782–3
Camperdown	1797

MONTAGU.—*Twin-screw battleship, 1st class. Armoured.*
14,000 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 18,000, *N.D.*

Duke of York's victory over Dutch	1665
Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
La Hogue	1692
Gibraltar	1704
Rooke's victory off Malaga	1704
Messina	1718
Quiberon Bay	1759
Capture of Martinique	1762
St. Vincent	1780
Mona Passage	1782
1st of June	1794
Camperdown	1797

NYMPHE.—*Twin-screw sloop.*
1,140 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 1,400 *N.D.* (2,000 *F.D.*)

Rodney's victory over De Grasse	1782
Captured French frigate *Cléopâtre*	1793
Action with three French frigates	1794
Bridport's victory over French	1795
With *San Fiorenzo* captured French frigate *Résistance*, and corvette *Constance*	1797
Bombardment of Copenhagen	1807

ORION.—*Twin-screw coast defence ship, 2nd class. Armoured.*
4,870 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 2,600 *N.D.*

1st of June	1794
Bridport's victory over French	1795
St. Vincent	1797
The Nile	1798
Trafalgar	1805
Bombardment of Copenhagen	1807

PHŒBE.—*Twin-screw cruiser, 3rd class.*
2,575 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 4,500 *N.D.* (7,500 *F.D.*)

Captured *La Néréide*	1797
Captured French frigate *Heureux*	1800
Captured *L'Africaine*	1801
Trafalgar	1805
Captured *La Renommée*	1811
Capture of Java	1811
Capture of the *Essex*	1814

PRINCE GEORGE.—*Twin-screw battleship, 1st class. Armoured.*
14,900 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 10,000 *N.D.* (12,000 *F.D.*)

Capture of Gibraltar	1704
Malaga	1704
Anson's victory	1747
St. Vincent	1780
Dominica	1782
Bridport	1795
St. Vincent	1797

RAINBOW.—*Twin-screw cruiser, 2nd class.*
3,600 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 7,000 *N.D.* (9,000 *F.D.*)

Defeat of Spanish Armada	1588
Capture of Brest by Sir M. Frobisher	1594
Capture of Cadiz	1596
Duke of York's victory over Dutch	1665
Monk's victory over Dutch.	1666
Boscawen's victory over French in Lagos Bay	1759
Captured American frigate *Hancock*	1777
Captured French frigate *Hebe*	1782

RESOLUTION.—*Twin-screw battleship, 1st class. Armoured.*
14,150 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 9,000 *N.D.* (13,000 *F.D.*)

Blake's victory over Dutch off North Foreland	1652
Duke of York's victory over Dutch off Solebay	1665
Monk's victory over Dutch off North Foreland	1666
Holmes' action with Dutch Smyrna Fleet	1672
La Hogue	1692
Quiberon Bay	1759
Rodney's victory over French off St. Vincent	1780
Bombardment of Copenhagen	1807
Attack on French in Basque Roads	1809

REVENGE.—*Twin-screw battleship, 1st class. Armoured.*
14,150 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 9,000 *N.D.* (13,000 *F.D.*)

Defeat of Spanish Armada	1588
(Flag-ship of Sir F. Drake.)	
Sir R. Grenville's action off the Azores	1591
Duke of York's victory over Dutch	1665
Monk's victory off North Foreland	1666
Captured *L'Arrogante*	1705
Dilke's victory over French	1705
Destroyed *San Ysidro*	1743
Captured French ship *Orphée*	1758
Quiberon Bay	1759
Trafalgar	1805
Basque Roads	1809
Bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre	1840

ROYAL OAK.—*Twin-screw battleship. 1st class. Armoured.* 14,150 *Tons. I.H.P.* 9,000 *N.D.* (13,000 *F.D.*)

Lawson's victory over Dutch	1665
Duke of York's victory over Dutch	1665
Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
Bombardment of Algiers and Tripoli	1676–8
Victory over French off La Hogue	1692
Rooke's victory over French off Malaga	1704
Capture of Gibraltar	1704
Capture of Alicante	1706
Byng's victory over Spanish off Messina	1718
Byron's action with d'Estaing (French)	1779
Rodney's victory over French under Comte de Grasse	1782

ROYAL SOVEREIGN.—*Twin-screw battleship, 1st class, Armoured.* 14,150 *Tons. I.H.P.* 9,000 *N.D.* (13,000 *F.D.*)

Howard's victory off Brest	1512
Blake's victory over Dutch	1652
Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
La Hogue	1692
1st of June	1794
Cornwallis's action with French (Flag)	1795
Trafalgar	1805

RUSSELL.—*Twin-screw battleship, 1st class. Armoured.* 14,000 *Tons. I.H.P.* 18,000 *N.D.*

Captured *Glorioso*	1747
Dominica	1782
1st of June	1794
Bridport	1795
Camperdown	1797
Bombardment of Copenhagen	1807

ST. GEORGE.—*Twin-screw cruiser, 1st class.* 7,700 *Tons. I.H.P.* 10,000 *N.D.* (12,000 *F.D.*)

Blake's bombardment of Tunis	1655
Blake's attack on Santa Cruz	1657
Duke of York's victory over Dutch	1665
Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
Solebay	1672

ST. GEORGE (*continued*).

Rooke's victory off Malaga	1704
Capture of Alicante	1706
Hotham's victory	1795
Copenhagen	1801

SOUTHAMPTON.—*4th rate.*
2,300 *Tons.*

Captured French frigate *Emeraud*	1757
Captured French frigate *Dande*	1759
Reduction of Belleisle	1761
1st of June	1794
St. Vincent	1797
Captured French *L'Utile*	1796
Captured Haytian frigate *Amethyste*	1812

SUPERB.—*Screw battleship, 2nd class. Armoured.*
9,170 *Tons. I.H.P.* 6,000 *N.D.* (8,500 *F.D.*)

Byng's victory over Spanish	1718
Hughes' actions in East Indies	1782
Bombardment of Copenhagen	1807
Saumarez's victory over French and Spanish off Cadiz	1801
Duckworth's victory over French off San Domingo (Flag)	1806
Bombardment of Algiers	1816
Bombardment of Alexandria	1882

SWIFTSURE.—*Screw battleship, 3rd class. Armoured.*
6,910 *Tons. I.H.P.* 3,500 *N.D.*

Defeat of Spanish Armada	1588
Capture of Cadiz	1596
Blake's attack on Santa Cruz	1657
Duke of York's victory over Dutch	1665
La Hogue	1692
Capture of Gibraltar	1704
Rooke's victory over French	1704
With *Monmouth* captured *La Foudroyant*	1758
Boscawen's victory over French in Lagos Bay	1759
Quiberon Bay	1759
The Nile	1798
Trafalgar	1805

THUNDERER.—*Twin-screw battleship, 2nd class. Armoured.*
9,330 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 5,500 *N.D.* (7,000 *F.D.*)

Captured *L'Achille*	1761
1st of June	1794
Calder's victory over French and Spanish off Ferrol	1805
Bombardment of Copenhagen	1807
Trafalgar	1805
Bombardment of Sidon	1840
Bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre	1840

UNICORN.—*Drill-ship for the Royal Naval Reserve.*
1,447 *Tons.*

Bombardment of Tunis by Blake	1655
Duke of York's victory over Dutch	1665
Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
Captured French frigate *Hermione*	1757
Captured French frigate *Vestale*	1761
Captured *Le Tribune*	1796
Attack on French at Basque Roads	1809

VICTORY.—*1st rate.*
2,164 *Tons.* Launched at Chatham, May 7, 1765. *Flagship. Portsmouth.*

Defeat of Spanish Armada (flagship of Sir J. Hawkyns)	1588
Monk's victory over Dutch	1666
La Hogue	1692
Hotham's victory	1795
St. Vincent	1797
Trafalgar (Flag)	1805

WARSPITE.—*Twin-screw cruiser, 1st class. Armoured.*
8,400 *Tons.* *I.H.P.* 8,000 *N.D.* (10,000 *F.D.*)

Capture of Cadiz	1596
Robinson's action with Dutch	1666
La Hogue	1692
Capture of Gibraltar	1804
Rooke's victory over French off Malaga	1704
Boscawen's victory over French in Lagos Bay	1759
Quiberon Bay	1759

Other famous ships in the Navy, bearing fewer honours than those which are included in the foregoing list are the *Æolus*, *Alfred*, *Agincourt*, *Ajax*, *Albion*, *Amphion*, *Andromache*, *Anson*, *Asia*, *Bellona*, *Blanche*, *Blenheim*, *Bonaventure*, *Britannia*, *Cæsar*, *Calliope*, *Colossus*, *Comus*, *Condor*, *Conqueror*, *Cruiser*, *Diadem*, *Dolphin*, *Edgar*, *Edinburgh*, *Elephant*, *Emerald*, *Endymion*, *Euryalus*, *Firebrand*, *Flora*, *Formidable*, *Ganges*, *Gibraltar*, *Glatton*, *Glory*, *Goliath*, *Gorgon*, *Hecla*, *Hercules*, *Hero*, *Impérieuse*, *Impregnable*, *Indefatigable*, *Inflexible*, *Iphigenia*, *Irresistible*, *Kingfisher*, *Leander*, *Leviathan*, *Marlborough*, *Mars*, *Melampus*, *Minotaur*, *Mutine*, *Naiad*, *Neptune*, *Northumberland*, *Pallas*, *Pembroke*, *Phaeton*, *Philomel*, *Polyphemus*, *Powerful*, *Racehorse*, *Ramillies*, *Repulse*, *Royal George*, *Rupert*, *Seahorse*, *Sirius*, *Speedy*, *Sultan*, *Surprise*, *Swallow*, *Sybil*, *Tartar*, *Téméraire*, *Terrible*, *Terror*, *Thames*, *Theseus*, *Thetis*, *Triton*, *Triumph*, *Venerable*, *Vengeance*, *Vesuvius*, *Viper*, *Weazel*, *Worcester*.

A SHORT NAVAL CHRONOLOGY

897	The Navy founded by King Alfred.
1066	Invasion by the Normans.
1116	The *White Ship* lost.
1213	Battle of Damme.
1217	Battle of Sandwich.
1340	Battle of Sluys.
1377	French and Spanish descent on English coast.
1387	Victory in the Channel by Arundel.
1416	Battle of Harfleur.
1417	Victory in the Channel by Huntingdon.
1512	Howard's victory off Brest.
1544	Preparation by France to invade England.
1545	French fleet at Spithead.
	Loss of the *Mary Rose* at Spithead.
1577	Drake in the Pacific.
1587	Drake singes the King of Spain's beard.
1588	Defeat of the Armada.
1591	Loss of the *Revenge*.
1596	Expedition to Cadiz.
1652	The first Dutch war.
	May : Blake and Tromp off Dover.
	August : Ayscough and De Ruyter off Plymouth
	September : Battle off the Kentish Knock.
	November : Blake defeated by Tromp.
1653	February : Battle off Portland.
	June : Battle off Essex coast.
	July : Battle off Dutch coast ; Dutch defeated, Tromp killed.
1654	Peace.
1655	Bombardment of Tunis by Blake.
1657	Blake at Santa Cruz.

1665	Second Dutch war.
	June: Battle off Lowestoft; Opdam killed.
1666	June: the four days' fight.
	Fight off the North Foreland.
	July: "the St. James's fight."
1667	The Dutch fleet in the Thames.
	Peace of Breda.
1672	Third Dutch war.
	May 28: Battle of Solebay.
	Holmes's action with the Dutch Smyrna fleet.
1673	Three more drawn battles.
1689	Battle of Bantry Bay.
1690	Battle of Beachy Head.
1691	Threatened invasion by France.
1692	Battle of La Hogue (Barfleur).
1702	War of Spanish Succession.
1704	Rooke takes Gibraltar.
1705	Leake saves Gibraltar.
1707	Bombardment of Toulon.
1708	Taking of Minorca.
1713	Peace of Utrecht.
1718	Battle of Cape Passaro.
1729	Peace of Seville.
1739	War with Spain.
1740	The sailing of Anson for the Pacific.
1747	Anson's victory off Cape Finisterre.
	October: Hawke's victory off Brest.
	Capture of the *Glorioso*.
1756	Seven Years' War.
1759	Rodney bombards Havre.
	Hawke and Conflans in Quiberon Bay.
1761	Reduction of Belleisle.
1762	War with Spain.
1762	Capture of the *Hermione*, treasure ship.
1775	War with Colonies in America.
1779	Projected invasion of England by France and Spain.
1780	Rodney off Cape St. Vincent.
	War with Holland.
1782	Rodney defeats de Grasse.
	Howe's relief of Gibraltar.
	Four fights between Sir Edward Hughes and de Suffren in East Indies.

1782 Howe's relief of Gibraltar.
Loss of the *Royal George.*
1783 Fifth fight between Hughes and de Suffren.
1789 Mutiny of the *Bounty.*
1793 War with France.
1795 Declaration of War by the Dutch.
Cornwallis's action with the French.
Hotham's victory over the French.
Bridport's victory off L'Orient.
1797 Bombardment of Cadiz.
Battle of St. Vincent.
Battle of Camperdown.
Mutinies at the Nore, Spithead, in the North Sea, Cadiz and the Cape, and on the *Hermione.*
1798 Battle of the Nile.
1799 Capture of Spanish treasure ships.
1800 The *Queen Charlotte* destroyed by fire off Leghorn.
1801 The sailing of Gantaume for Egypt.
Capture of the *Gamo* by the *Speedy.*
1803 War declared with France.
1803–5 Nelson and Cornwallis watch Toulon and Brest respectively.
1804 Spain declares war.
Capture of Spanish treasure ships.
1805 Villeneuve leaves Toulon, Nelson in pursuit.
Nelson off Cadiz.
Battle of Trafalgar; death of Nelson.
1806 Duckworth's victory over the French.
1807 Bombardment of Copenhagen.
1809 Attack on the French in Basque Roads.
1810 *Spartan* captures a French frigate in the Bay of Naples.
1813 Capture of the *Chesapeake* by the *Shannon.*
1815 Naval action off Sandy Hook.
1816 Bombardment of Algiers.
1827 Bombardment of Navarino.
1840 Bombardment of Acre.
1854 Bombardment of Sebastopol.
1870 Loss of H.M.S. *Captain.*
1875 Loss of H.M.S. *Vanguard* in collision with H.M.S. *Iron Duke.*
1878 Loss of H.M.S. *Eurydice.*
1880 Loss of H.M.S. *Atalanta.*

1881 H.M.S. *Dotterel* destroyed by explosion.
1882 Bombardment of Alexandria.
1890 Loss of H.M.S. *Serpent.*
1893 Loss of H.M.S. *Victoria* in collision with H.M.S. *Camperdown.*
1898 Gunboats at Khartoum.
1900–1 Naval Brigades in China and South Africa.

Index

Acre, bombardment of, 306.
Action, cleared for, 189.
Aiguillon, the Duke of, 157.
Albemarle, George Monk, Duke of, 88.
Albion, the, 290.
Algiers, bombardment of, 273.
Anson, Lord, 120.
Apia Harbour, 333.
Appleton, Captain Henry, 69.
Armada, the Spanish, 13.
Asia, the, 305.
Assistance, manuscript log of the, 104.
Ayscue, Sir George, 67.
Badiley, Captain Richard, 67.
Ball, Sir A. J., 208.
Bankaert, Dutch Admiral, 99.
Barbarities, Dutch, 103.
Barfleur, battle of, 115.
Barrow's Life of Howe, 200.
Bathurst, Commodore, 289.
Beachy Head, battle of, 113.
Beer, bad, in the Navy, 37, 148.
Beggared by the Queen's service, 38.
Belle, the, merchant ship which flew an admiral's flag, 177.
Beresford, Lord Charles, 314.
Birkenhead, loss of the, 321.
Blackwood, Vice-Admiral Sir H., 212.
Blake, Robert, Admiral and General, 53.
Blane, Sir Gilbert, 167.
Boscawen, Admiral, destruction of a French squadron by, 149.
Boteler, Captain John Harvey, 12.
Bourchier, Captain, his gallant fight, 181.
Bourchier, Lady, and her memoirs of Codrington, 283.
Bourke, Captain, and H.M.S. *Victoria*, 332.
Bourne, Captain, 65.
Bowen, James, Master of *Queen Charlotte*, 192.
Brackenbury, Captain, 323.
Brederode, the, Tromp's flagship, 73.
Brenton, Captain Jahleel, 252.
Brest, blockade of, 149.
Brett, Lieutenant, 130.
Brunswick, the, 193.
Burrows, Captain Montagu, R.N., and his Life of Hawke, 161.
Cæsar, French prize, loss of the, 174.
Calais, the Governor of, and an Armada prize, 32.
Calder, Sir Robert, 209.
Calliope, escape of the, from Apia, 337.
Campbell, Captain, bearer of the news of Hawke's great victory, 160.
Camperdown, the, collision with the *Victoria*, 326.
Centaur, loss of the, 178.
Centurion, the, Anson's flagship, 121.
Chichley, Sir John, 108.
Chronology, naval, 357.
Clifford, Sir Thomas, 90.
Cochrane, Lord, Earl of Dundonald, 252.
Codrington, Admiral Sir Edward, 12.
Cold shot, strange use of, 295.
Commonwealth, ships of the, 83.
Condor, the, 314.

Conflans, French admiral, 151.
Constant Warwick, the, 67.
Cox, Captain, 69.
Cromwell and disaffected seamen, 58.
Curtis, Sir Roger, 187.
Deane, Admiral and General, 82.
de Grasse, French admiral, 167.
de Guichen, French admiral, 166.
de Martel, French admiral, 111.
de Ruyter, 74.
d'Estrées, French admiral, 99.
d'Escars, French captain, 174.
de With, 93.
Drake, Sir Francis, 15.
Droits de l'Homme, loss of the, 266.
Dumanoir, French admiral, 214.
Dutch, wars with the, 53.
Dutton, East Indiaman, foundering of, in 1782, 177.
Dutton, East Indiaman, Lord Exmouth and the, 266.
Eagle, the, Rodney's ship, 163.
Elizabeth Jonas, great mortality on board of the, 36.
Elizabeth, the navy of Queen, 23.
Essex, loss of the, 154.
Evertzen, Dutch admiral, 74.
Finisterre, action off, 164.
Fireships, appeals by masters of, 38.
Fitzgerald, Rear-Admiral, and his Life of Tryon, 325.
Flag, the honour of the, 112.
Flogging on the *Victory*, 215.
French, actions with the, 113, 148, 163, 183, 203.
Galleasses, 19.
Galleons, 19.
Gamo, capture of the, 257.
Gantaume, French admiral, 207.
Garland, the, 73.
George III and Earl Howe, 200.
"Glorious First of June," the, 191.
Gloucester, the, 138.
Golden Hind, the, 17.
Governor, a cowardly, 130.
Graves, Rear-Admiral, 175.
Gravina, Spanish admiral, 227.
Greek slaves, rescue of, at Navarino, 297
Grenville, death of Sir Richard, 49.
Gumble, the Rev. Dr., and his Life of Monk, 57.
Harding, Chief Gunner Israel, V.C., 317.
Harman, Sir John, 108.
Harvey, Captains, 193, 194.
Havre, destruction of a flotilla of boats at, 149.
Hawke, severe letter from, to a French general, 158.
Hawkins-Smith, Staff-Commander, 323.
Hawkyns, Sir John, 15.
Hector, loss of the, French prize, 181.
Hermione, Spanish treasure-ship, capture of, 245.
Hill, Captain John, of the *Hawke*, letter-of-marque, 182.
Holmes, Sir Robert, 98.
Hood, Viscount, 184.
Howard, Lord High Admiral, 26.
Howard, Lord Thomas, 26.
Howe, Earl, 184.
Hurricane at Apia, 333.
Hutt, Captain, 195.
Inflexible, the, at Alexandria, 315.
Inglefield, Captain, 180.
Invasions of England, attempted, 14, 114, 149, 204.
James II, 86.
Jones, Paul, 259.
Jordain, Sir Joseph, 102.
June, a famous naval month, 183.
Kane, Captain, of H.M.S. *Calliope*, 333.
Keigwin, Captain, at St. Helena, 105.
Kempthorne, Sir John, 110.
Keppel, Captain, skill of, at the battle of Quiberon Bay, 157.
Kimberley, American admiral, 338.
La Hogue, battle of, 117.
Lambton, Captain the Hon. H., 317.
Laughton, Professor J. K., R.N., 11.
Lawson, John, 78.
Leghorn, action off, 67.
Lightning, the, first steamer in the Navy, 306.
Line, breaking the, 170.

"Line-of-battle cutter," a, 299.
Lion training ship, the, 244.
Macbride, Captain, his humane treatment of prisoners, 166.
Manilla galleons, the, 134.
Manners, Robert, Lord Granby's son, child's letter written by, 160; death of, 175.
Markham, Rear-Admiral, 323.
Medals, naval, 252.
Medina-Sidonia, the Duke of, 18.
Molloy, Captain, 200.
Monson, Admiral Sir William, 21.
Morris, the Rev. Samuel, 332.
Munden, Sir Richard, 104.
Mutinies in the Navy, 202.
Myngs, Sir Christopher, 92.
Napier, Admiral Sir Charles, 309.
Napoleon, 184.
Naval estimates, 204.
Navarino, battle of, 287.
Navigation Act, the, 51.
Navy Records Society, the, 11.
Nelson, death of, 238.
Noel, Captain, 330.
Nombre de Dios, raiding of, 16.
Nuestra Signora de Cabadonga, the, 145.
Nymphe and *Cléopâtre*, 265.
Ommanney, Admiral Sir Erasmus, 278.
Opdam, Dutch Admiral, death of, 87.
Orange, William of, 58.
Ossory, the Earl of, 110.
Ourry, Captain, 157.
Paita, Anson's descent upon, 130.
Pamphleteers, Dutch and English, 52.
Pay, great irregularity of seamen's, 57, 96.
Paz Salas, his account of the Armada, 19.
Pearl, the, 124.
Penn, Vice-Admiral, 72.
Philip II. of Spain, 14.
Phœnix, the, capture of, by the Dutch, 68; recapture of the, 69.
"Pill and Drop of Mr. Ward," the, 137.
Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle, strange interview between, 150.
Plunder, division of, 131.
Pownoll, Captain, 265.
Press, the, for the Navy, 55.
Prisoners, Spanish, their stories of the Armada, 39.
Prize-money, distribution of, 247.
Proclamations, Royal, 59.
Quarrel between Frobisher and Drake, 37.
Quiberon Bay, battle of, 148.
Queen Charlotte, the, 264.
Raleigh, Sir Walter, 15.
Ramillies, loss of the, 1760, 150.
Ramillies, loss of the, 1782, 176.
Relics, Naval, 236.
Resolution, loss of the, 154.
Revenge, the last fight of the, 44.
Revolutionary France, 183.
Robin Hood's Bay, fight in, 71.
Rodney, his action with Langara, 165; with Count de Guichen, 166.
Rooke, Admiral, 118.
Royal African Company's Charter, the, 86.
Royal Charles, capture of the, by the Dutch, 93.
Royal George, the, Hawke's flagship, 156.
Royal James, blowing up of the, 100.
Royal Sovereign, the, 72.
Rupert, Prince, 107.
Russell, Admiral, 114.
Russians, English operations in conjunction with the, 280, 307.
St. André, Jean Bon, 197.
St. Helena, capture of the island of, by English ships, 104.
Sandwich, Edward Montague, Earl of, 99; death of, 101.
Santissima Trinidad, loss of the, 242.
Saumarez, Philip, 125.
Saunders, Sir Charles, 125.
Scurvy, great mortality from, 127.
Serapis and *Countess of Scarborough*, the, 259.
Seymour, Admiral Sir B., 313.
Ships, battle honours of famous, 345.
Ships, unsoundness of, 126.

Ships, round and square sterns of, 303.
Ships, models of, 121.
Sickness in ships, 36.
"Singeing the Spanish King's Beard," 18.
Soleil Royal, destruction of the, in 1759, 154.
Solebay, battle of, 99.
Spaniards, actions with the, 13, 44, 203.
Spartan, action between, and French *Cérès*, 261.
Speedy, the, 252.
Spragg, Sir Edward, 108.
State Papers, 11, 102.
Steamers, first used in war by Great Britain, 306.
Stevenson, R. L., 333.
Stopford, Admiral Sir R., 307.
Story, a strange, 298.
Strachan, Sir Richard, 242.
Strickland, Sir Roger, 102.
Superbe, loss of the, 156.
Syria, operations on the coast of, 307.
Texel, battle off the, 108.
Thames, invasion of, by the Dutch, 93.
Thésée, loss of the, 156.
Torrington, the Earl of, 114.
Toulon, capture of French ships at, 184.
Tourville, French admiral, 113.
Trafalgar, battle of, 230.
Treasure-ships, capture of, 245.
Trial, the, 129.
Triumph, the, Blake's flagship, 78.
Tromp and the broom, 73.
Troubridge, Captain, 188.
Tryon, Admiral Sir George, 323.
Vengeur, the loss of the, 192.
Verses on the battle of Quiberon Bay, 161.
Victory, manuscript log of the, 215.
Victualling of ships, 20.
Vilaine, French ships in the river, 154.
Villaret, French admiral, 187.
Ville de Paris, the, 180.
Villeneuve, French admiral, 240.
Wager, the, 128.
Walker, Captain George, 259.
Walter, the Rev. Richard, 122.
Windsor Castle, the, 279.
World, Anson's voyage round the, 120.
York, Duke of, 107.
Young, Captain Anthony, 63.
Younghusband, Commander, 316.

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